The Outlook

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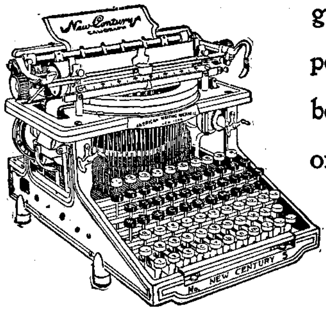

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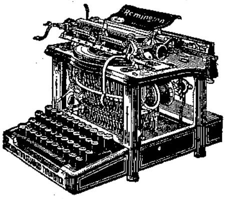

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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The Pulpit Speaks Never in any political campaign in New York City has there been such a plain declaration of political principle from the pulpit as was heard in New York City last Sunday, both in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Thus, in St. Michael's, the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters read that portion of the pastoral letter to the House of Bishops which included these words:

> The failure of a citizen of a republican government to do his duty in the endeavor to elect honest and true men as the officers of that government is the earliest political manifestation of this pernicious life. It is cheaper, men think and even say, to let the government be in the hands of the corrupt than to labor and to suffer to keep it in the hands of the honest and upright. The venal legislator can be easily purchased, and the ends that good citizens are seeking easily secured. The rights of corporations can be made safe by putting money into the purse of the guardians of the State; the privileges we desire can be ours for price, and that price is less than must be paid for honest administration of public affairs. Alas that part of the price is municipal or National dishonor and degradation!

Dr. Peters made a direct and vigorous application to the campaign actually in progress. Dr. Rainsford, at St. George's Church, declared that Tammany and lynch law were twin elements of barbarism, quoted Mr. Shepard's denunciation of Tammany four years ago, repudiated the view that ministers of the Gospel should not speak out when a vital moral issue was at stake, repeated his protest against unreasonable attempts to enforce sumptuary regulations, and ended by saying: "We are ashamed of the present municipal government of the second city on the earth, and may God hasten its death!" At least half a dozen other prominent clergymen of different denominations spoke to the same effect in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Dr. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Dr. Lindsay Parker, of St. Peter's, Dr. Goodell, of the Hanover Place Methodist Church, and others, uttered equally strong denunciations of Tammany rule. Dr. Parker, for instance, declared that in no true sense was Mr. Shepard a Democratic nominee; that he was the nominee of Tammany Hall, which is "hated by the Democrats of the State and the Nation as an outcast band of freebooters." We speak elsewhere of one of the great issues involved in this campaign, and its application to the country at large as well as to the city. The vigorous campaign carried on by Mr. Jerome, his outspoken attacks on infamy and official complicity with infamy, have continued through the week, and, we trust, have had their due effect on the public conscience.

⁂

Mr. Root and Army Reform The main criticisms made by the foreign officers who witnessed the events of the Spanish war were that our forces suffered from unnecessary delays in transportation, from fever camps, and from bad food. One cause of these evils was the inefficiency of our schools for army officers. To show how these have been carried on, we read in Adjutant-General Corbin's report, recently published, that some retired army officers, detailed with full pay as military instructors, have been reported to him as not living at the schools and only occasionally visiting them. Some time since Secretary Root ordered the re-establishment of various post lyceums or barrack schools, in which every year young officers are required to take a certain number of professional courses. These may be called the public schools of the army. Next he ordered the post-graduate infantry, cavalry, and artillery schools at Forts Riley, Leavenworth, and Monroe to be re-established upon a far more comprehensive basis. These may be called the army high schools. The young officer who does well in the public school of the army will be received into these post-graduate schools; and in two of them summer courses in military maneuvers are included. In turn, those graduating with credit from the high schools will be transferred to the new "War College and School of National Defense" at Washington, for which Secretary Root has just allotted the sum of $100,000. He has thus brought into vigorous being common and high schools and a university. In the university the pupil will naturally deal with the highest problems in military science, and its graduates will be the men to be chosen for responsibility whenever emergency occurs. In any event, officers may be compelled to pass through three grades of instruction before they are appointed to our new General Staff. Secretary Root's reforms will result in at least two undoubted gains to the country. In the first place, aspirants for promotion in the army may now grasp the fact that "pull" or favoritism will no longer avail; only merit will answer. The second gain will be in the line of economy; the unnecessary and awful sacrifice of life and treasure made in the Spanish war will henceforth be avoided, thanks to one who has already proved himself an admirably efficient War Secretary.

❀

The Schley Inquiry During the past week Admiral Schley has taken the stand and has told from his own point of view the story of the Santiago campaign up to the time when Admiral Sampson arrived and took command, and also, of course, the destruction of the Spanish fleet a little later on. It is the universal opinion of those who listened to Admiral Schley's narrative and of the correspondents even of the newspapers which have not been favorable to Admiral Schley that his narrative produced a distinctly favorable impression. He spoke with calmness and moderation, and from beginning to end refrained from attacks on the reputation of brother officers. While the story was devoid of sensationalism, it was essentially dramatic and often held the audience breathless. More than once Admiral Schley spoke of Admiral Sampson cordially and with recognition of the fact that Admiral Sampson was the Commander-in-Chief and that his orders were supreme. Until the case is closed it is not desirable to attempt in brief space a summary of the testimony given in approval or disapproval of Admiral Schley's conduct. The Outlook has already outlined the various charges made against Admiral Schley with regard to his alleged tardiness in going to Santiago, his unwillingness or inability to obey one specific order from the Navy Department, his tendency to leave Santiago unguarded because, as he asserted repeatedly, it was impossible to coal his ships there, his conduct during the battle of Santiago, and the other points stated in the precept under which the investigation is held. It may be said, however, that the inquiry has developed a most extraordinary contradiction in testimony among the naval officers who have testified. It is quite possible that these contradictions do not involve intentional misrepresentation on the part of any one, for it is a well-known fact that two observers seeing the same incident from different points of view often think they see totally different things; particularly is this likely to be the case in the hurry and excitement of such a rapidly fought engagement as that at Santiago.

❀

The Pan-American Congress On Tuesday of last week, at the City of Mexico, the Pan-American Congress was opened with appropriate ceremonies. It would, of course, be too much to hope that the ideals of the delegates should be realized. There should be, however, a real advance: in promoting revision of the treaties of arbitration and extradition; in facilitating the interchange of ideas, not only by assimilating postal systems, but also by establishing new systems of steamship and railway intercommunication; finally, in stopping the passage of Anarchists and other criminals from one country to another; and, as in the case of the Congress eleven years ago, in greater friendliness among the American republics. Chief among factors towards this end will be the deepened realization that the United States of America, as the predominant partner, proposes to meet on exactly equal terms with the United States of Brazil and with the United States of

Colombia, and with smaller countries than these, like Costa Rica and Paraguay. While the Congress of 1890 did something to convince Latin-Americans of our desire for a closer union, Señor Mendonça, delegate from Brazil, also testified that "it is an infinite satisfaction to feel that there has never been another measure of the vote of any delegation than that of the most perfect equality." In the second place, reciprocity promotes friendliness. The action of our Congress at Washington in this direction will have a vital effect upon the Congress at the City of Mexico. As the cause of reciprocity in this country advances or recedes, so will the chance of success advance or recede of the international customs union to be recommended by the Pan-American Congress.

⁂

The American Concession at Tientsin It is reported that some time ago the Chinese Government offered to the United States Government a concession of land for an American settlement at Tientsin, the most important treaty port in North China, but that the offer was declined, our trade with China then hardly warranting the measures necessary to be taken for protecting the concession. In the meantime American trade with China has grown to huge proportions, and we are now sending to Tientsin a far larger amount of cotton cloth than goes from Great Britain to that city, while our sales of oil there now equal those of Russia. As we had no concession, however, affording facilities for doing business and for protecting our interests, like those enjoyed by other Powers, agents for American products in Tientsin and North China have been mostly foreigners. Great Britain, Japan, Germany, France, Austria, and Belgium have concessions, and each governs its own part of the city under its own laws. Thus, in the English settlement, the English merchants have a municipal council which regulates sanitary affairs, street lighting, etc.; the buildings in this settlement are fine structures of stone and brick. Now that American trade with China has grown so large, the United States Government is quite justified in asking the Imperial Government to recognize our rights to a municipal concession. Mr. Conger, American Minister to Peking, was therefore instructed last week to obtain from the Chinese Government a grant making a concession of territory over which American merchants shall have jurisdiction.

⁂

Miss Stone's Captivity Eight weeks have now elapsed since Miss Ellen M. Stone, a missionary of the American Board (Congregational) was kidnapped by brigands in the Balkan Mountains. She had been traveling from Bansko to Diumia, mountain villages of the Turkish province of Macedonia. Her party of twelve—consisting of an English clergyman, his wife and his wife's father, three young Bulgarian women, two Bulgarian drivers, and several servants—were surrounded in a mountain defile by thirty or forty armed men dressed in Turkish costume, with blackened or masked faces. These did not rob the party, as Turkish brigands always do; instead, they took as hostages for ransom two members of the party, namely, Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka, the wife of an Albanian missionary who had been educated at the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Although the brigands spoke broken Turkish, it was with a Bulgarian accent; and this, together with the fact that no indignities apart from the capture were offered to any of the party—even their horses were returned to them—has led to a strong suspicion that the kidnappers were not Turks at all, but were Bulgarian members of the Macedonian Committee, who wished to inaugurate a new source of revenue, and especially to call attention to the disturbed state of Macedonia, thus inducing foreign intervention. Mr. Dickinson, United States Consul at Constantinople, remains at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, and continues his energetic efforts to move the Bulgarian Government to do its share towards the rescue of the captives. At the initiative of the United States, pressure has been brought to bear upon that Government by Russia, an all-powerful agent. During the past week it was rumored that communication from Melnik, in the Turkish province of Salonika, had been established with the kidnappers, and that news from this quarter confirms the connection of the Macedonian Committee with the capture. The Bulgarian Government has again indignantly protested against the imputation that it is shielding brigands.

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Galveston in Receivers' Hands The municipal government of Galveston has been forced into bankruptcy because of the disasters which overtook it a year ago. The late Texas Legislature passed an act providing that the government of the city should be vested in the hands of a Commission composed of five members, three to be appointed by the Governor of the State and two to be elected by the voters of Galveston. These five men are to assume the authority and powers of all other officials; in short, they are to act as receivers until such time as the Legislature may see fit to give the city self-government again. The experiment will be watched with much interest. It does not differ from the system in vogue in the capital city, Washington, except that in the latter all the Commissioners are appointed, and the people of the District have no vote on the question of who is to govern them. The Galveston situation is a promising one because of the deep interest manifested by the voters in selecting their two representatives. A City Club was formed, based on non-partisan lines. This club nominated two men of high standing, splendid ability, and unquestioned integrity, and conducted an active and successful canvass for their election. The previous administration sought to perpetuate its power, but in this it was signally defeated and the people of Galveston unequivocally declared for good government. The defeat was so crushing that the opposition has declared that it will no longer hinder or oppose the Commission. With the popular confidence which has been reposed in the Commissioners there is an unusual opportunity for the success of commission government. Of the five Commissioners, one is known as the Police and Fire Commissioner, another as the Commissioner of Streets and Public Improvements, another as the Water-Works and Sewerage Commissioner, another as the Commissioner of Finance and Revenue, and the fifth is President of the Board. The men who have been selected, and who are now in office, are said to be of the best material available in the city. The office sought them, rather than they the office.

General Buller's Dismissal Last week Earl Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, dismissed from his post Sir Redvers Buller, General of the First Division. The technical charge related to the extraordinary speech recently made by Sir Redvers, in which he acknowledged having suggested to Sir George White the advisability of abandoning Ladysmith. This called forth indignant expressions from every journal of good standing in England, the criticisms in the conservative London "Times" being the most pronounced of any. The offense was one of such gravity that King Edward himself (a monarch who wisely holds himself as aloof as possible from personal and party contentions) is said to have written a letter to Sir Redvers, disapproving of his utterances and intimating that his Majesty would be glad if General Buller would resign. But General Buller did not resign. Then Mr. Brodrick, War Secretary, summoned Sir Redvers to his office and demanded his resignation. General Buller again refused to resign. After the interview, Mr. Brodrick immediately visited King Edward in Scotland, and the result of his visit was the action of last week. Lord Roberts's course was inevitable, and has been unanimously approved by the Cabinet, this approval being officially announced last week by Mr. Long, President of the Local Government Board. As to General Buller's original appointment to the command, Mr. Long said that the Government would defend it on the grounds of policy and justice; probably no man possessing the traditional qualities of the British to a greater degree than General Buller had ever worn the King's uniform; but a greater mistake than had been General Buller's no soldier could make.

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M. de Bloch on the Boer War In the current "Contemporary" M. Jean de Bloch publishes an extremely interesting article on the Boer war. His practical conclusion is that the war refutes the arguments hitherto adduced for the conscription system. In this he is supported by Colonel Henderson, Director of the Intelligence Department of Lord Roberts's staff, who says that the British have now learned that what they had practiced in peace is unsuited to a battlefield swept by Mauser bullets: on hardly a single occasion in this war has there been any adherence to the usage of the maneuver ground. For instance, both Mafeking and Kimberley were defended chiefly by civilians against opposing forces greater than those which had attacked Ladysmith, the latter town having been defended by regulars; again, at Paardeberg, it was the Canadians who delivered the supremely successful attack, the regulars having already been driven back by General Cronje. The Boer war is the first in which the most modern firearms and powder have been employed on a large scale (shattering traditional beliefs in the efficacy of cavalry and artillery), and in which barbed-wire intrenchments have been used. It is also the first in our time in which the ability of "embattled farmers" has been tested by regular troops. The critic considers the reasons hitherto urged for British failures. They cannot be charged upon either the climate or the topography of South Africa; for in general its climate is one of the most salubrious in the world, and except northern Natal, claims M. de Bloch, most of South Africa is flat, and in the flat country some of the worst British defeats, such as that at Magersfontein, were inflicted. As to the claim that the Boers are wonderful marksmen, M. de Bloch says that, when shooting from distances greater than those familiar to huntsmen, they are not good but bad marksmen, and he quotes the similar judgment of the representative in South Africa of the United States army. He maintains that British artillerists were superior to the artillerists of the Boers both in number and in power. His conclusion is that warfare, as exhibited in South Africa, shows the futility of employing mere numbers, no matter how well trained; morale counts for much more. Obligatory military service, affirms M. de Bloch, is not necessary to a nation's well-being. Tactical training is very well, but inborn qualities—in other words, morale—constitute the essence of success.

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Taxes in Glasgow Much has been published in American newspapers concerning the many-sided activities of the Municipal Council of Glasgow. Every newspaper-reading American knows of Glasgow's street-car system and of its halfpenny fares, and of Glasgow's splendid and never-failing water supply. Its schools, its parks, and its art galleries are almost equally well known. But comparatively little has been published about the cost of these municipal undertakings—and there is a widely current report that the city maintains itself by the profit from its public works. A correspondent of The Outlook, who was recently in Glasgow, and was interested in this side of the question, asked a householder to let him see the tax papers of the current year. The house was a flat of three rooms and kitchen, and an examination showed that for such a house, rented at $160 a year, the municipal taxation was a little over $24 a year. In Scotland, as in England, the occupier of the house pays the municipal taxes, and the taxes, as in England, are assessed on the rental value of the house. Of the $24 paid by the householder in question, $18 was made up of municipal charges, charges for which the City Council is responsible. The balance was made up of the poor tax of $3 and the school tax of $3. In addition to these charges the municipality collected a water tax of $3 a year. This water tax we in America would regard as gratifyingly low, and the school tax we would regard as disgracefully low; but the tax to support paupers we would regard as disgracefully high, while the others differ little from those which most of us pay. It may be taken that a house rented at $160 a year represents an income of $1,000, and that the figures which have been given form the contribution of a family with that income to the municipal burden, or, in other words, to the cost of the larger home. And in Glasgow the people have come to regard the city as the larger home. They are proud of its achievements, and not least among these is the great reduction in the death-rate. In years gone by Glasgow was notorious for its high death-rate. The rate has now been brought down to fourteen per thousand, and, notwithstanding the trying climate and the fact that it is a great industrial city, Glasgow, as regards its death-rate, and, indeed, in some other respects also, now ranks among the best-placed and best-governed municipalities of Great Britain.

Yale in Theology and Missions

Dr. George P. Fisher's retirement from the chair of Ecclesiastical History this month was marked by his address on Sunday of the Bicentennial Week on "Yale in its Relation to Theology and Missions." A prime motive, said Professor Fisher, in the founding of Yale, as well as of Harvard, was to supply the churches with an educated ministry. Hebrew, as well as Greek and Latin, was taught from the first, and the regulations printed in 1748 required the study of systematic theology in all the classes. In pursuance of the long-cherished plan of the elder President Dwight, the Yale Divinity School was organized in 1822 for the better realization of the purpose of the founders. At Yale were educated all but one of the noted leaders of the modified Calvinism known as the "New Divinity" and "New England Theology," historically connected with the Great Revival of 1740, and with the great name of Jonathan Edwards. Remarking that those whom Newman calls "the merely literary class" seem to know nothing of Edwards but his dreadful sermon on the future woes of the wicked, Professor Fisher portrayed his great qualities, as shown in his published and unpublished works, and quoted among other tributes by European writers the admiration of Fichte at Edwards's finding in the love of God the basal ground of the creation. Among Edwards's disciples, Bellamy, Hopkins, the younger Edwards, and others, "the choir-leaders of the New England school," Dwight is conspicuous, whose fostering of literary taste at Yale "was the first stage in the grafting of the Renaissance culture on the Puritan type of education," and whose sermons in not less than forty editions diffused the Edwardean divinity in pruned and pleasing form in Great Britain as well as here. In the middle of the century, Taylor (ranking as a metaphysician next to Edwards), Goodrich, Fitch, and Gibbs were a corps of teachers that any divinity school might be glad to possess. To Horace Bushnell, a pupil of Taylor, and marking the great transition from old to new theological conceptions, Professor Fisher gave, with a critical estimate of his works, a felicitous tribute of admiration for the blended qualities of a poet and a philosopher. The missionary interest of the founders of Yale was apparent in their avowed design to evangelize the Indian tribes, among whom six of the early graduates labored, and, later, John Sergeant and Jonathan Edwards. Dartmouth College grew out of a school for Indians founded by Eleazar Wheelock, of the class of 1733. In the work of Home Missions the graduates of the Yale Divinity School have performed an incalculable service for the country, notably so in the work of the "Illinois Band" of 1829. With the foreign missionary work Yale has been closely connected from its beginning a century ago, and has sent to it not less than a hundred and twenty men. The names and work of many of these Professor Fisher recorded, from the great Arabic scholar, Dr. Eli Smith, of the class of 1821, to Pitkin, of the class of 1892, who fell a martyr to the Boxer fury. He concluded by saying that Yale might well adopt the saying of John Wesley, "My parish is the world."

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The Disciples' Home Missionary Convention

In none of the Christian denominations is vigorous growth more evident than among the Disciples of Christ. The recent annual convention of the American Christian Missionary Society, their National organization for home missions, was held at Minneapolis, with some thirty-five hundred delegates in attendance, and five thousand communicants present at the Lord's Supper in the great Exposition Hall. The receipts of the National Society increased sixty per cent. over last year's figures, and, with the amounts raised by the State societies and the Woman's Board, made a total of about $280,000 spent in the home field, with gratifying results in the organization of two hundred and seventy-seven new churches and the addition of nearly twenty-five thousand members. City evangelization, as one branch of this work, is receiving increased attention, and an active work is being carried on in some twenty of the larger cities. The Church Extension Board, a department of the Society, has now a fund of over $300,000, and reports, with an increase both of contributors and receipts, that eighty churches have been aided to build in twenty-eight of the States and two Territories. A suggestion, the like of which has been made elsewhere, met with so hearty a response that it seems likely to be carried into effect at once; viz., that a thousand churches and preachers pledge themselves to hold protracted missionary meetings during the coming winter. The plan is for each church engaging in it to give its minister's time and service for ten days in the conduct of a revival in some struggling church. To foster the missionary interest among children "Boys' and Girls' Rally Day" is recommended to be kept in all Sunday-schools in aid of home missions. The centennial anniversary of the publication of the Declaration and Address of Thomas Campbell, from which is dated the beginning of the movement of the Disciples toward Christian union, occurs in 1909, and arrangements have been begun for a suitable commemoration. The headquarters of the Board of Negro Education and Evangelization will henceforth be at Indianapolis instead of Louisville. This year's convention, so encouraging for the home missionary work, was regarded as the best yet held by the Society in the fifty-two years of its history. Next year's Convention will meet at Omaha.

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The Disciples' Foreign Missions

The work done by the Disciples in the foreign field likewise makes a good exhibit, particularly in the part accomplished by the women and children. A striking feature of the report of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, in the two days it occupied at the Minneapolis Convention, is its Young People's Department. This reports over twenty-five hundred mission bands among the children of the Church—an increase of over eleven per cent. upon last year, with an average contribution of nine dollars each. The auxiliary circles of the Board, now numbering nearly eighteen hundred, have increased sixteen per cent. during the year, and have raised upwards of $166,000. Besides the missionary work done by the Woman's Board a noteworthy educational service in this country is also sustained by them, in employing professors to give instruction in the English Bible at the State universities of Virginia, Michigan, and Kansas. The report of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society showed that the churches had raised for its work but little more than $170,000—a small decrease from last year's offerings, which the President attributed to the attacks of Mark Twain. As in some other denominations, individual churches—fifteen at present—are assuming the support of their own missionaries abroad—the "living link" plan. The older missions are prospering, new work has been begun in Africa and the Philippines, and the administrative department has required enlargement by the appointment of a field secretary. At present missionary fields are occupied in twelve foreign lands, in every continent but South America. The churches gathered number seven thousand members, with upwards of eight thousand children in the schools. A special part of the work has been in the care of the famine orphans in India. The active missionary force, including native helpers, numbers two hundred and seventy-five. In the medical hospitals some fifty-three thousand patients are treated annually.

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American Missionary Association

The anniversary meeting at Oak Park, Chicago, October 22–24, made record of a prosperous year, ending with no debt, and with a fund of nearly $60,000 in hand as an equalizer of the fluctuating receipts from legacies. The Association conducts missionary work for the Congregational churches, largely educational, among the various races under our flag, from Alaska to Porto Rico—white, black, yellow, brown, and red. For this work it has received about $420,000 during the year, an increase of $16,000 on the year preceding. The Sunday-school at Cape Prince of Wales, on the edge of the Arctic Circle, contributed $17 to the work in Porto Rico. The Western element was prominent in the annual meeting, breezy and earnest for the principle of autonomy in the six Congregational societies, while favoring the close and cordial co-operation of all. For their better co-ordination the scheme of a general Advisory Committee with restricted powers was approved, but much opposition appeared to any centralization of control. The educational work at the South in over eighty colleges and schools—normal, graded, and common—is reported as growing both in extent and in public appreciation. The former officers were re-elected, except that Dr. Gladden was chosen President, Dr. F. A. Noble having declined re-election. The annual sermon was by Dr. S. P. Cadman.

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Alabama's Appeal to New England A committee of the leading citizens of Alabama, headed by the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Montgomery, and ex-Governor Jones, who has just been appointed Federal Judge by President Roosevelt, have issued a remarkable appeal to the conscience of New England on behalf of the little children employed in the cotton-factories of Alabama. The committee do not attempt to minimize the responsibility of their own State for conditions within its borders, but they do call the attention of New England to the fact that New England capitalists are now the chief obstacle to legislation in Alabama to protect the children from the evils of unwholesome confinement in the factories. It was as a concession to New England capitalists, say the committee, that their State repealed its old protective legislation, and at the present time, while the proportion of children under twelve is as great in the Southern-owned as in the Northern-owned factories in the State, the latter class actually employ two-thirds of the little children now at work, and have put forward the "aggressive and effective opposition" by which the child-labor bills before the Legislature have been killed. At the last hearing given to the friends of these measures, a "representative of Massachusetts investments appeared alone as the chosen spokesman of all the forces of resistance." The committee thus appeal to the Northern owners of Alabama mills:

> That one or two of these [Northern-owned] mills should be provided with library, natatorium, gymnasium, and other incidents of a spectacular philanthropy, may not obscure the fact that they are supporting a system under which hundreds of our little children are denied the most elementary opportunities for health and happiness; a system representing the conditions of compulsory ignorance; a system which destroys the efficiency of our future operatives by sapping the vitalities of youth. . . . We believe that Massachusetts, having defended her own children from a cruel and unnecessary industrial system, will question the heartless policy with which her capital is striving to perpetuate the defenselessness of the children of the South. This capital is doing here what it dare not do at home.

These are words that will have effect in New England, if the newspapers of that section will consent to reprint the appeal which the Alabama committee is sending them. Massachusetts forbids the employment of children under fourteen. The Alabama reformers are only asking for laws forbidding the employment of children under twelve. The gains that come to manufacturers from employing children less than twelve are so pitifully small, even compared with the cost of "spectacular philanthropy," that it is difficult to account for the opposition of the Massachusetts capitalists to the proposed reform in Alabama. The only plausible explanation offered is that these capitalists demand unlimited license in the employment of children in the South in order to use this license as an argument against greater restriction in Massachusetts. If such be the policy, the appeal of the Alabama committee may thwart it, for the New England conscience will not permit New England manufacturers to profit by their own wrongs at the South.

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German Militarism During the past summer three events have taken place in Germany which indicate a condition of military dominance analogous to that in France. Two of these cases involved the imprisonment of civilians for periods of from four days to three weeks for speaking disrespectfully of army officers. The civilians had just cause for their comments. The third case, far more serious, involves the execution of a sergeant accused of the murder of his chief, although the accused had been acquitted by a regularly constituted court. The prisoner's name is Marten; he was accused of the murder of Major von Krosigk at Gumbinnen in East Prussia. At the court martial, whenever evidences of the Major's brutal behavior to his men were given, the court excluded publicity. Only purely circumstantial evidence was put in against Marten, and the evidence showed that he was a person of unimpeachable character and an excellent soldier. The only thing which could really be urged against him was that his fear of punishment had led him to break prison after his arrest, and though the court was obliged to acquit him of the murder, it condemned him to an extravagantly long term of imprisonment for his breach of discipline. The prosecuting officer, however, appealed against the sentence on the ground that it was inadequate. A new trial was held. No new evidence was presented. This time, however, the court condemned Marten to death, holding, first, that it was out of the question to suppose the murder committed by any one but a soldier; second, that Marten's behavior had been such as to arouse suspicion, acknowledging that his superior's maltreatment of him might be motive enough for the crime—adding that, though a good soldier, Marten had always been easily angered! Sentiment among German army officers appears to be that, as some punishment for the murder of an officer is required, if the guilty person cannot be found, the penalty must fall on the one concerning whom there is ground for suspicion. An officer writing in the "Hamburger Nachrichten" says: "The interests of a solitary individual like Marten must be subordinated to the general interests of the army. Even were Marten innocent, his execution would cause a wholesome fear among men. If the murder is unrevenged, all order is at an end."

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The Cause and Cure of Bossism

Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, in a speech last week, thus gives his interpretation of the cause of bossism:

> Ladies and gentlemen, bossism cannot be attributed to an individual; bossism grows from conditions of government which are becoming general throughout this country and have grown enormously within the last fifty years. It springs directly from the growth of executive powers, from the centering of the complete control of appointment to office in the hands of a single officer in some States and in nearly all of our cities. The intention of that law is to create a Mayor who shall be a boss of the city, but in practical operation the Mayor seldom is his own master, but usually obeys the behests of the man who controls the machine which nominates him.

To most students of political thought, especially of municipal conditions, during the last few years, this explanation of the cause of bossism will seem extraordinary. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Cockran apparently believes that to be the cause of bossism which modern reformers have proposed as a partial remedy for it. He traces the evil which he condemns to concentration of power in the hands of an executive; most reformers have traced it partly to the distribution of executive power and the consequent lack of individual responsibility, and have proposed as a remedy to concentrate the executive power and so secure individual responsibility.

In our judgment, Mr. Cockran is entirely in error in his diagnosis of a disease which is likely to prove fatal to democracy if its doctors do not discover a remedy. The cause of bossism is not the concentration of power in the hands of an executive; it is the spirit of partisanship which leads the voters to vote for whatever candidate is nominated by their party. The boss controls the machine, the machine controls the primaries, the primaries create a convention, the convention nominates a ticket, and the voters vote for the ticket because it is "regular." And what enables the boss to control the primaries is that men who would resent his control and would disdain to share in his profits sustain his schemes by electing his candidates. If his party is united in support of the boss, he nominates a man as unscrupulous as himself; if it is divided and the boss's supremacy is threatened by an independent vote, he nominates a man of good character on the ticket in the faith that the independent voter will be deluded into voting for him and with him for all the rest of the ticket. When the spasm of virtue subsides, the boss returns to more congenial candidates.

Twice in recent history New York City has seen this process illustrated. In 1865, when Mr. Tweed was boss, John T. Hoffman was elected Mayor of the city. He was a man of personal integrity but of political ambitions. What little power he possessed as Mayor—and at that time the Mayor was little more than a figurehead—he did not use, so far as we recall, in direct support of flagrant dishonesty, but he was not an aggressive opponent of the machine, and three years later he was nominated for Governor and elected by the "grossest and most extensive frauds ever perpetrated in the city," and at the same time helped to carry in a Tammany administration as absolutely dominated by Mr. Tweed as the last four years' administration has been by Mr. Croker. In 1887 Mr. Abram S. Hewitt was nominated by Tammany Hall. Two candidates in the field opposed him, Henry George and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hewitt was elected. His integrity has never been questioned. His political ability was, we think, never questioned until Mr. Cockran questioned it in the speech to which we have referred. He had not the official powers which the Mayor of the city now possesses. But it is safe to say that he did all that a man with his powers, in his place, and elected as he was elected, could do for the reform of the city. But the reforms initiated were personal and therefore temporary; the constituency which elected him remained in power after his term of office expired; that term was brief, and the power of Tammany Hall remained unbroken, if indeed it was not strengthened by the seeming respectability lent to it by Mr. Hewitt's administration. The power of the boss will never be broken by voting into office the ticket which he has nominated and which the machine has imposed upon the party, whether despite its opposition or in disregard of its indifference. For an election always and of necessity puts into power, not an individual, but a constituency; and in every election the question for every voter is not what candidate he will elect, but what constituency he will endow with power. Mr. Shepard has stated with great clearness this truth. We quote from the New York "Times" an extract from a speech of his delivered in 1898:

> Again and again independents have elected a good man on the theory that all that is required is to have a good man in office. Again and again they have been disappointed in the practical results. I tell you, fellow-citizens, Democrats and Republicans, that much more is necessary; that the best of men in any office is himself, against his will, however powerful, in chief measure the creature of the conditions or the instrument of the forces that surround him.

The application of these principles to the present municipal election in New York is very plain. The election of Mr. Shepard is the election of Tammany Hall to power. It will confirm the control of Tammany in the Democratic party and the control of Mr. Croker in Tammany. If Mr. Shepard is never so honest, he cannot make the administration honest; a single fact may serve to illustrate the helplessness of his situation. The finances of the city are intrusted by the Charter to a Board of Apportionment. This Board will be composed of the Mayor, Comptroller, President of the Board of Aldermen, and the five Borough Presidents. The Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen have each three votes, the Presidents of Manhattan and Brooklyn Boroughs two votes each, and the Presidents of the other Boroughs one vote each, making a total of sixteen. If Tammany carries the election in all Greater New York—and it is difficult to see why one should vote a partisan ticket in one Borough more than in any other—Mr. Shepard, be he never so incorruptible, will find that he has but three votes out of sixteen on every financial question, and will learn anew the lesson so often taught in public affairs, that he who holds the purse controls the politics. Even if every Borough except Manhattan and the Bronx should go against Tammany, Tammany would still have nine votes out of the sixteen in the financial board of the city. And, whatever Mr. Shepard may be able to do to make blackmailing by the police less evident if not less real, he will find himself wholly powerless to cut off sinecures, to check waste, to prevent extravagant contracts for Tammany favorites, to reduce in the smallest measure the public plunder of the public treasury which Tammany Hall, under Mr. Croker's direction, has reduced to a science.

In short, the situation of Mr. Shepard, if elected as Mayor of the city, with the rest of the Tammany ticket carried into power by his influence, would not be unlike that of Mr. A. Oakey Hall with Mr. Sweeney City Chamberlain, *i.e.*, treasurer of both city and county, Mr. Connolly Comptroller in charge of the city finances, Mr. Tweed practical head of the Street Department, and the city judiciary including upon it Judges Barnard, McCann, and Cardoza, all instruments of the Ring.

The power of the boss lies in the partisan voter who votes for the boss's candidate; the cure of bossism is the spirit of independence which votes against him whatever mask he wears, whatever instruments he chooses, whatever candidates he nominates.

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A Tax-Reform Victory

The Chicago Teachers' Federation, under the leadership of Miss Margaret Haley and Miss Katharine Goggin, have won a victory before the Supreme Court of Illinois which is of immeasurable importance not only to their own city and State but to the entire country. Finding that sufficient school appropriations were constantly being withheld on the ground that the limits of the tax levy had been reached, and knowing that millions of dollars' worth of property in local corporations was not on the tax duplicate, this Federation set to work, in the interests of both education and justice, to compel the State Board of Equalization to assess the property of corporations at the same proportion of its market value as that at which it assesses the property of individuals. The Federation won its suit before the Circuit Court, and now has won it before the Supreme Court, whose decision is unanimous as well as final.

By the direct terms of the decision twenty-three public service corporations in Chicago, which are now assessed only upon tangible property aggregating $33,000,000, must hereafter be assessed also upon the value of their franchises, which aggregate $235,000,000. The corporations involved and the market value of their securities are as follows:

Chicago Telephone Company...	$12,000,000
Edison Electric Company.......	14,000,000
People's Gaslight and Coke Company....................	65,000,000
Twenty street railway companies	177,000,000
Total.........................	$268,000,000

The kernel of the Court's decision is contained in the following clause:

> In making the assessments of the capital stock of corporations, including franchises, it is proper to add the market or fair cash value of the capital stock to the market or fair cash value of the debt of the corporation (excluding from such debt the indebtedness for current expenses) and to deduct from the result the aggregate amount of the equalized or assessed valuation of all the tangible property of said corporation.

Inasmuch as tangible property in Illinois is assessed at only one-fifth of its fair cash value, the Board of Equalization is ordered to follow the same rule in the assessment of intangible property, so that just $47,000,000 instead of $235,000,000 may be subjected to Chicago's five per cent. tax rate. The rule laid down by the Court is that of exact equality for all property-owners, whether individual or corporate. Though only the twenty-three corporations grouped above were named in the mandamus petition before the Court, the decision requires the State Board of Equalization to follow the same rule in assessing all other corporations not expressly exempted by statute. The Chicago "Record-Herald" reports that "increases in the city's income ranging from $1,500,000 to $2,500,000, and in the income for the schools ranging from $2,500,000 to $4,000,000, are anticipated as a result of the decision." The Real Estate Board, however, is almost as enthusiastic over the decision as the Teachers' Federation, assuming, as it has a right to, that the first effect of the decision will be a lowering of the tax rate upon the owners of tangible property. It is always the part of wisdom not suddenly to increase expenditures, no matter how great the windfall, and in this case some of the corporations show a determination to continue their struggle for exemption, though others are prepared to submit to the requirements of justice as prescribed by the Supreme Court.

These requirements, it need hardly be said, are those which this paper has been urging for more than a decade. Ten years ago Connecticut was the only State which assessed its more important corporate securities upon the plan prescribed, but since that date we have seen this plan adopted for the taxation of railroads in Indiana and Michigan and for the taxation of municipal franchises in New York, and now see it pressed forward by the Republican Governor of Wisconsin and the Democratic candidate for Governor in Ohio. In both Wisconsin and Ohio the support of the principle is general among the rank and file of both parties, and its triumph is only a question of time. So long as our State systems of taxation pretend to follow the rule of taxing every individual in proportion to the total value of his property within the State, common fairness demands that corporations shall be taxed upon the same basis.

The Theater and the Critic

A great deal has been said about the influence of the small group of men known as the Theatrical Syndicate, who largely control the theaters of this city and of the country, and who are represented as dictating to all the members of the profession, except to a few actors like Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Fiske, and Richard Mansfield, who are too powerful to be brought under their control. The evil influence of this syndicate management, exercised in a tyrannical spirit and along lines inimical to art and therefore to the public, has been pointed out more than once; but the Syndicate in this city has recently taken a step which more clearly reveals its spirit than any criticism which has been passed upon its management. Readers of The Outlook are familiar with the work of Mr. Norman Hapgood, who has more than once contributed to its columns, and whose volume of historical essays on "Literary Statesmen" and biography of Lincoln have been very widely read. Mr. Hapgood is one of the small body of serious critics of the theater; a man who treats the drama as an art and acting as a profession, and who deals with individual plays with a perfectly free hand, pointing out their cleanness or uncleanness, their weakness or strength, their approach or their departure from the highest standards of the dramatic art. His critical work in this field in "The Bookman," and of late in the columns of the "Commercial Advertiser," has commanded wide attention because of its intelligence and its independence.

Mr. Hapgood has not only frankly criticised the plays brought out in the different theaters controlled by the Syndicate, but he has also, in very plain language, described the origin, the development, and the present methods of the Syndicate. In all this he has done what an honorable man in any profession must do—spoken the truth for the truth's sake. In this case the interest of the truth happens also to be the interest of an art and the interest of the public.

It is stated on excellent authority that the Syndicate is now endeavoring to end the career of Mr. Hapgood as a critic and to silence him by boycotting the "Commercial Advertiser," for which he writes. It has demanded his discharge from the staff of the "Commercial Advertiser," has stopped sending tickets to the paper, and has withdrawn all advertising. This action has been taken by the managers of thirteen theaters: the Broadway, Lyceum, Daly's, Herald Square, Knickerbocker, Harlem Opera-House, Empire, Criterion, Garden, Savoy, Madison Square, Bijou, and the New York—theaters under the management of Mr. Jacob Litt, Mr. Daniel Frohman, Mr. Samuel Schubert, Mr. Hayman, Mr. Lichtenstein, and Mr. Charles Frohman. The spectacle is presented of a small group of men using the advertising of thirteen theaters as a club to silence the utterances of an intelligent and independent critic. There could not be a franker confession of weakness, a more unmistakable disclosure of the inability of the men who are now managing our theaters to appreciate the attitude of the public, or the art with which they are dealing.

The American people believe in free speech; and they will resent any encroachment upon liberty of criticism. They will especially resent any attempt, through any form of intimidation, to silence a man who is speaking on their behalf and for their protection. Mr. Hapgood is engaged in the laudable attempt to treat the drama as an art and the theater as the stage upon which an art is interpreted. He is, in other words, endeavoring to do what he can to give the drama the position which it ought to have among the arts, and to drive from the stage those plays which, by reason of indecency, vulgarity, or weakness, have no right to find place there. In this enterprise he is met, not frankly and openly, but with a vulgar weapon and in a cowardly spirit.

If the theatrical managers object to criticism, let them mend their plays. Mr. Hapgood is well within the truth when he says, "Our one high-class theater is the Irving Place Theater." It is such criticism as he writes that the stage in America needs; and such criticism it will have, in spite of attempts to silence the critics by the boycott of the journals for which they write.

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The Spirit of Yale

The bicentennial celebration of the founding of Yale College, which brought back to New Haven last week more than half of the living graduates of Yale University, and of which a report appears in another column, was an occasion of National significance. Founded sixty-five years after Harvard and eight years after William and Mary, Yale belongs to a small group of institutions which represent the earliest religious, intellectual, and political life of the American people. In its charter it is described as a school wherein young men "may be fitted for Publick employment, both in Church and Civic State," a phrase which happily describes the genius of the old College and of the modern University at New Haven. It has not been rich in men of letters, but it has been rich in men who have served the country in public life.

The policy of the College in the educational field has never been radical; it has been slow to make experiments; but nothing more clearly indicates its vital relation with the civilization to which it has so generously contributed than the fact that the present successor to the long line of clergymen at the head of the University is a scholar and thinker of distinction in sociology and economics, two fields in which observation, theory, and history are brought into closest contact with existing conditions, and in which knowledge of necessity must be translated into terms of public service. This note has been struck in the life of American colleges from the beginning, but no other institution has more clearly illustrated the principle in action or incorporated in fact the doctrine that a scholar must be identified with his time, and that the man of knowledge must stand hand in hand with the man of action.

Yale has long been a National institution. Located in an old town in one of the original colonies, its present situation was largely chosen because of what was regarded as its accessibility to "the Western colonies." It was then a frontier institution, with its eyes towards the undeveloped continent, and with specific direction of its interests and its hopes towards the future of a new people. The traditions of scholarship and the intimate relations of the University with the past preserved it from radical experiments and insured for it a growth which has been a matter of slow development; but it has always looked out and not in, to recall Dr. Hale's phrase; and, conspicuously among American colleges, it has lent its hand to every public enterprise. There is a tradition that in 1781 the President of Yale delivered a Commencement address in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; but while Yale has always had men who have treasured what the past has acquired, it has inspired its graduates with passion for work in the present, and with an optimistic hope of the future.

The extraordinary group of public men who assembled to do it honor last week was made up very largely of its own children. They came from every department of public life, from the Supreme Court Bench to the most obscure local positions. Many of them were men of National reputation and influence; others were persons of local consequence; but, one and all, they were men dealing at first hand with the realities of life. The qualities which Yale infuses into her graduates were shown in the extraordinary skill with which the series of celebrations was organized, the programme carried out, and the vast crowds handled without confusion and with marvelous order and ease. Perhaps the most interesting features of the celebration were those contributed by the undergraduate body; and here again what has come to be known as the "Yale spirit" was clearly shown—the feeling of solidarity, of enthusiastic loyalty to the institution, the corporate determination to make the most and best of the occasion, the contagious abandon with which thousands of undergraduates and of recent graduates threw themselves into the commemoration and filled the four days of formal exercises with the fire, the enthusiasm, and the optimism of youth. It is this quality of vitality in Yale which has endeared it to the country, and which has made it, in the popular consciousness, a National institution, transcending local lines, representing and standing for the larger tendencies of the Nation. Other institutions have had their work to do, have sounded other notes in the National life, have made other and equally important contributions to American civilization; but it has been the special function of Yale to train the civic consciousness of its students, and to send them out imbued with faith in themselves, in their country, and in the race. It is a small matter that this faith has not always, in all cases, been united with perfect discretion; it is a great matter that a large body of educated men have carried to all parts of the continent an optimism which was not temperamental nor born in ignorance of problems or conditions, but which has its roots in the faith that the men of the New World are equal to their responsibilities, and that the ideals of the new country will be attained in the long range of its history.

When President Eliot conferred the degree of LL.D. on President Hadley not many years ago, he characterized the new leader of Yale as "the prophet of her upward career." Perhaps the most important result of the great commemoration last week will be a clearer definition in the mind of the institution and of its children of the Yale ideal—the ideal of the scholar in a democratic community, upon whom superior privilege has brought increase of obligation. An institution which so closely touches the life of the Nation must be regarded as one of its great formative forces—scholastic in form but vital in impulse, in influence, and in authority; a practical force in the development of that higher civilization in which the material energies and the political activities of the American people must find their ultimate and noblest expression.

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What Then?

The striking lines with this title which appear in another column ask questions which often come to the most earnest men and women in hours of fatigue and discouragement, and are not easily answered. There are many questions which must be asked and to which no convincing answer is at hand. For life is, in large measure, a great interrogation; a sublime, insistent, and painful questioning. Immortal spirits cannot be prisoned in flesh and placed in a world accessible chiefly through the senses without the constant pressure of thoughts which cannot be uttered, aspirations which cannot find space and air, longings which cannot be satisfied, questionings which can neither be silenced nor answered. This is part of the education of the spirit which is being accomplished in the world-school of materials and forces. This deep unrest, this inability of the heart to find refuge in the things that perish, this reaching out of the soul for things which are for the moment beyond its reach, is at once the pain and the glory of this present life. If we could be content, we should perish in the living, as the tools we use perish in the using; if we could find answers to all our questions, we should find ourselves in a universe as small as our experience, living a life without spiritual significance or prophecy.

The very fact that our questions are not answered and our souls are not at rest in the world in which we are gives final reply to the query, "What Then?" The time will never come when mystery will vanish from the mind, the splendid unthrift of love give place to cold calculation, inspiration cease to torment and uplift, the dream of brotherhood disappear, machine master men and materialism vanquish the spirit in decisive struggle. Men will sometimes sell their birthrights for pottage, but the bargain will never be final; they will sometimes sacrifice love for gain, but they will never be content with what they have gotten; they will sometimes abjure poetry, but they cannot kill the imagination; they will sometimes build machines so vast and powerful that men will seem pygmies beside them, but sooner or later they will break the iron fetters of mechanism in righteous rage at their own blindness; they will sometimes lose faith in God and themselves, but they will never feed long on the husks of infidelity. Strive as he may to bury himself in his little earth, man cannot get away from the vision of the stars; try as he may to sell himself into slavery, he cannot destroy the passion for freedom which is indestructible within him; blight his imagination and deny his heart as he will, dreams and prophecies and love will still haunt and pursue him. The image of God in his soul may be blurred, but it is ineffaceable.

The Yale Bicentennial

From a Staff Correspondent

GOOD fortune and good management, enthusiasm and intelligent direction, combined to make the celebration of Yale's two hundredth birthday fit and memorable. Four consecutive days of superb autumn weather put the immense throngs of graduates, visitors, and sightseers in the mood for thorough enjoyment and made the out-of-doors features a notable success. In the field of the more serious commemorative exercises the eloquence and intellectual force of the orations by President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, ex-President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, Professor Fisher, of Yale, and others, were on a high level of dignity and serious thought; while the commemorative poem, delivered by Edmund Clarence Stedman, was of finished versification and in sentiment clear and strong. The unanimity with which the University and the city of New Haven joined in the vast task of preparing for this event, in beautifying the streets and buildings, and in caring for the many thousands of visitors, was universally praised. Equally hearty was the co-operation of the nearly six thousand graduates present (about half of the total number) with the twenty-five hundred students, while the work of the committees of the faculty, the alumni, and the undergraduates showed in the harmoniousness and completeness of the jubilee the result of many months' hard work. The presence of President Roosevelt, Secretary Hay, Admiral Sampson, and other great dignitaries of the United States, of the Governor of Connecticut and the Mayor of the city, of the Marquis Ito (described by President Hadley as the greatest citizen of a great nation at once new and old), of delegates from the Universities of Oxford, Glasgow, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Tokyo, and other great foreign centers of education, and of the Presidents of many American sister universities, all testified to the fullness of honor with which the whole world of learning and the highest political representatives of the people regarded the occasion.

The festal and spectacular features were in some points unique, and in magnitude were extraordinary. The decoration was planned and in some degree uniform—the Yale blue united with the symbolic evergreen made the color scheme. The illumination, like that at Buffalo, showed what marvelous things are now possible with the lavish and artistic use of electric lights; the treatment of the New Haven Green, with its central tower a hundred feet high about the liberty pole, from the top of which sixteen long chains of lights reached to the limits of the common, was the most brilliant of many brilliant displays. A fact that struck outsiders as curious was that the grim buildings of the senior societies, to reach which is supposed to be the highest of student honors, showed not even an inch of decoration; even once in two hundred years, it seems, traditional mystery must not be disregarded.

The torchlight procession of Monday night was made picturesque and varied by the undergraduates in costumes of Indians, Pilgrim Fathers, Continentals, and Rough Riders, while among other special bands that of the merry Japanese students in Oriental garb, and that of the new department of forestry in green Robin Hood dress, attracted the most applause. Fifty classes of Yale were in line; even the most venerable and white-bearded did not disdain to don blue muslin cap and gown and march.

Even more impressive as a spectacle was the generous gathering in an open-air amphitheater on the college green Tuesday night. Perhaps ten thousand Yale graduates, students, and their visitors (including a few hundred ladies, despite the official prohibition) sat in tiers and on the level ground beneath the famous elms—now, alas! not in their former full glory—and under swinging orange balls of electric light. A great chorus of undergraduates and a rather feeble band led the singing of the old songs, "Lauriger," "Gandeamus," and the like, and of some new ones, of which "Boula, Yale" was the prime favorite. At intervals returned classes, sometimes a hundred strong or more, raised special songs and cheered friendly classes, Yale, and themselves with vigor and hilarity. From time to time a gowned herald appeared on the stage and declaimed in verse the meaning of the picture-plays which showed, in pantomime chiefly, the historic founding of Yale by the gift of books, the less dignified episode of the removal to New Haven by sheriff's writ, the visit of George Washington to Yale, the execution of Nathan Hale, and scenes on the old fence and in a typical college room, closing with a half-shown, half-heard chapel service, and a benediction by Elihu Yale *redivivus*. The night was one never to be forgotten by those who were of it. Nor should any note of the out-of-door festivities omit the football exhibition between graduates and undergraduates, and the reappearance with the former of the gigantic and famous Heffelfinger and other almost equally famous and gigantic heroes of the game, with Walter Camp to kick off the ball.

Music of a high order was prominent in the commemoration. Professor Horatio W. Parker is himself a composer of reputation. His oratorio "Hora Novissima" has been rendered repeatedly in the great music centers of the world, and its reputation as a noble and beautiful composition was upheld by the excellent rendering at New Haven on Tuesday; loudly applauded, too, was Professor Parker's fine setting to the Greek Ode written for the occasion by Professor Goodell, with which the exercises of Wednesday began; while we have the word of a Greek Professor for it that Professor Goodell's text was the true ancient Doric. A typically artistic concert by the Boston Symphony Society was still another most worthy and admirable musical feature.

No incident in the entire jubilee aroused such enthusiasm as the reference in Justice Brewer's oration to Mr. Booker Washington. It came with a suddenness and force which took the great audience literally off its feet. When Justice Brewer referred to the power of recognizing the great qualities that make a Washington, and then, with a pause, added, "Whether the first name be George or Booker," the response was as heartfelt as it was instantaneous. Those who know the inner history of the celebration know that the presence of Mr. Washington in the procession of dignitaries, the honor done him in many ways, and the private invitations extended to him, all antedated the flurry of excitement caused by President Roosevelt's recent dinner with Mr. Washington, of which we spoke last week.

There was a general expression of opinion that from the oratorical point of view the strongest single address of the commemoration was that by President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, in the exercises of Tuesday morning, to which, as to the other formal exercises, there wended from Dwight Hall a long and brilliantly attired procession of dignitaries with gowns of all imaginable forms and colors. President Northrop's subject was "Yale in its Relation to the Development of the Country," and its scope was chiefly confined to the part played by the University in the political and educational development. The keynote was found in the words: "The real history of a country is not the record of its great men either in war or in peace. It is rather an account of the development and progress of the people; and especially so in this country, where the people's will can govern and ultimately does govern, and where the wisest leaders before they speak listen for the voice of the people." The skill with which the orator told with some detail the achievements of Yale's individual great men, without ever for a moment becoming unduly biographical or prolix, was really an extraordinary feat, while his peroration was a finely carried out metaphor bearing consolation to the ordinary alumnus. In it he pointed out that while "the prairies that for hundreds of miles stretch in almost unbroken continuity through the West do not excite in the traveler to the Pacific any especial emotion of wonder, such emotion is excited by the tall peaks further west that tower heavenward, the sentinels of the Rockies, grand, gloomy, solitary, sublime. But the prairies, monotonously level and tame though they are, can feed the world." The application was obvious. Hardly less effective with the audience, and equally well written and thoughtful, was ex-President Gilman's survey of "Yale and its Relation to Science and Letters," immediately following President Northrop's oration. Of Professor Fisher's survey of "Yale in its Relation to Christian Theology and Missions" in the Battell Chapel on Sunday we speak elsewhere.

The oration of Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, on "Yale's Relation to Public Service" was the central feature of the great commemorative programme of Wednesday morning. Justice Brewer stood surrounded by over a hundred of the most famous and ablest men in the world. Justice Brewer laid stress on the fact that Yale was the first educational institution in the world to make the fitting for public service the express and dominant purpose of her educational work. He dwelt on the increase in perfection of organization for doing the world's work, and declared: "You cannot stay this movement towards consolidation and centralization. It is a natural evolution. The commercial spirit is taking advantage of the wonderful facilities given by steam and electricity. Injunction against strikers will not stop it, legislation against trusts will not. Attempting to stay the movement of its chariot wheels by injunction or statute is lunacy." Under these circumstances, said Justice Brewer, the great need is the educated man. "America needs Yale." This line of thought was developed in a masterly manner, and it may be said that the oration is even more stimulating and thought-inciting when read than as heard.

More impressive, however, than any oration, poem, or Greek ode—impressive as were all these things—was the gathering itself. When it is noted that every seat in the large hall was filled by the time that graduates of twenty-five years' standing had entered, and that most of the graduates of the last quarter of a century and the undergraduates found entrance impossible, some idea of the immensity of the throng may be imagined. Several times the number of those who entered the building waited patiently and with marked decorum outside to see the entrance and exit of President Roosevelt and the other famous men.

The outbursts of enthusiasm when there were presented for degrees to President Hadley such men as the Marquis Ito, Secretary John Hay, Admiral Sampson, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, Ambassador Choate, Chief Justice Fuller, and Richard Olney, were extraordinary; while of college presidents, distinguished authors, delegates from foreign countries and foreign universities, there were literally scores on the stage. As candidates for the degree of Doctor of Literature, for instance, there were presented in one body T. B. Aldrich, G. W. Cable, W. D. Howells, S. L. Clemens, R. W. Gilder, Brander Matthews, Woodrow Wilson, and Thomas Nelson Page. In all, sixty-one degrees were conferred, and the full list includes a remarkable collocation of names of scholars, publicists, educators, literary men, and statesmen.

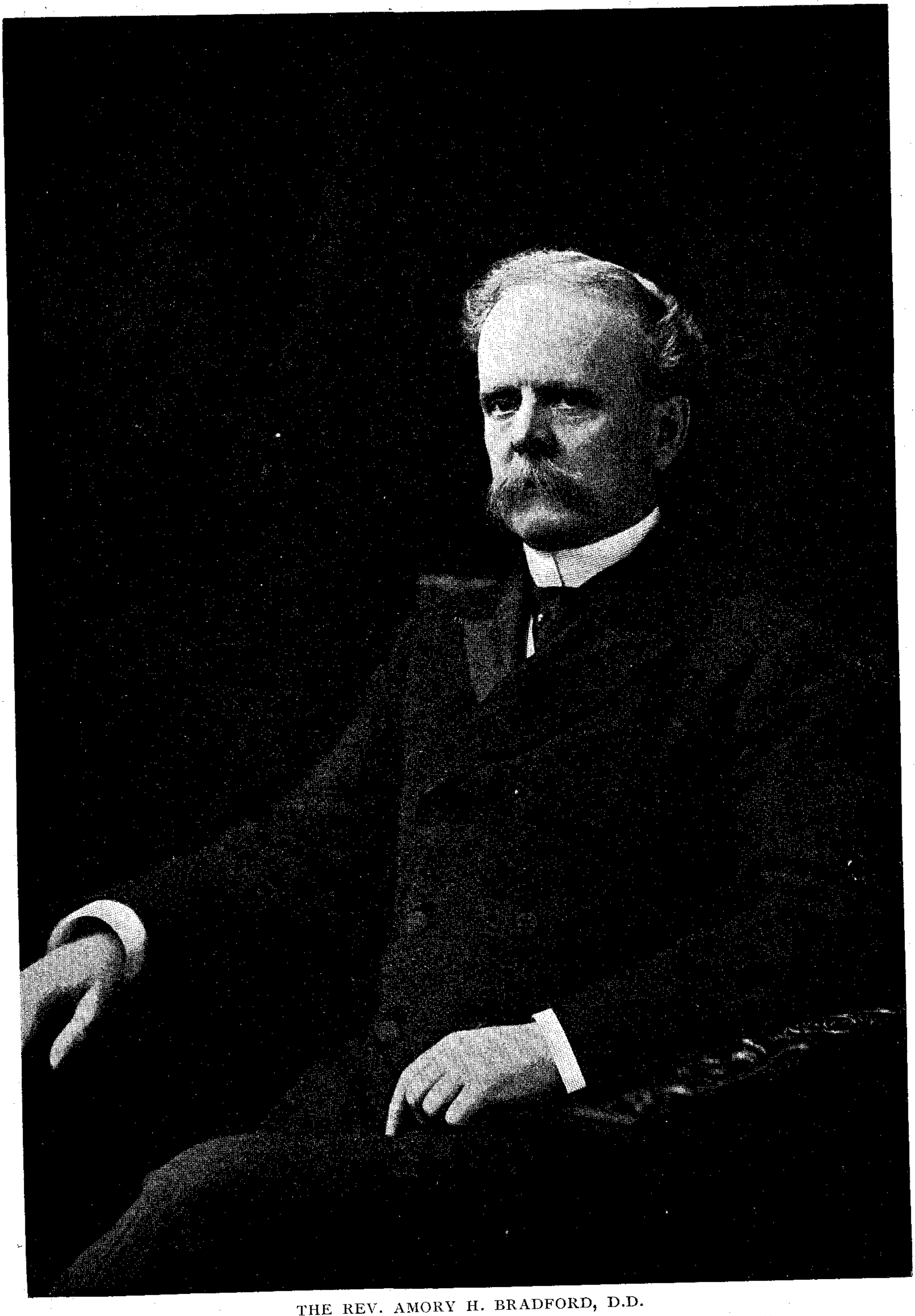
The few words in which President Hadley addressed each of the candidates were so happy, fitting, and perfectly consonant with the individual man and his achievements that in the opinion of many these twenty-word presentation addresses formed the most felicitous as well as the most spontaneous feature of the occasion. The culmination of the day and of the entire jubilee was reached when President Hadley said, "There yet remains one name"—and the audience was on its feet in a tumult of excitement and greeting. President Hadley, in addressing President Roosevelt, said:

> While you were yet a private citizen we offered you most worthily the degree of LL.D. Since in his providence it has pleased God to give Theodore Roosevelt another title, we give him on that account a double portion of welcome. He is a Harvard man by nurture, but we are proud to think that, in his democratic spirit, his broad National sympathies, and, above all, his cleanness and purity and truth, he will be glad to be an adopted son of Yale.

President Roosevelt's reply was uttered with tremendous energy, and every word thrilled the feelings of his hearers. Word for word, his answer was as follows:

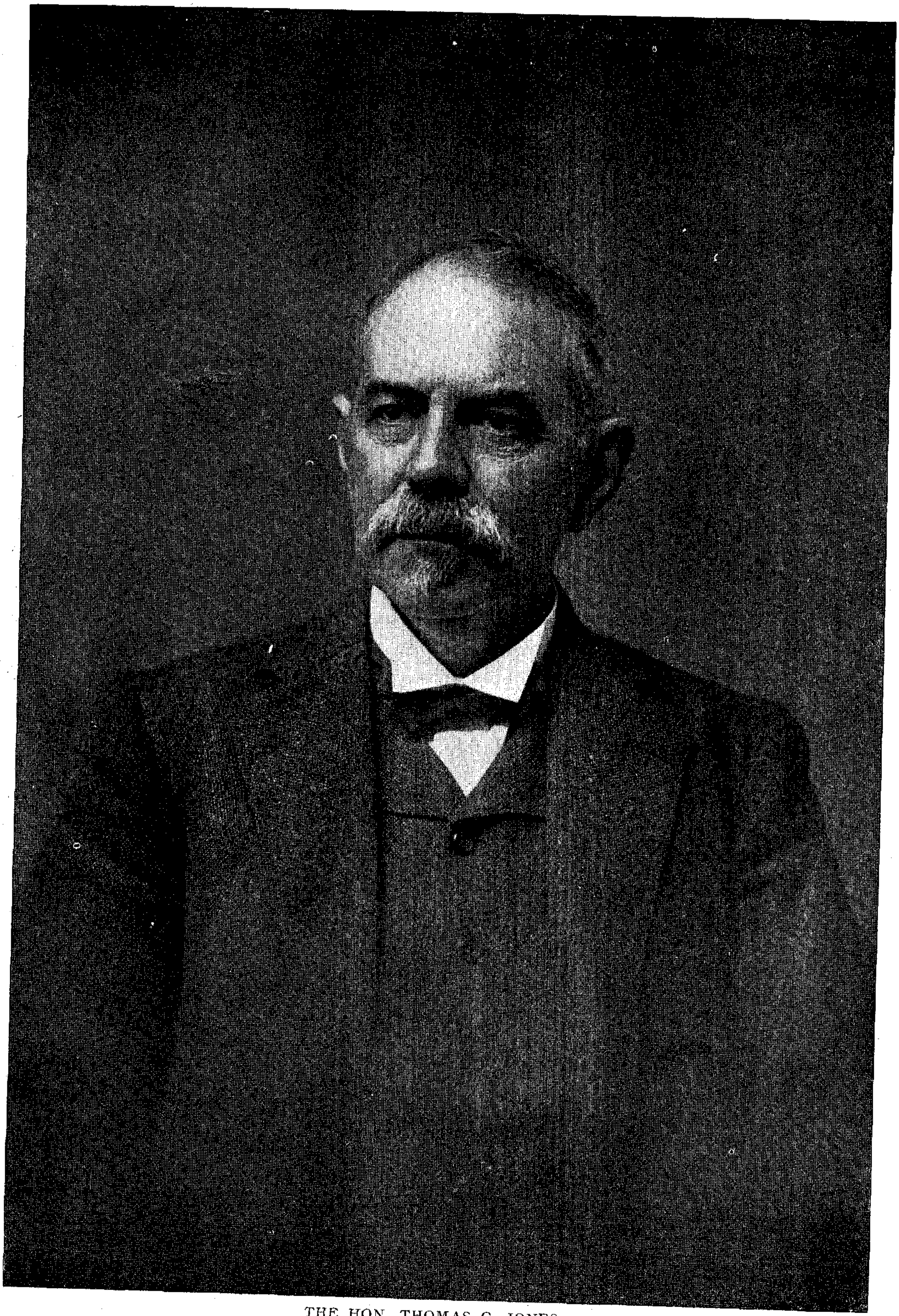
> President Hadley, I have never yet worked at a task worth doing that I did not find myself working shoulder to shoulder with some son of Yale. I have never yet been in a struggle for righteousness and decency that there were not men of Yale to aid me and give me strength and courage.
>
> As we walked hither this morning we passed by a gateway which was raised to the memory of a young Yale lad who was hurt to death beside me as he and a great many others like us marched against the gunfire from the heights, and with those memories quick in my mind I thank you from my heart for the honor you have done me, and I thank you doubly, for you planned to do me that honor while I was yet a private citizen.

R. D. T.



THE REV. AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

Moderator of the National Congregational Council held in Portland, Me., October 12-18.

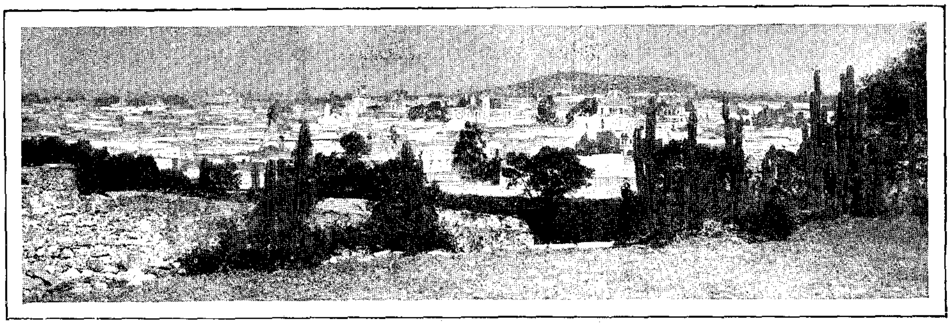


THE HON. THOMAS G. JONES

Lately made a Federal Judge in Alabama by President Roosevelt although a Democrat.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

Photograph by Schlattman Brothers.



PUEBLA, THE PLACE OF DIAZ'S GREATEST VICTORY

The Man of Mexico

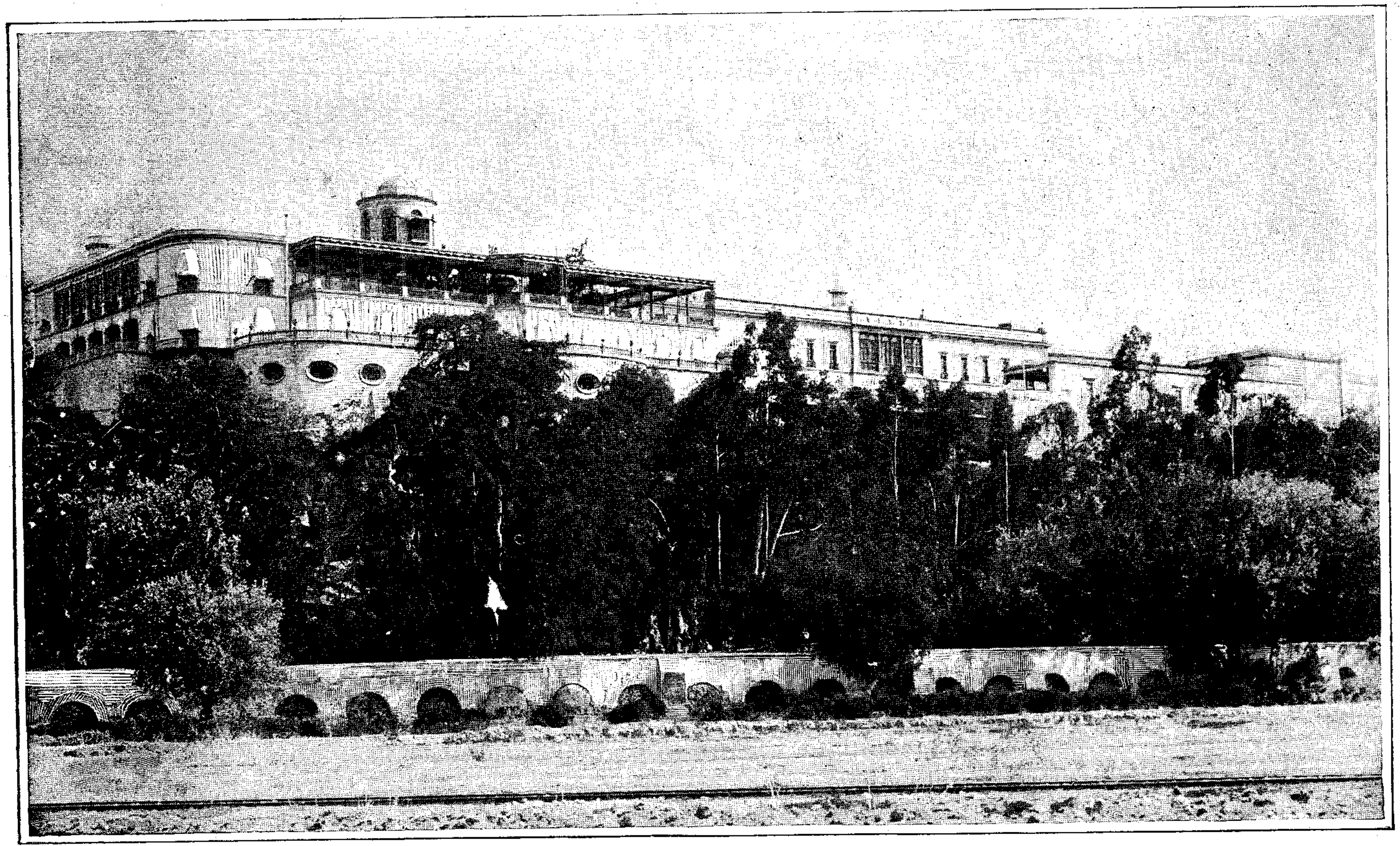
By Charles F. Lummis

American interest is strongly centered just now in the City of Mexico. Last week, by special invitation of President Diaz, the second Pan-American Congress met in the capital of our prosperous and growing southern neighbor. It will be remembered that the first Congress was held in Washington in 1889, at the suggestion of James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State. The suggestion for the great gathering of delegates from the nations of South America, Central America, and the United States was contained in President McKinley's annual message two years ago. The proposition was taken up with eagerness and intelligence by the President of Mexico, and invitations were issued more than a year ago to the Governments of all the nations interested. The delegates will discuss all subjects which pertain to "the solidarity of the interests of all America." At this time, when the eyes of all are turned to the City of Mexico, it is worth while to ask who and what is the one man who has made Mexico a great nation. Mr. Lummis, the author of the following article, is well known as a special student of Mexican history and as the writer of the best recent book on that country, "The Awakening of a Nation." Later The Outlook will print articles describing the personnel and action of the Pan-American Congress now in session in the City of Mexico from the pen of Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, who has already contributed to The Outlook several papers of importance, has been an extensive traveler in Cuba, Spain, and South America, and has earned a reputation as one of the ablest and most careful of press correspondents by his work in Cuba before the outbreak of the war between Spain and the United States. The Outlook has sent Mr. Dawley to Mexico and South America as its Special Commissioner, in view of the growing importance of South American affairs as related to the United States and the problems growing out of the Interoceanic Canal, the extension of reciprocity in trade, and the position of the South American governments toward one another and toward European nations.—THE EDITORS.

SIX-AND-FORTY years ago no theater in Mexico, nor any strolling band of maromeros, staged so roaring a farce as held the boards in the little hamlet of Ixtlan, away down south in Oaxaca. It played to tears and laughter—but it was the actors who wept. Of their audience perhaps there was not one who saw beyond the instant mirth. For the youthful Jefe Político (Mayor) had made up his mind to make his Indians soldiers—a mind these half-naked, stolid, unstirred peons had no notion to share. Drill? They? Work hard on Sunday, after the week's toil in the field, to get themselves ready to stop bullets that were none of their business? *Para que?* They could not, and they would not!

But the young Jefe said "Drill," and there was about him that certain something which makes men like to please and hesitate at displeasing. Some slouched at his word into the shambling ranks, and some he pushed in with a jocular hand on the shoulder which somehow seemed to make one think it could be a heavy hand if it would. Some blubbered as they obeyed; but the long and short of it was that they obeyed. And for such bystanders as were, the fun began.

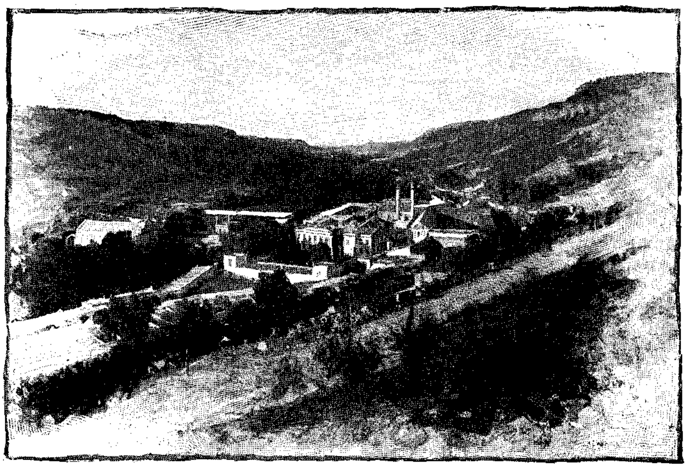
But in all the grotesque stumblings and fumblings of that incomparable awkward squad, dominated by one trim, muscular, alert boy, a thoughtful observer should have seen more than the sheer humor of it. Here already was portent of the Coming Man. In this first hopeless lump of peon clay was modeling the deliverance



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC, DIAZ'S SUMMER RESIDENCE of a nation; the forecast of armies from nothing, and of a leader from a nobody. Every Sunday saw a drill in Ixtlan; and for reward of the drill, a dance; and then a rude gymnasium was added, where the Jefe—the best hunter, rider, and swimmer in all the countryside—taught his brown recruits to have pleasure of their strength. There were no more weepings over the drill. It had become the favorite function of the week—an even better Sunday than pulque and the shade.

In a few months "The Impossibles" were ready to belie their name. The pretender Garcia made a pronunciamento in Oaxaca, the State capital. The young Jefe marched on the city with his militia and made the usurper retract; and when, after their departure, Garcia "pronounced" again, the same troop from Ixtlan marched back, captured the city, and turned it over to the proper authorities. Eight years later this same young Mayor was the most famous general in Spanish America, having formed national armies very much as he formed the militia of Ixtlan; and in Mexico was second in power only to the great President Benito Juarez. To-day his place is secure in history, not alone as the greatest soldier and the greatest statesman Spanish America has produced, but as one of the largest world-figures of his century; the creator of Mexico as a modern nation; the head of the most progressive country in America outside our own. For the youthful Mayor was Porfirio Diaz.

Now just entered upon his seventy-second year, hale, erect, sure-footed, clear-eyed and clear-skinned, with reasonable expectation of another full decade of unabated vigor—and of a vigor, still, to which I know no peer—President Diaz is in many ways the most extraordinary personality of modern times. It would be childish to say that his life "reads like a romance," for I know of no romance so audacious. As for history—which is sometimes stranger, as we know—if it hold a personal record as varied and eventful, this side the Crusades, that record has escaped my search. His life has been such a kaleidoscope as could have been turned only for such a man and only in such an environment as the Mexico that was; it spans not only a half-century of such adventure as no longer seems quite credible; it embraces and stands for such political changes as no other nation, I believe, has undergone in the last hundred years. The Mexico in which Diaz was born was the most chaotic, insecure, and revolutionary of lands. Up to his first presidency it had had, in a little over fifty years, more administrations than in the two hundred and sixty years preceding, under Spanish rule. The Mexico which worships "Porfirio" to-day is to-day, I have no hesitation in saying, the best governed and most compact nation in the Americas.


THE HERCULES COTTON MILLS
An example of the great industries built up under President Diaz's rule.

Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca, No. 10 Calle de la Soledad, on the 15th of September, 1830, a few hours before the "Mexican Fourth of July"—the anniversary of Hidalgo's Cry of Independence. His father, Captain José Faustino Diaz, a tall, powerful, leonine planter, died in 1833 of the cholera, which in that year first visited Mexico and swept off an eighth of its population. Porfirio's mother, Doña Petrona Mory, was also of Asturian descent, but with an American dash, for her grandfather, coming from

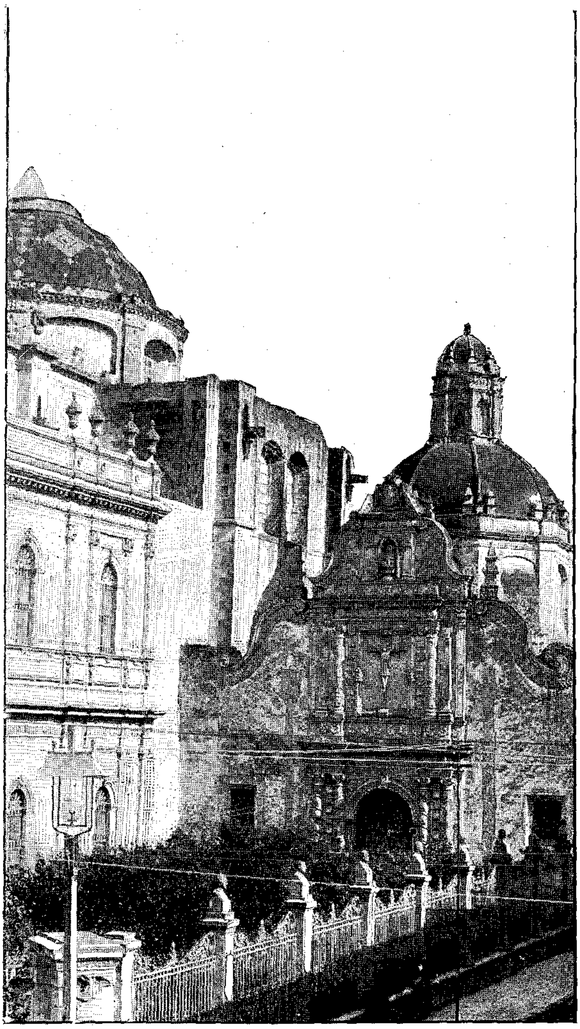
Spain, had married a Mixteca—one of that superb aboriginal type of whose beauty and dignity the early chroniclers had so much to say. That is the extent of the Indian blood in Diaz—his great-grandmother was Indian.

To his mother the Mexican President owed much. She was a woman of extraordinary character, a Roman matron for courage, balance, and firmness, but of uncommon horizons for her environment. She took up her widowhood and the education of her five children without visible stress; disciplined them, conducted the little inn (Meson de la Soledad) for their support; and, though of the old régime, which meant in Mexico nothing of higher education for women, was a sound adviser to them even after they had entered worlds beyond her ken.

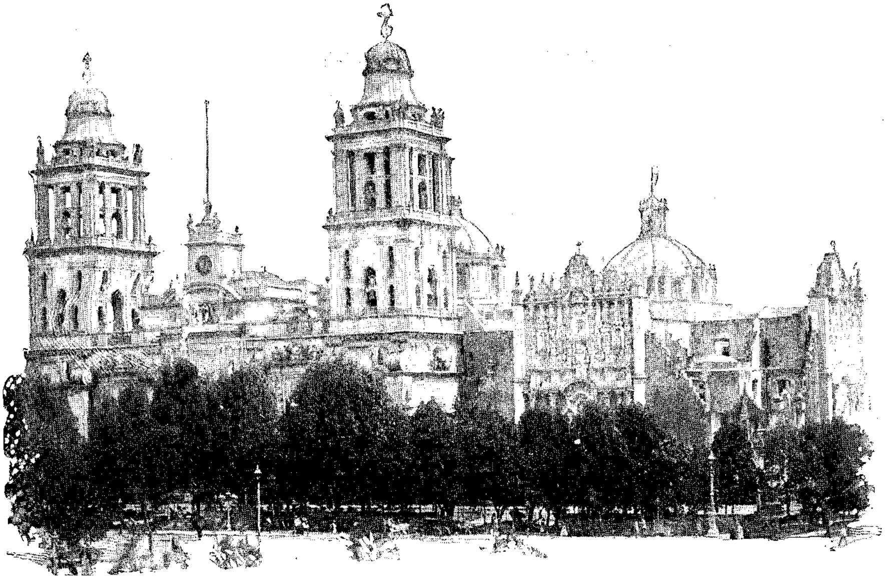
Leaving the primary school at seven, Porfirio swept and helped for a year in the country store of Joaquin Vasconcelos; then attended the secondary schools till he was fourteen, and later entered the seminary. He had been designed by his parents for the Church, but after a brief course in theology he decided to turn to law. The meson had failed, his mother was forced to sell her lands, and this change of profession enraged the influential friends of the family. But the boy supported himself by tutoring and by a petty librarianship secured for him by Juarez (then Governor of Oaxaca, who had been attracted by his pluck and talent), and completed his four years' course in the Institute. Before graduation he was made Professor of Roman Law; and then entered the law office of Governor Juarez and Marcos Perez.

December 1, 1854, the dictator ordered a plebiscite—his minions armed at the polls. In Oaxaca were only two who dared register their open votes against Santa Ana. Porfirio was one of them. Orders were given to arrest and shoot him, after the definitive fashion of the day; but here he made the first in a long series of escapes probably unequaled by any other man of prominence in history. Stopped by a sentinel and shot at point blank, he got away to the mountains of Tlacolula, where Herrera was in revolt against the usurper. He became adviser to this guerrilla patriot, and under him had his first taste of warfare in a successful engagement with Santa Ana's underling Noriega at Teotongo.

Upon the organization of a National Guard, Diaz resigned his mayor's pay of $140 per month to become a captain at $60. He had already declined pay for his services in ousting Garcia. In August, 1857, while putting down an uprising in



A CORNER OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO

Jamiltepec, he was badly wounded at Ixcapan. The ball broke his breast-bone and was not extracted till a year and a half later; but despite this wound he led the charge which won the day. In the following January he was prominent among the defenders of Oaxaca against the attack of Cobos, one of the ablest generals of the Conservative (church) party. In the fight his old wound reopened; but he fought on and Cobos was routed. A month later he led two companies in the attack on Jalapa; and in recognition of his uncommon talent was made Jefe Político of Tehuantepec. This remote and difficult post he administered for nearly two years, winning many sensational victories over armed revolutionists, for the long and bitter war of the Reformer was on, in which Juarez unhorsed the Church—and developing a still more extraordinary talent for administration. After several brilliant victories, on the fifth of August, 1860, with seven hundred men, he withstood Cobos's attack with two thousand, and, though badly wounded, led two charges which routed the Conservatives. Fainting with loss of blood and borne on the shoulders of his men, he directed the pursuit into the very city of Oaxaca and captured it.

Going home sick with typhoid at the end of this campaign, Diaz was elected from his sick-bed to represent his native State in the National Congress. During the session (June 24, 1861) the revolutionist Marquez attacked the National Capital. Diaz sprang from his chair, ran as he was to the front, and was so clearly the effective factor in routing the insurgents that the government put him in command of the forces in Oaxaca. After a wearisome chase of two months, he overtook Marquez in Jalatlaco, and attacked by night (August 13, 1861). All night the fight went on, hand to hand, in the tortuous streets, Diaz in the thick of the fray. Once, turning a corner, he ran into a troop of the enemy, who recognized him. But, even as they opened fire, his horse broke through their ranks and turned a corner unscathed. At last Diaz won the plaza, seized the enemy's battery, and in a short time was master of the field. For this important victory he was made general of brigade. In October it was his brigade which actually won the decisive victory of Real del Monte, over Marquez and Mejia; and for both battles he received great popular ovations.

Even so scant an outline may give some idea of the thoroughness of his schooling in the internecine wars of his disrupted country. He was already known as the most active of Mexican generals and most capable in "creating the material with which to operate."

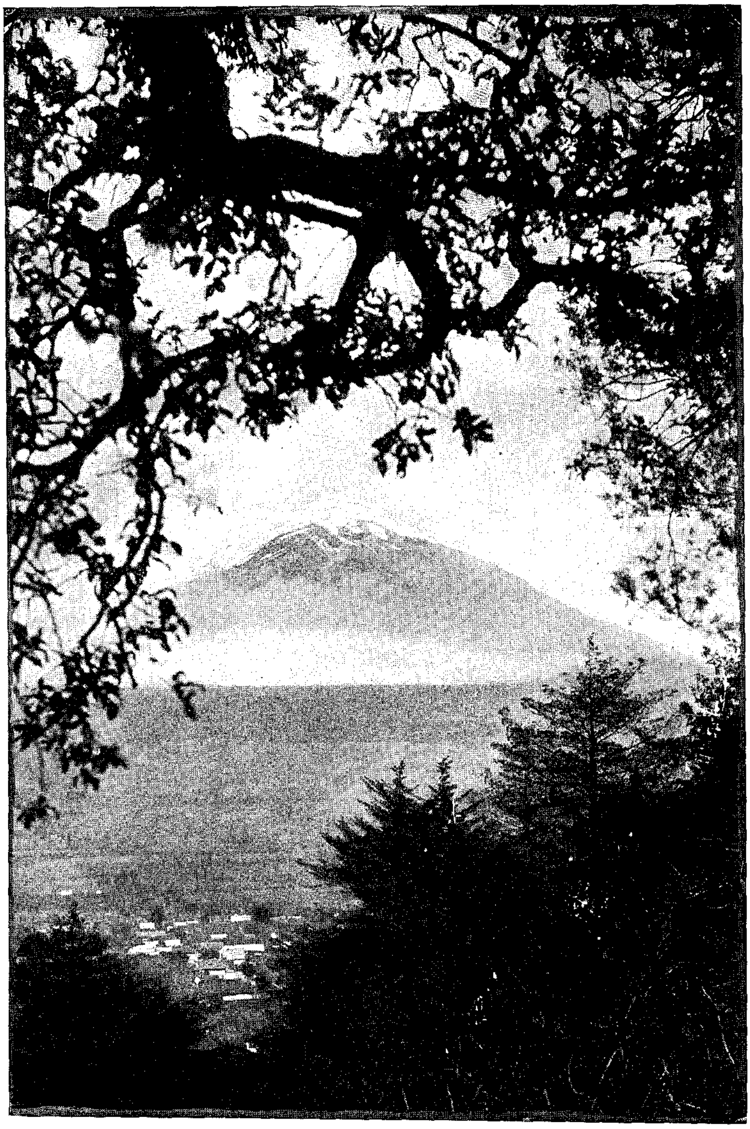
The repudiation of the foreign debt, to which Juarez was so ill-advised as to consent, gave excuse for the armed intervention of England, France, and Spain, behind which lurked the deeper designs of Napoleon III.

In the first brush with the invaders Diaz bore the brunt. He covered the retreat of Zaragoza on Puebla, and in the siege of that city by the French his was the defense of the weakest corner. On level ground, without trenches or reserves, with his hasty Mexican levies, he met the repeated charges of the French veterans of Lorencez, in numbers equal to his own force, and at the head of his men drove them and pursued them for miles.

Nearly a year later, after varying fortunes, he shared in another siege of Puebla. Forey beleaguered the city with 26,000 men and heavy artillery; Ortega's force numbered only 22,000 men and scant supplies. The siege was bitterly contested for two months, and Diaz and his brigade performed prodigies of valor and endurance. One night the Zouaves made a breach in the Meson de San Marcos and came pouring in. Diaz ran back alone to the courtyard, trained his howitzer in their faces, and mowed down their foremost files, and with his reanimated men drove the intruders out and closed the breach, fighting all night hand to hand in the streets. Starving at last and out of ammunition, Puebla surrendered May 17. Diaz refused to give parole, and, while being carried a prisoner to Vera Cruz, made his escape.

At thirty-three Porfirio Diaz was commander-in-chief of the Mexican armies, second in authority only to Juarez, and the one reasonable hope of the country to make head against the invaders and the Tories. The Church party pronounced for Maximilian, and their armies swelled the veteran legions of France. The national capital fell into their hands, and city after city, State after State. The Liberals had scant forces, few arms, and almost no supplies; the revenues were in the hands of the enemy, and forced loans had already impoverished the country. The officers were jealous, the men unpaid, ill fed, and enlisted for short terms. It seemed impossible that the scattered Loyalists should withstand the combined power of the Church and France.

Establishing himself firmly in Oaxaca, Diaz remarkably soon brought order out of the local chaos. He not only raised revenues, gathered and equipped and drilled forces, but made a stable government. By degrees he routed and dispersed the nearest Imperialists; and then began to move north, finally defeating General Brincourt. He developed such strength that in the latter part of 1864 the largest campaign of the whole period of intervention was made to crush him, Bazaine taking the field in person. For three weeks he held Oaxaca against five times his numbers and against Bazaine's siege artillery; and at last, deserted by nearly all his men, after a desperate stand in which he served a howitzer in a church tower till every other man was dead, he surrendered. Refusing to be paroled, he was put in a dungeon in Puebla. After several attempts to escape—once he had tunneled nearly to the street—he finally broke jail September 20, and got away, with a reward of $11,000 offered for his head. Two days later, with a handful of men, he surprised and captured the garrison at Tehuicingo; next day he routed a hundred and fifty Imperialists at Piaxtla, and got arms and horses with which to fight. A week later he made a night attack on the superior force of Visoso, and defeated it. After a few more engagements with these pursuers he had not only whipped them but incorporated most of them in his own command; and Visoso himself came over to the Liberals. At Lo de Soto, Diaz had another of those marvelous escapes which won him the reputation of a charmed life—breaking single-handed through a squad of cavalry which had surprised his quarters. At another time the Imperialist Trujeque invited him to a conference; and as he approached, concealed sharpshooters fired on him. Diaz wheeled his horse and escaped amid a fusillade. In the fierce campaign made against him by Oronoz, with forces greatly superior in numbers, discipline, and equipment, Diaz wore out his pursuers by tactics of extraordinary ingenuity and energy, and fell upon them like a whirlwind in the hour of their weariness, leading the most desperate charges in person. Besieging Oronoz in Oaxaca, he captured the city once more—and even in the midst of these rigors paused to establish in his native city a model school for girls, a forecast of the policy by which he was



POPOCATEPETL

one day to make the most important social change Mexico has undergone.

On March 9, 1867, he again besieged Puebla, with six cannon against the city's one hundred. After three weeks' desperate fighting hand to hand, taking building by building, the approach of eight thousand Imperialists (double his own force) made continuance of the siege impossible. The night of April 1, having made all ostensible preparations for a retreat, he made three desperate charges in a false attack, and then stormed the city at thirteen different points—with less than one hundred men to the column. By daylight of April 2 Puebla was in his hands. That day he was married by proxy in Oaxaca to Delfina Ortega, of Reyes. She died in 1880, leaving him three children.

The bloody reprisals which had marked this internecine strife had never been participated in by Diaz; and now, against the decree of Juarez, he pardoned the prisoners taken at Puebla, including the Mexican traitors, and even the officious Escamilla who had offered $1,000 from his own pocket for the recapture, dead or alive, of Diaz when he escaped from that

CHURCH OF SANTO DOMINGO

city. His example, in fact, put an end to the execution of prisoners.

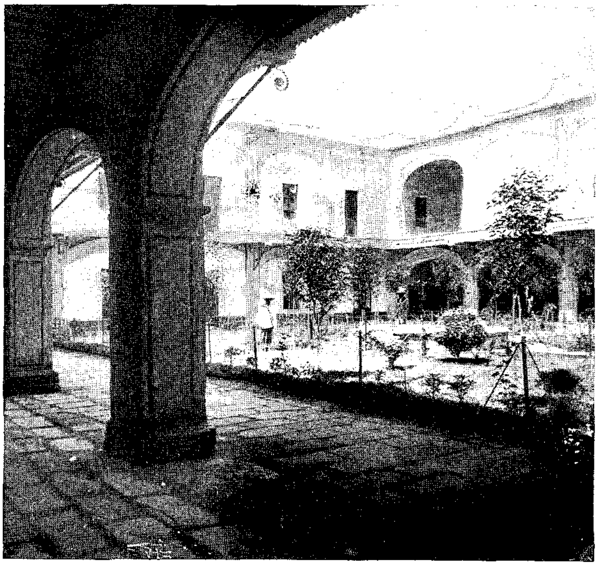
Pursuing Marquez to the City of Mexico in the "Five Days' Battle," he invested the city patiently, refusing to bombard that magnificent capital; personally led the charges which resisted Marquez's sallies, and after two months captured the city uninjured on the 20th of June, 1867. Maxmilian had been executed the day before. When the long-wandering President entered, Diaz met him with a magnificent ovation and turned over to him all the captured moneys—an unheard-of precedent in the Mexico of those days.

Twice he was called as candidate for the Presidency to restrain the unconstitutional measures into which the changed Juarez was drifting; but "the machine" was too strong—though there is little doubt that a fair count would have given Diaz the election of 1871. In December, 1875, the rule of Lerdo, the successor of Juarez (who died in 1872), having become insufferable, Diaz retreated to the United States under proscription. Crossing the Rio Grande, March 22, 1876, with forty men, he issued the famous "Plan of Tuxtepec," the real beginnings of modern Mexico. With four hundred men he led an attack on Matamoros, captured eighteen cannon and seven hundred prisoners, but, finding himself opposed by overwhelming forces to the south, and in haste to reach Oaxaca, returned to New Orleans and sailed on the City of Havana, disguised as a Dr. Torres, of Cuba. At Tampico a lot of his prisoners of Matamoros came aboard, and he was at once recognized. Leaping overboard by night in the shark-infested bay, he tried to swim across the bar and to shore, but the Lerdists had been watching. A boat overtook him and brought him back to the ship practically a prisoner. In this desperate strait the purser saved him. Eluding his guards next night, Diaz slipped into the purser's cabin. A life-preserver was thrown overboard as a feint; and for a week Diaz lay cooped inside the purser's lounge, on which the Lerdists nightly sat at their card-playing. At Vera Cruz the fugitive escaped to shore disguised as a stevedore.

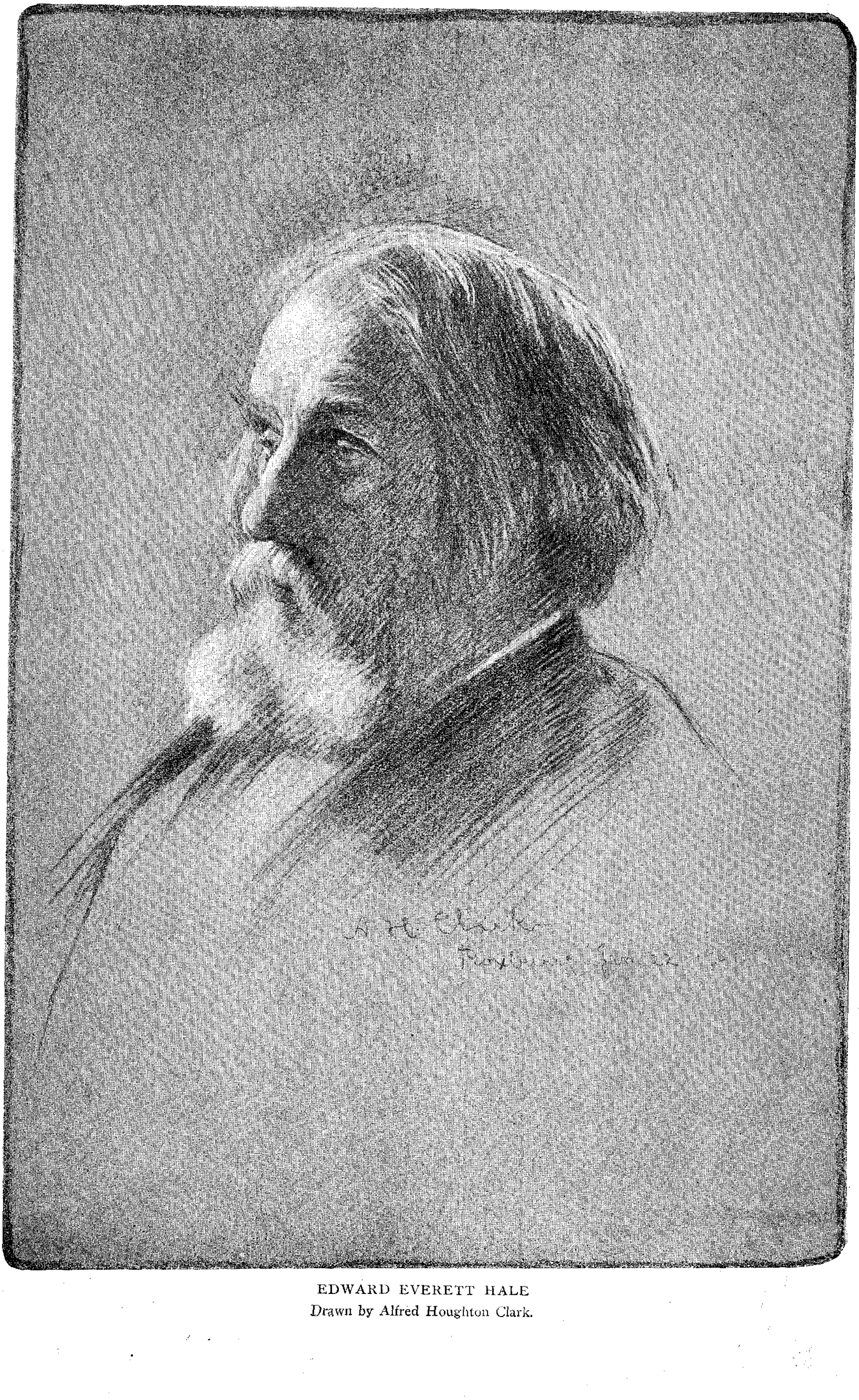
After months of uphill fighting, marked by an executive genius even rarer than his personal daring, Diaz marched into the national capital November 23, 1876, without resistance, Lerdo having fled to the United States, and five days later assumed the executive power of Mexico. In April, 1877, he was elected Constitutional President. Except for the interregnum of "El Mocho" Gonzalez (1880–84) he has been at the head of Mexico ever since.

For several years the uneasy country, used for seventy years to continuous revolution, fretted under this new rider, and now and again there were minor uprisings, but never one since Diaz took the Presidency which has for a moment menaced the Government.

The corrupt public service was reformed by Diaz. Taxes were reduced and public improvements were begun, and have been carried out on an enormous scale. The worthless credit of Mexico was raised to par in a few years. Diaz netted the country with railroads, paying over a hundred millions in subsidies, and dotted it with factories by like liberal policies. Public libraries, telegraphs, observatories, scientific commissions, sanitation, have all been brought by him to a high standard. He has drained the bowl-like valley of Mexico—an undertaking which had floundered along in vain for over two centuries—and given the capital a magnificent sewerage system. The curse of brigandage, which infested every highway in Mexico twenty-five years ago, he has absolutely wiped out. In no country are the roads safer; in no other country are there so few railroad accidents. He has made Mexico respected abroad and content and prosperous at home, free from meddling with foreign affairs and devoting all its energies to National upbuilding. He devised and has put in operation a public-school system which covers every hamlet in Mexico; a system of which any country might be proud—and still gives it his direct personal attention. All over Mexico to-day girls have an equal chance with boys in normal and technical education, and are as eagerly making use of their opportunities. The social, political, and economic changes in Mexico under the administration of Diaz are almost incredible. No other life of modern times has been so startling in its adventures, and no other statesman within the century has wrought in his country so tremendous changes as have been made by the Oaxacan orphan, the savior, unifier, and father of the United States of Mexico.



THE HOSPITAL REAL—FOR INDIANS


A. H. Clark
Roxbury · June 22

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Drawn by Alfred Houghton Clark.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

I LIVE in a large, old-fashioned house which is crowded from cellar to attic with letters and other manuscripts, with pamphlets, and with newspapers. Here are the diaries and correspondence of my own generation, of my father's and mother's, and of their fathers' and mothers'. Boxes, drawers, cabinets, secretaries, closets, full of "your uncle's papers," or "your grandfather's," or his.

Only the most gracious of house-mothers would tolerate such stores.

And I have inherited the passion for history. My father was a great journalist. He loved to study history in the original documents. Boston Stamp Act? Here are the pamphlets. Randolph's challenge to Webster? Here is the private story. Do you wonder, dear reader, that when the hearers are amiable, your old friend who writes these words, now in his eightieth year, is apt to prophesy or to chatter about the history of his own generation and the generation before his own, as he saw it through his own keyholes?

His friends and yours of The Outlook have met him more than half-way in such habits of his. And it is so that you see these "memories of a hundred years."

39 Highland Street, Roxbury, September 1, 1901.

I.

FOR FIVE YEARS

No! I am not as old as the century. A dear little Italian girl at Miss Noyes's Kindergarten asked me the other day if I were George Washington. I was flattered. I was pleased, as we are always pleased by flattery. But I had to confess that I was not "the father of his country." She seemed relieved. She simply said, "*He* was *very* white," with an emphasis on the "he" and the "very," and we changed the conversation.

All the same, that year 1801 stands out in the family record here with a very bright vermilion mark. For it was on an autumn day in the year 1800 that my father was at work in his father's garden in Westhampton, Mass. I should say he was hoeing potatoes, if I dared rely on a memory of iron which seldom deceives me. And the family tradition says he was hoeing potatoes. But modern historical realism requires stern accuracy, and I will not swear. Anyway, he was at work in the garden.

His father, my grandfather, Enoch Hale, suddenly called him into the house, and told him that he was called that he might see Tutor Gould. I have no doubt that the boy washed his hands in the perennial spring which still flows in the woodshed behind the kitchen, and, with this immediate preparation only, joined the two ministers in his father's study.

The boy was sixteen years old on the 16th of August, which had recently passed.

Of the two ministers whom he met in the study, one was Enoch Hale, who had been minister at Westhampton since 1777, and who died in that charge in 1837. The other was the Rev. Vinson Gould, remembered by Williams College men as one of their early tutors. Williams College, in the northwestern township of Massachusetts, had been chartered by

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[1] Copyright, 1901, by the Outlook Company.

the General Court of that State in the year 1793. It was founded to carry out a bequest from Colonel Ephraim Williams, a frontier Colonel in the "French War." At the moment I am trying to describe, Tutor Gould was engaged in recruiting for the College, and picking up pupils here and there. Here is the brief account of his arrival in the Rev. Enoch Hale's Journal:

> Oct. 6, 1800. Showery morning. Kill sheep. Mr. Vinson Gould, candidate and tutor at Williams College, dines here. Examines Nathan and admits him a member of Williams College. Mr. T. Wood also dines. He last night at Mr. J. S. Parsons. Afternoon ride Mr. E. Rust. His child sick.

They told the boy that he was to be examined in Greek and Latin, that Mr. Gould might judge whether he were fit to enter Williams College at the next term. One pauses to consider how satisfactory to the pupil was this system of examination. One imagines President Low and President Eliot in this summer of 1901 riding on horseback from town to town to examine their future students in Greek and Latin at their homes. How much of the misery of modern examinations must have been saved to our fathers and our grandfathers! The boy read his Greek Testament to the satisfaction of both his examiners. He read such scraps of Latin as they gave him to their equal satisfaction. Mr. Gould expressed his pleasure, and said that the boy was quite prepared for the college course. My grandmother gave them all their dinner, which you may be sure was daintily served, and Tutor Gould mounted his horse again and proceeded on his way. I like to begin these memories with that story, because once for all it compares the simplicity of those days with the clatter and creaking, with the fuss and feathers, of to-day. And let me say, as we pass on, that I think the Latin and the Greek had been well taught and well learned. The teacher was my grandfather, who had learned his Latin and Greek at Yale College with his brother and classmate Nathan Hale, the same whose statue stands by Broadway to-day. How much of my father's Latin and Greek he learned at Williamstown I cannot say, but, as a man, he read both languages easily and with pleasure. He kept up his acquaintance with both until he died.

LOUISIANA

The boy who was hoeing potatoes in October, 1800, graduated at Williams College in the summer of 1804. In the four years between a great deal was going on in this world. On the other side of the ocean, Napoleon made peace with Great Britain. The peace lasted for a year and a half, and then the English Ministry forced him into war again. Meanwhile he sold Louisiana to the United States—almost half of our present domain, everything which we hold between the Mississippi and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

In the same years, Fulton was building his first steamboat, and without the steamboat little use had we for the Mississippi Valley. In the same years, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin begins to teach men how cotton is to be king. In the same years, Thomas Jefferson is learning what a nation is, and John Marshall is teaching all America, what till now America does not know, that the United States IS a Nation. Even Jefferson had thought that the United States *are* a Confederacy.

To speak of one detail in this four years' history, on the 22d day of March, 1801, Philip Nolan, the first explorer of Texas, was killed at Waco, in Texas, by one Spanish official, while he was acting under the orders of another. For this atrocity and others which followed in its train, the people of the Mississippi Valley never forgave Spain; and we have seen the result in our own time.

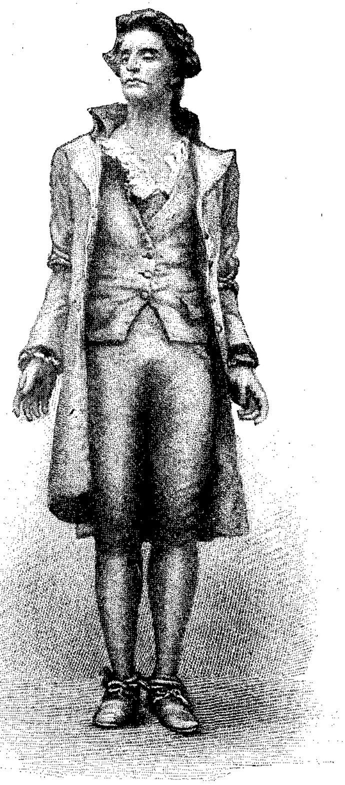
While such seeds were planted in one hemisphere or another, the Westhampton boy, glad to be released from the hoeing of potatoes, was perfecting his Latin and Greek at Williams College. He studied Hebrew also. I asked him once why he did this. He laughed and said, "Because there was nothing else to study." But this was not literally true. The mathematical course was thorough, and led him through studies which delighted him. For his work in internal improvements as an accomplished civil engineer, Williams College gave him good preparation.

He thoroughly enjoyed his college life. He was so accurate in after life as a classical scholar and as a mathematician that I am sure he must have used his time well.

The students had already divided themselves into the Philotechnian and Philologian Societies. It has pleased me, in these later years, to think that, as he became so distinguished a craftsman in the great enterprises by which men control nature, he should have been ranked among the Philotechnians or artificers. But this may have been an accident.

They still preserve in the College Library the old record-book of the Philotechnian. It was while he was Secretary that Livingston in Paris bought Louisiana for the country. "I have given England her rival," said Napoleon, and we have to confess that it was to Napoleon's foresight that we owe that purchase and all which has followed it. Jefferson was badly frightened, but had to accept the present. The New England Federalists detested the whole business. And these boys of the Philotechnian, sons of Federalist fathers, put themselves on record. Here is the minute of the meeting which debated the

"*Question.* Is the purchase of Louisiana desirable? Decided in the negative: fifteen to one."



Nathan Hale.

An etching by S. Hollyer.

The New England States hated the whole business because they supposed that the emigration would strip them of their population. Little did Massachusetts think then that the time would come when she would pay in this region for her breadstuffs with her fish and lobsters.

But, alas! you can look through the records of the young craftsmen of the Philotechnian and find no reference to Eli Whitney's cotton-gin or to Robert Fulton's steamboat, two inventions already at work which were to revolutionize their land. Had any prophet told them this, they would have said he was a fool.

Yet, indeed, without the steamboat, of what use was Louisiana? Without it Lewis and Clarke were eighteen months in 1804 and 1805 in going from St. Louis to the Pacific, and eight months in 1806 in coming back. They did not know it, but before they left St. Louis, the two Roberts, Fulton and Livingston, were building the steamboat which, before the summer was over, was sailing on the Seine, at Paris. I do not believe that one of the Philotechnian boys had ever heard of Eli Whitney, though he was of their own State. He was from the eastern half of their State, of which they did not know much. Yet his machine had been eight years at work, as at least twenty-five thousand bales of cotton were exported in that year. But, from Jefferson down, not a man, except Whitney, perhaps, foresaw the ascendency which the cotton-gin was to give to the Southern country, and that while they still lived King Cotton was to be ruling with a scepter harder than iron. As late as 1795, in the negotiations for Jay's treaty, nobody alluded to cotton as a possible article of export from America. Eight years afterward, while the boys were discussing the Louisiana treaty, Slater was weaving cotton in Pawtucket in Rhode Island, and the Cabots in Beverly in Massachusetts. But I doubt if any of the Philotechnians knew that. No! they were all dressed in homely clothes of homespun cloth, cotton and woolen, woven in most cases on their mothers' looms.

THE FOUR GREAT BUILDERS

As late in the century as 1792 the Abbé Genty, in France, had written a prize essay on the question whether the discovery of America by Columbus had been of more good or evil to the world.

I think that the general opinion of people who thought about the matter at all was that the discovery had done more harm than good. The Abbé Genty took the other side. In his argument he had to put forward, with as much spirit as he could command, the possible contribution which the United States, a nation then three years old, would make to the world.

Before twenty years were over, his prophecies were fulfilled. And for the visible changes in that time we are indebted to four men—whom one might call the Four Founders.

Two of them are men whose names were on the lips of people who then talked about history; they were Napoleon Bonaparte and Robert Livingston. The other two were Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton.

It is worth observation that the three Americans were not the men who thought they were the leaders, or who made most figure in the journals. Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Fisher Ames, John Bidwell, Tristam Burgess, for instances, made a good deal of noise in the newspapers. Jefferson was President and Burr was Vice-President. But Jefferson did nothing which made the feeble Nation strong; Burr was in exile before twenty years were over. And the reader wonders why I name the others.

I do so because when Bidwell spoke in the House of Representatives the Senate could not hold a quorum, and when Ames spoke, and Burgess spoke, in the Senate, it was thought well to adjourn the Senate lest men should vote on their side too precipitately. It is such men as they who fill the newspapers of the day; yes, and the private letters of the day. All the same, such men did not make the America of 1812 or of 1850 from the America of 1799. The four men who can be named as leaders were the four Founders I have named above.

Napoleon's share in the creation of America is this. He instructed Marbois, his Foreign Secretary, to offer to the United States the great wilderness called Louisiana—the whole part of the Valley of the Mississippi which is between that river and the Rocky Mountains. Robert Livingston received the offer and he had the courage to accept it—without orders from *home. To these two men does the United* States owe half the continent.

Remember this, O young graduates of 190~~2~~4! Remember that States are made by makers. Remember that the Leaders lead. Remember that it is not the gift of tongues which makes the Leader. Remember that the men who can, can. Such men are. And such men do.

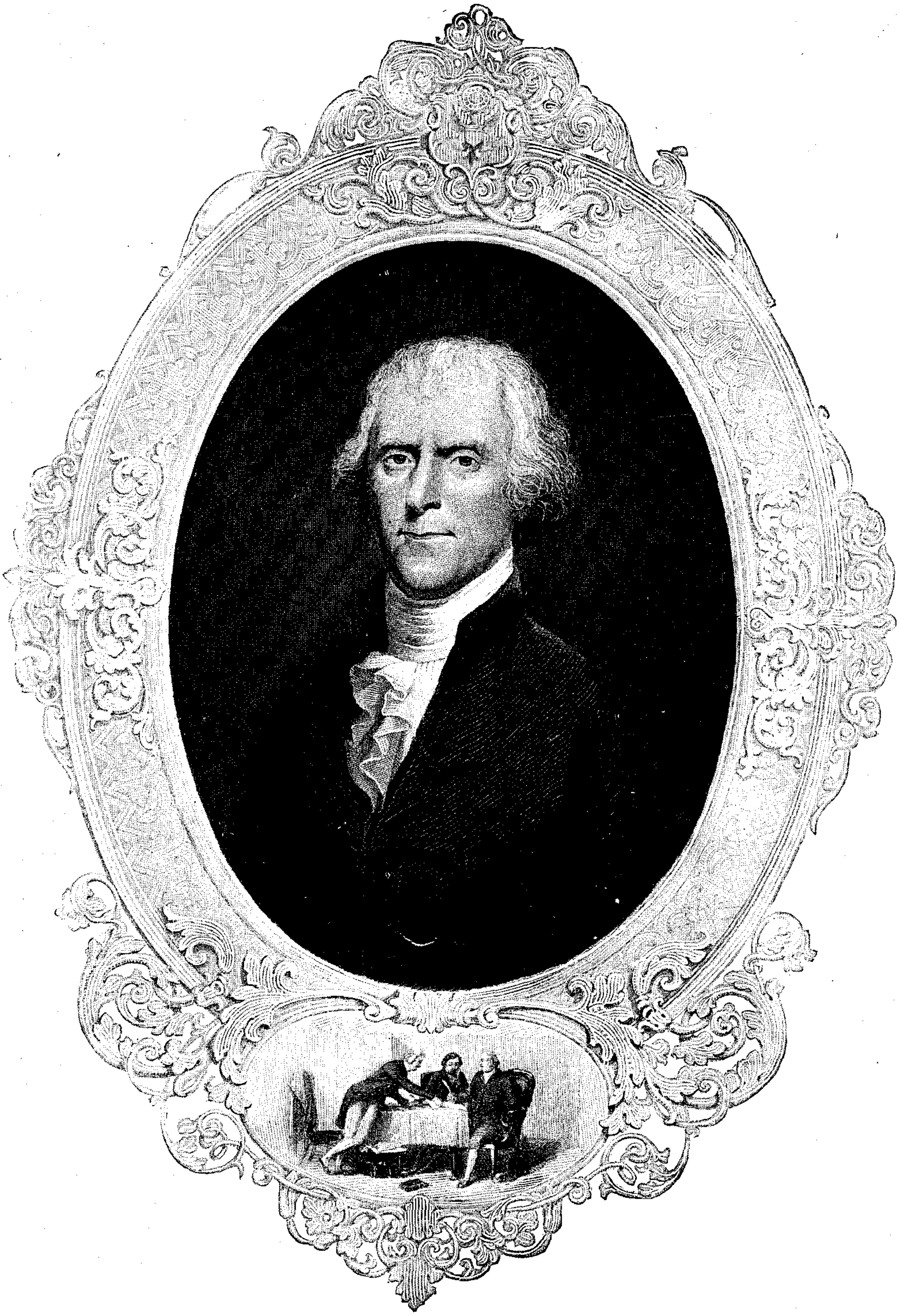
An American shipmaster, Robert Gray, had discovered the Columbia River and entered its mouth in 1795. With this discovery begins our claim to a hold on the Pacific shore. After this the three great steps forward are: First, the importance of the cotton crop began to assert itself. In the years 1801, 1802, 1803, the export of cotton from America to England was thirty-three million pounds.

This increase of power was due to Eli Whitney, whose cotton-gin had been patented in 1795.

Second is the great proposal by Napoleon to Robert Livingston, made in Paris in May, 1803. Napoleon, as I have said, offered to sell to the infant nation called "The United-States" all the territory between the Mississippi River and the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

The third of these events is the voyage of the Clermont steamboat from New York to Albany on the seventh day of August, 1807, which has led to the opening up of the great watercourses of America, all but useless before.

There must always be remembered in this series the marvelous extension of the maritime commerce of the United States in the period between 1790 and 1815. No one person can be said to have invented this marvelous progress. There is no one person whose bust can be placed in any hall of heroes as a type of it. What is certain is that Thomas Jefferson and the people of his type did all they could to arrest it; and what is also certain is that, in face of all they did, the shipping of the United States increased between the year 1789 and the year 1812 in such a proportion that the United



THOMAS JEFFERSON
After a painting by Bouch.

States at the end of the Napoleonic wars was one of the first maritime powers.

Given now these four miracles—first, the appearance of cotton; second, the doubling of the territory of America; third, the development of steam, especially in the commerce of the great rivers of the American continent; and, fourth, the navigation which made the United States for twenty years the carrying power of the world—given these four series of events, and in their history you know why the insignificant confederacy which the Abbé Genty described became a Nation hopeful in its arts, not insignificant in its arms, and renowned throughout the world in its commerce.

It is, as I have said, worth noting that, among men who call themselves statesmen, but who appear on the stage as politicians, Livingston is the only one who contributed in any important degree to these triumphs. You may read through the diaries of the party leaders of the twenty years between the invention of the cotton-gin and the Treaty of Ghent, and you will find hardly an allusion, in their writings of the politicians, either to the invention of the cotton-gin, the invention of the steamboat, or the value to the Nation of the great rivers of the West. Three out of four of them were doing their best to destroy our commerce at sea.

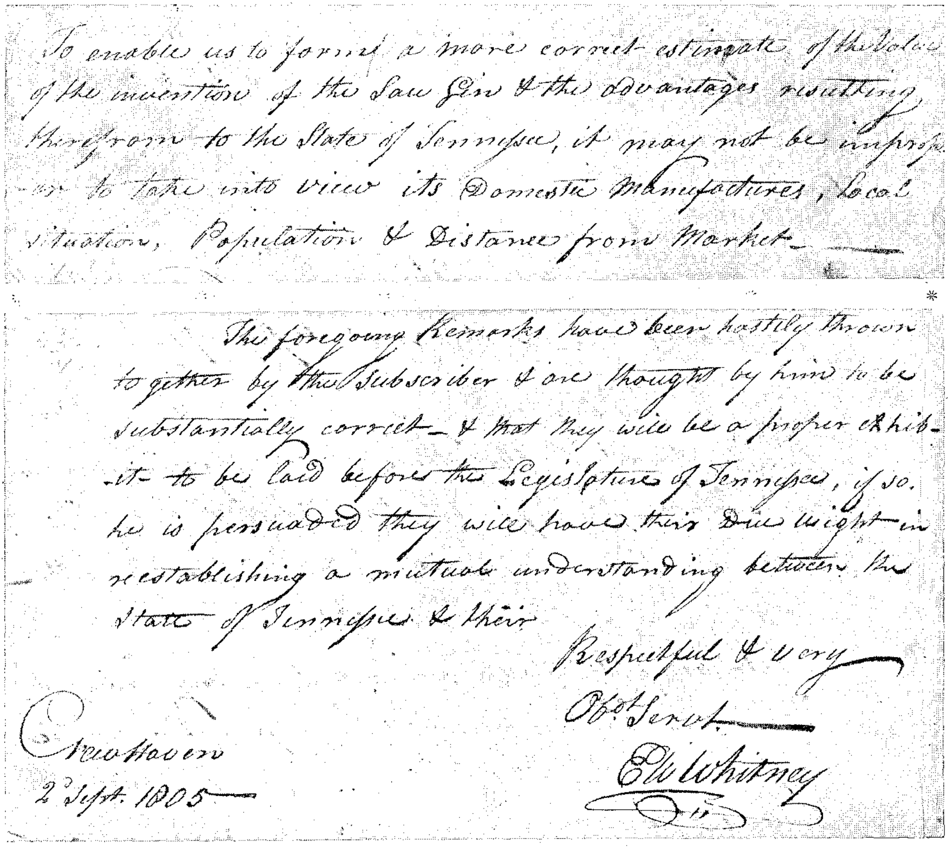
LIVINGSTON AND FULTON

While Nathan Hale was studying Latin and Greek and Hebrew, a revolution impended which neither Williams College, nor Thomas Jefferson, nor the sophomore Nathan Hale dreamed of.

Fulton's model steamboat ran upon the Seine.

In 1843 I met intimately his companion in young life, Edward Church, then an old man in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Fulton and he were roommates in Paris



To enable us to form a more correct estimate of the Value of the invention of the Saw Gin & the advantages resulting therefrom to the State of Tennessee, it may not be improper to take into view its Domestic Manufactures, Local situation, Population & Distance from Market—

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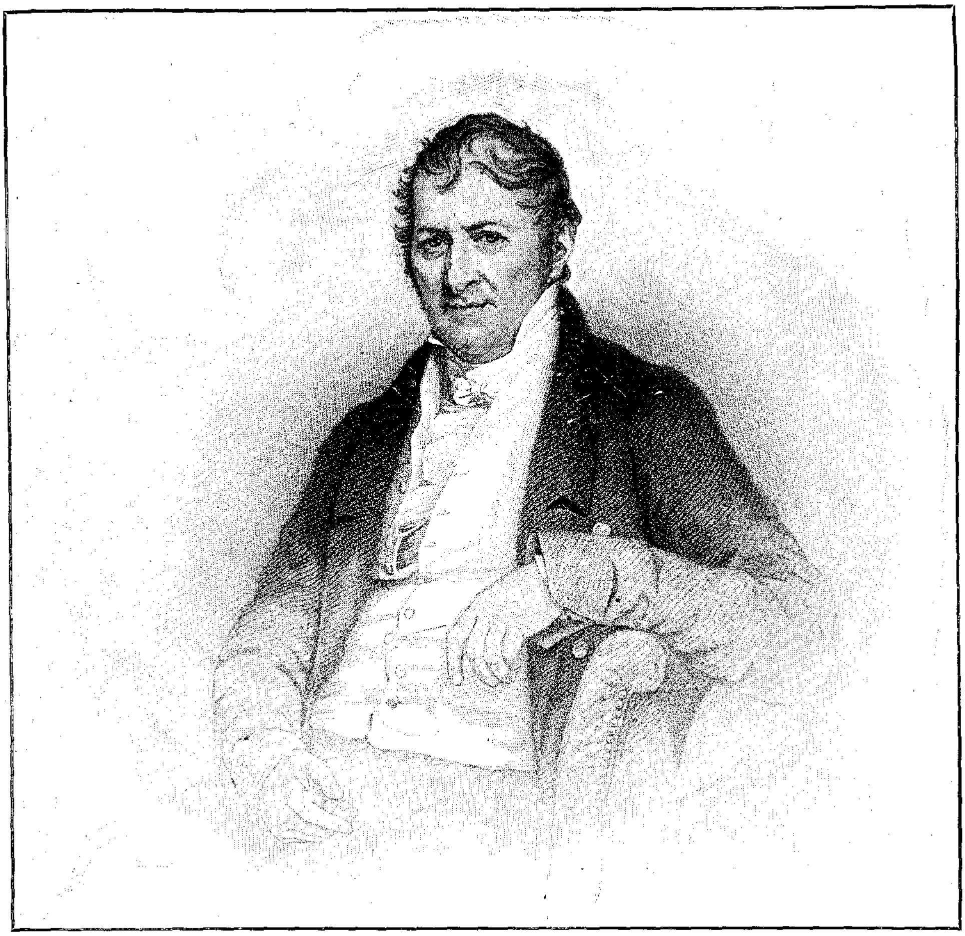
The foregoing Remarks have been hastily thrown together by the Subscriber & are thought by him to be substantially correct— & that they will be a proper exhibit to be laid before the Legislature of Tennessee, if so, he is persuaded they will have their Due weight in reestablishing a mutual understanding between the State of Tennessee & their

Respectful & very
Obt Servt.
Eli Whitney

New Haven
2d Sept. 1805—

ELI WHITNEY'S LETTER TO THE STATE OF TENNESSEE ON THE ADVANTAGES OF THE COTTON-GIN

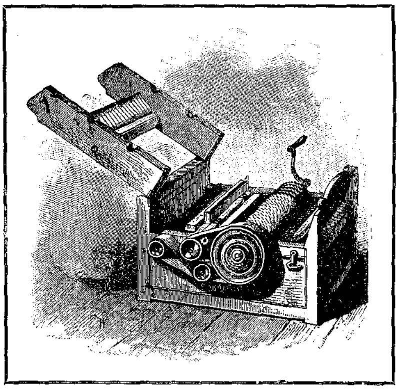
From the original, owned by the Hon. Eli Whitney, of New Haven, and here reproduced for the first time.



ELI WHITNEY

An engraving after the portrait by C. B. King.

in 1803. I think they both slept in the same bed. I know that Fulton's model steamer had succeeded so well that Fulton had waited on Napoleon's people with his plans for steam navigation; and had been courteously received. Napoleon was already planning the expedition against England. It had been planned before the peace; and this project for boats which would go against wind and tide and could tow other boats full of men from one side of the Channel to the other was just what he wanted. Church told me that a committee had been appointed to examine Fulton's model. Fulton had prepared everything for the examination as well as he could, and had all things ready for a show trip. The day was appointed—a day which would have been a red-letter day in both their lives and in history.



THE FIRST COTTON-GIN

Alas and alas! Before that day dawned, when both were in bed, and, as I say, I think both in the same bed, a rat-tat-tat at the door awaked them. It was from a messenger who had come in hot haste from the river to say that the weight of the engine had caused it to break through the too fragile barge, and that the engine was at the bottom of the Seine!

That particular experiment never took place. The trial trip was postponed. Observe that she had successfully navigated the river already.

This is Mr. Church's account, as I wrote it down—after his death, as I am sorry to say.

(Memorandum: N. B. When you know anything worth knowing which few other people know, write it down at once.)

I have since verified this story, and can supply the details almost to the date. When Fulton told the story, he said that the messenger's consternation announced that he bore bad news, and that he exclaimed in accents of despair, "Oh, sir, the boat has broken to pieces, and has gone to the bottom." This was early in the spring of 1803. "An agitation of the river by the wind" had broken the little boat in two.

Poor Fulton rushed to the place, and personally assisted in raising boat and engine from the water. He worked on this for twenty-four hours without food, and to his exposure that day he attributed afterwards much of his bad health. The machinery was not much hurt, but they had to reconstruct the boat almost entirely. The new boat was sixty-six feet long; and early in August, after the accident, she made a successful trial, to which Fulton invited the members of the Institute. He was satisfied with his success. But the first failure, according to Mr. Church, chilled the committee of the Institute, and Fulton found that he should have no encouragement from Napoleon.

All those experiments were made with the co-operation of Robert R. Livingston —"Chancellor Livingston"—the wisest American of the time—according to me. He was our Minister in France. Observe now that on the 30th of April, 1803, this wise man bought Louisiana from Napoleon for fifteen million dollars. Observe that on the 12th of May Lord Whitworth, the English Minister, demanded his passports and that war with England began—the war which ended with Elba. Observe that on the 18th day of May, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor; and that he had already begun to gather his army at Boulogne and the neighborhood for an invasion of England. And consider the use he would have made of twenty steam barges.

Of the committee of the Institute, to whom the plans had been referred, F. Emmanuel Molard is named first, he or his brother Claude Pierre Molard—both distinguished French engineers. I do not know which of them "made the great refusal." The next was M. Bovrel, whose name even is not in the dictionaries; and the last is Montgolfier! Was there a covert satire in appointing the balloonist?

What we know is that Napoleon and the Institute turned a cold eye on the little steamer, though they must have seen her as she plied back and forth on the Seine that summer. And we know that Livingston did believe in her, and that what followed, the great success which made steam navigation universal, was attained on the Hudson and not on the Seine. I do not find the date of the fatal morning when the engine broke through the bottom of the first boat. But it was early in the spring. It was on the 24th of January, 1803, that Fulton had placed a model of it in the hands of the committee of the Academy. And, as I have said, it was in August of that year that the larger boat was finished and made her first trips on the river.

I have called "Chancellor Livingston," as he was called in those days, the wisest American of his time. Franklin had died in 1790. In the latter part of his life the Chancellor wrote his name Robert R. Livingston, to distinguish himself from other Roberts in the family. As early as 1795 he had obtained from the State of New York a concession of an exclusive right to navigate with steam vessels the waters of that State. I suppose his attention had been called to the subject by Jonathan Fitch's steamboat, which had run on the Delaware River as early as 1787.[1] Navigation by steam had taken such a hold on the minds of some Americans that on the 20th of May, 1803, Benjamin Latrobe, the first engineer in America, speaks of a "sort of mania, which has not entirely subsided, for impelling boats by steam engines." It will be well to remember

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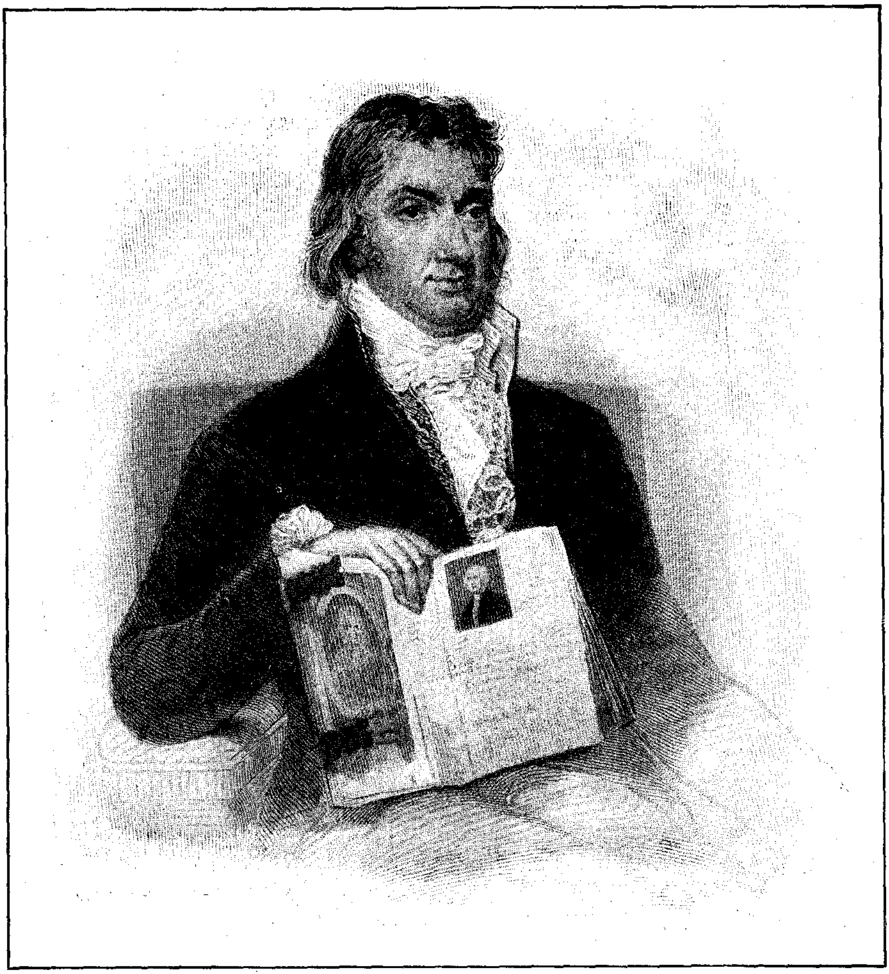
[1] Compare p. 116 of my unknown novel "East and West."—E. E. H.



ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON

From an engraving by H. B. Hall.

that in the year 1800 there were but five steam engines in the whole country—small engines at that. And Latrobe proved that this was a mania by the paper which he read that day before the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Appleton's life of Fulton gives the following list of those who had used steam on boats of any description: Rumsey, on the Potomac, 1785; Fitch, on the Delaware, 1785, 1787; Millar, in Scotland, 1787; Read, 1789; Longstreet (Savannah), 1790; Samuel Morey, 1794.

Let the reader observe that Fulton's engine had sunk in the bottom of the Seine a few weeks before Latrobe's paper was read, and that Fulton and Livingston were beginning on the larger boat which was to ply on that river in August, 1803.

Fulton had begun life as a painter. There is a portrait of Franklin by him painted in Philadelphia when Franklin was more than eighty and Fulton was twenty or twenty-one. He afterward studied the art of painting for several years in London with Benjamin West, but he became more and more interested in engineering, in canals, mills, and aqueducts. He was Lord Stanhope's friend.[1] In 1794 he went to Paris, where he exhibited the first panorama ever shown there. It was in the street still known as the "Passage des Panorames," well known to artists who have studied in Paris. He was the friend of "Columbiad" Barlow, our Minister, and at once, apparently, came to know Livingston when Livingston arrived there as successor to Barlow.

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[1] Stanhope of the Printing-Press, grandfather of Lord Mahon of the History.

Livingston, as I have said, had been interested in steamboats as early as 1798. He and Fulton were in full sympathy. The only reference to Fulton in Paris which I have found in our State Paper Office is in a letter from Livingston to the State Department as early as May 22, 1802, where he commends Fulton's plans for a diving apparatus and torpedo, but makes no reference to steam. Perhaps they had not yet entered on that matter, or, more probably, Livingston did not care to refer to it, until it had succeeded.

Fulton's panorama was successful, and the boat built on the Seine was built at the joint expense of Fulton and Livingston. While Livingston always spoke of him as the successful inventor, Fulton always acknowledged Livingston's inestimable service to the great enterprise. One of the early American steamboats was the "Chancellor Livingston." I know that I had never heard of this great man when I first heard of this steamboat.

The success of the experiment on the Seine induced Fulton and Livingston to order an engine in England, which was that used on the Clermont on her first successful voyage on the Hudson River.

Robert Livingston's brother welcomed Robert Fulton in New York, and assisted him in the building of the Clermont. The Clermont's boiler did not break through the bottom, and she did not sink. The Clermont went to Albany in thirty hours, and returned to New York.

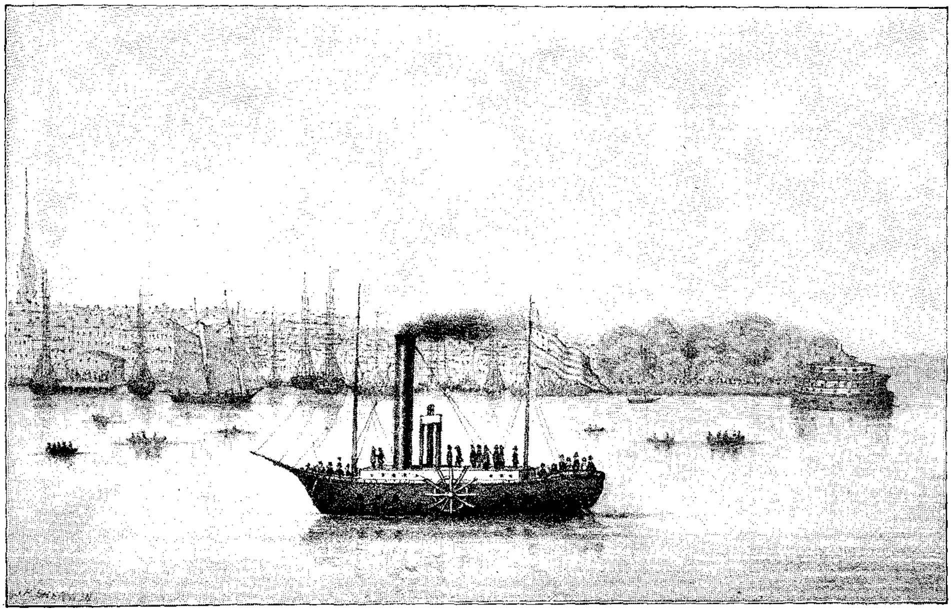
In the autumn of 1804 my father had been twelve days going in a passenger sloop from New York to Troy, above Albany. The tradition in the family is that he read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" while he was on the passage.

Poor Mackintosh, the historian, afterwards Sir James Mackintosh, was in exile in Bombay at that time, working his way along in the East India service, and horribly homesick. In his diary he writes, in recording Fulton's success, "O that we had lived a hundred years later!"

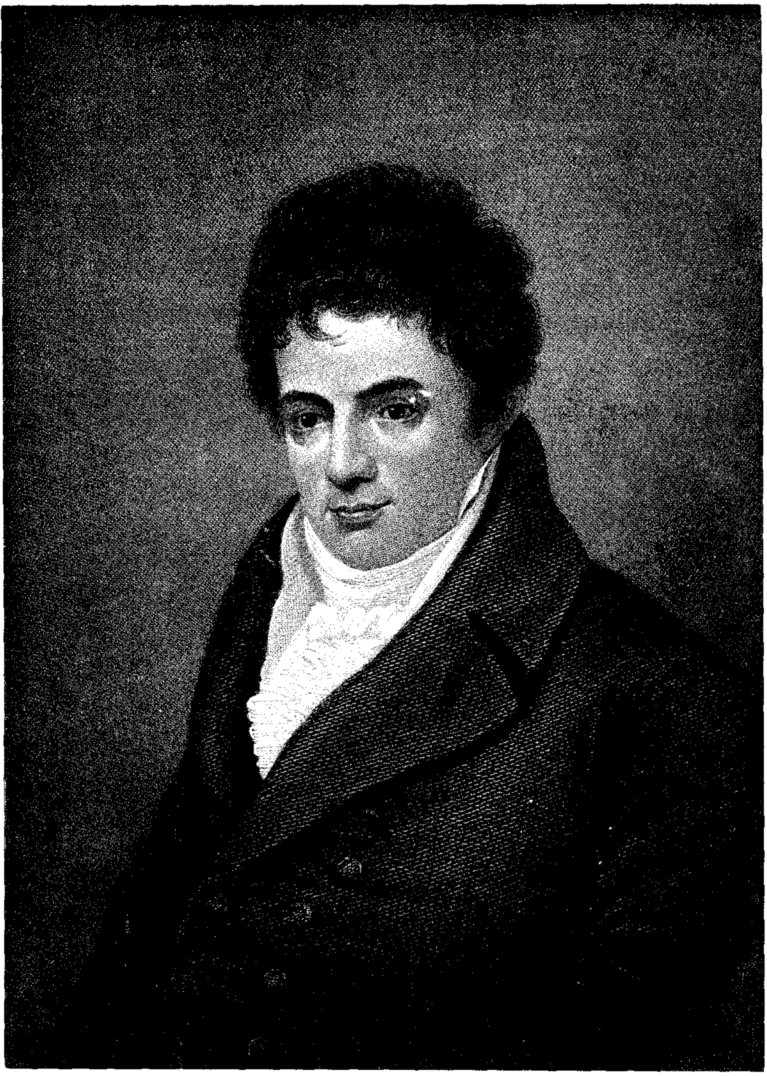
Dear Sir James, we do live ninety-three years later, and we do not need a hundred days to go from London to Bombay!

I have risked this excursion on the birth of the steamboat because, as this reader and I wander down through the mazes of the century, we shall constantly come on what used to be called "internal improvement"—the business in which Robert Fulton thus led the way.

The philosophical reader, which means the reader of sense, will see that the pros-



THE FIRST TRIP OF THE CLERMONT, SEPTEMBER, 1807
From a drawing by J. H. Sherwin.



ROBERT FULTON

From an engraving by H. B. Hall, Jr., after the portrait by B. West.

perity of the United States in the nineteenth century is due chiefly to four great steps, one might say four victories, none of which in the beginning were appreciated except by the men who won them, and the one clog and drawback on the country from 1801 to 1900 was the institution of slavery, not yet done with.

The four great triumphs of the beginning were the introduction of the cotton industry, the acquisition of the Mississippi River, and by the same act of so much we hold to the west of it, the introduction of the steamboat and afterwards of the railroad system, and the success of maritime America in getting possession, for the first half of the century, of much more than its share of the ocean commerce of the world.

To get some good working idea of our progress, and at the same time to see how it was clogged and thwarted by slavery and by the combinations necessary to support it, is to get some available notion of what the century has been and has done for the United States. What are called the details of history, such as why Madison instead of Monroe succeeded Jefferson, or why Franklin Pierce instead of some other cipher succeeded Mr.

Fillmore, are wholly insignificant in comparison.

To sum up the hundred years, this is the retrospect. On the first of January, 1801, the United States was a belt on the Atlantic seaboard of thirteen weak and poor communities, occupying territory which hardly ever ran back more than one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. They had united themselves together, but they did not yet know that they were a nation. Even the statesmen of that day would have written "The United States *are* ready" or "are prepared," while an officer of ours to-day would say, "The United States *is* ready" or "*is* prepared." This nation in the gristle had added to itself the interior States of Vermont, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. But these were but weak frontier communities, and, as a whole, the people on the seaboard had no conception of their possibilities. The map of the nation included immense regions which were practically in the possession of savages. Indeed, in the year 1801 there were in the territory west of the Alleghanies more Indians, wholly untamed, than people of European blood.

So little did Livingston know what he was doing that, in the letter in which he announced to President Jefferson Napoleon's amazing offer and his own conclusion of the great purchase, he says, "I have told them that we should not send an emigrant across the Mississippi in one hundred years"!

These men had the aid of the great merchants, some of whom are remembered and some forgotten. John Jacob Astor was one; but the word "Astor" did not then mean thousands of millions. And you might name by the side of the merchants Lewis, whose first name I am afraid the reader has forgotten, and Clark, who has probably not fared any better.

Of these men Fulton and Whitney have won their way among the twenty-nine heroes in our New York "Hall of Fame." Fulton had eighty-six votes out of ninety-seven of the votes on the "Heroes." Whitney had sixty-nine.

Napoleon startled Livingston when he proposed to sell to the United States the whole of Louisiana. The United States had not asked for it, had not wanted it. The United States did want the city of Orleans, and the whole eastern bank from our State of Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. That is, we had proposed to buy from France all that part of our present State of Louisiana which lies on the northeast side of the Mississippi. Under the treaty with England of 1783 we held all the country from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, north of that parallel of 31 degrees which makes a jog in the map, and in a convenient, rough fashion makes a sort of letter L of our State of Louisiana. Now, to his amazement, Marbois offers to Livingston the region which is now western Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas, and everything west of these States as far as the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, we have not wanted advocates who claim that French Louisiana went farther than the Rocky Mountain range, even to the Pacific.

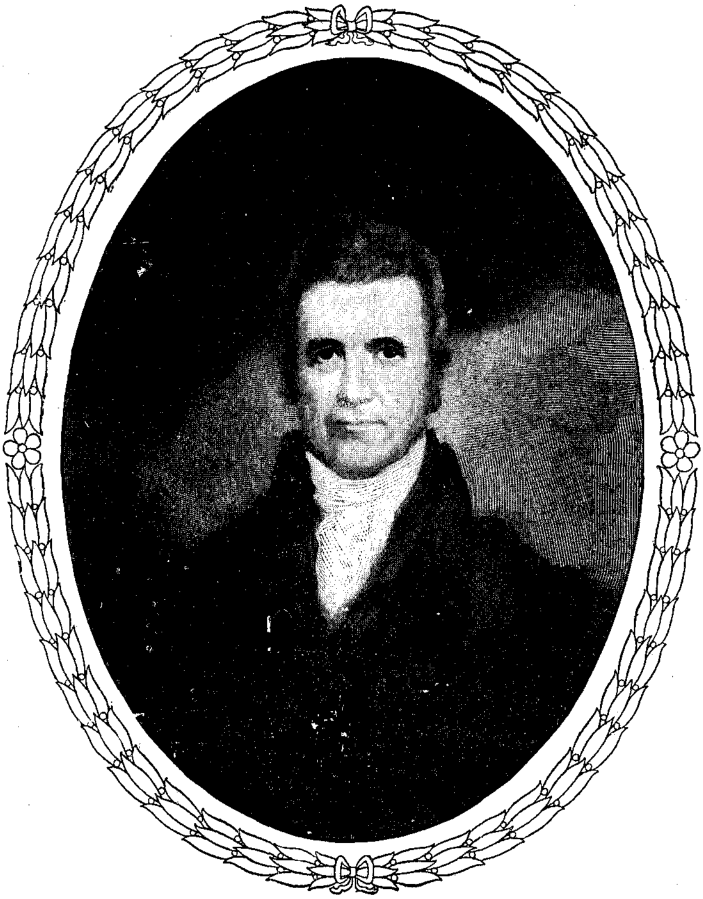
Jefferson would never have dared to accept this magnificent offer. For he was pledged to the strictest construction of the Constitution. Until he died he dared not say that he was authorized to make this great purchase. But Livingston had no such scruples. He bravely accepted the proposal, only struggling to beat down the sum which he was to pay. To reassure Jefferson, Livingston told him that he had already secured such promises that we could "recoup" ourselves and get back all our fifteen million dollars by selling again everything west of the river. It hardly appears who it was with whom he made such a bargain.

This is the man—the man to whose courage we owe half our empire, the man who, with Fulton and the steamboat, gave the untold value to the deserts he bought—he is the man to whom we cannot give a niche or a bronze in our "Hall of Fame."

For this magnificent purchase the country had to pay. The English house of Barings at once offered to negotiate the loan, by which Livingston was able to pay the money. But Congress must authorize the loan, must assume the responsibility of the purchase, and must provide a government for the city of Orleans and for the posts on the western side of the river. So the whole question of the advantage or disadvantage of the purchase was thrown open to the people of

America, almost precisely as the question regarding the purchase of the Philippines has been thrown open since the Spanish war.

In Congress and in the country the discussion went forward on lines which show almost painfully the limits of human wisdom, especially of human foresight. Not one word to intimate that before twenty years were over the river steamers of the West will be running up to the headwaters of the smallest "creek." Not one word to prophesy that a steady wave of population would carry the frontier seventeen miles farther with every new year.[1] Least of all did any one prophesy that, far beyond those fertile river valleys, what the hunters called "deserts" were to become productive fields and were to answer for half the world its prayer for daily bread.



JOHN MARSHALL

From the portrait by Jarvis, owned by Justice Gray.

The reader of to-day hardly remembers, indeed, that there were times when the market cost of a bushel of corn was spent when it had been carried forty miles. As late as 1830 I heard the jest which ridiculed an emigrant from Massachusetts by saying that he left his home a year before to go West with a jug of molasses to use in trade, and that he returned at the end of a year of adventure, having made enough in bargaining to pay him for the jug. For years after the century came in caricatures were printed on the seaboard ridiculing emigration. And the dominant tone in the warnings of statesmen against the ratification of the great purchase was the inconsistent fear that it would rob the seaboard of its inhabitants. If the country were so worthless, what danger was there that the shrewd men and women of the East should wish to go there?

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[1] This was the curious calculation of De Toqueville in 1829. His calculation proved good with singular accuracy for a generation more.

ELI WHITNEY

As always happens when a great inventor has left to the world the result of his own perseverance and ingenuity, there has arisen in the generation which followed Whitney's death a set of screeching crickets, or cynics, call them which you please, who really think that somebody else made this great invention. There are plenty of people who will tell you that Fulton and Livingston did not introduce steam navigation. And within the last thirty years there have appeared at the South plenty of people who will tell you of men who had invented the cotton-gin, whose invention Eli Whitney stole.

Very fortunately, a large body of Whitney's sad letters of that time have been preserved. They have lately been edited and published by Dr. Hammond; and nothing is now more clear than that each one of these so-called inventors is a pretender and is one of the people who tried to steal Whitney's invention after he had brought it before the public.

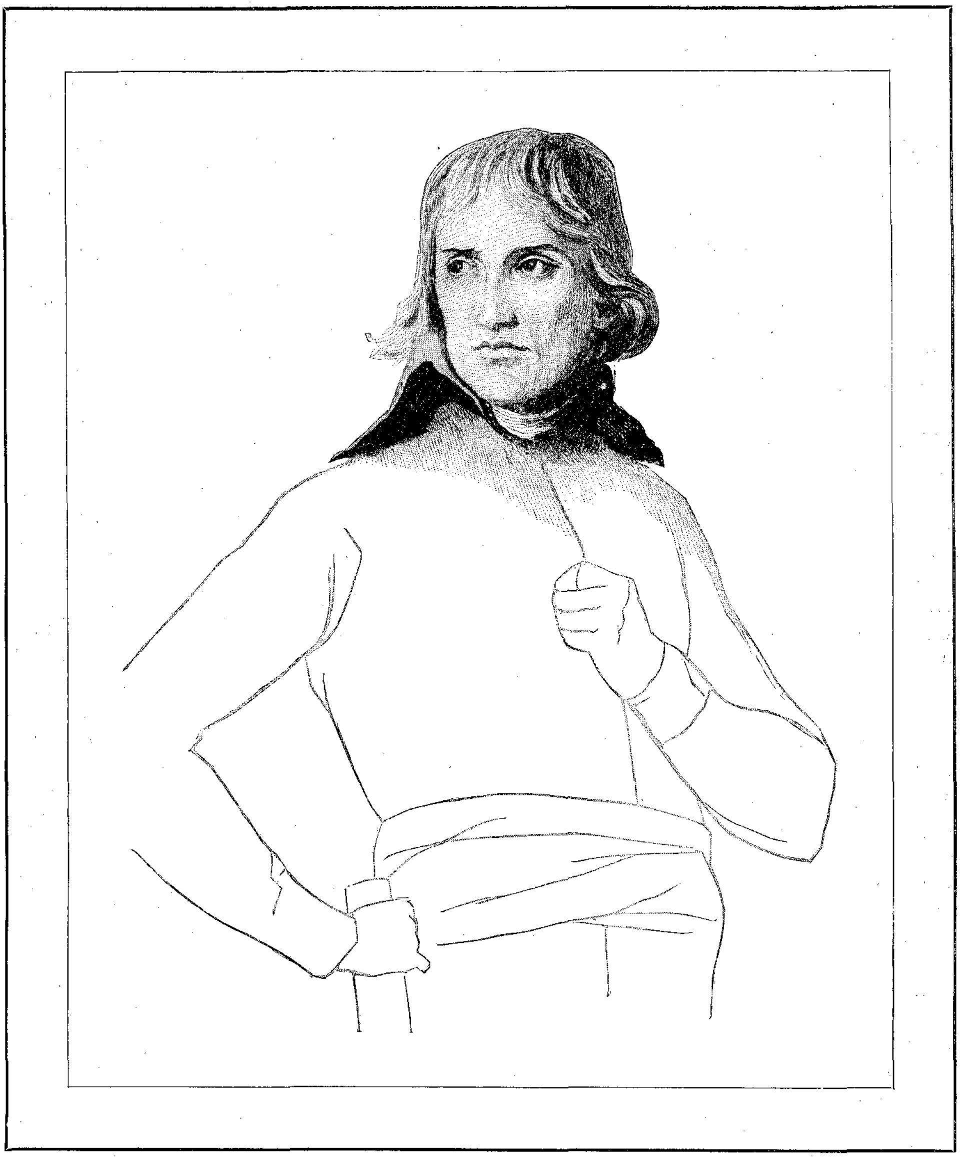
Stated briefly, the history is this: Eli Whitney graduated from Yale College in 1792, and, intending to be a teacher, he went to Georgia, where he was introduced to Mrs. Greene, the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island. Greene had saved Georgia from its English enemies, and the State of Georgia had presented to him a plantation, on which his widow was living. In the first winter of Whitney's stay there he was a tutor in her family. Some gentlemen at her table were speaking of the disadvantage to their State because the cost of preparing the cotton was so great. Everybody was wishing for a machine to clean the cotton from the seeds. Now, Whitney had mended Mrs. Greene's tambour frame. She said, "Here is Mr. Whitney, who will invent for you what you want." Whitney had at that time never seen a boll of cotton. He went to work at once, and the cotton-gin was the result.

It is curious to observe, in our present line of study, that he himself went with the specifications which were requisite for the patent and visited Thomas Jefferson in Philadelphia. It is really the subject for a historical picture. Jefferson was Secretary of State under Washington. The department of invention was so small and the business of patents was so new that the granting of the patent depended upon the Department of State. So Whitney called upon Jefferson in person and left his papers with him. It is an important incident, and it adds to what is even the pathos of the fact, that Jefferson scarcely alludes to the invention in his after life, and does not seem to have known that Whitney played a much more important part in the development of the fortunes of this country than he did himself. Yet Jefferson thought he was an inventor, and plumed himself on being a man of science, and was dabbling with scientific inquiries from the beginning to the end of his life.

THEN AND NOW

It seems impossible to describe the change in every habit of life between those days and these days. Impossible even to imagine men's outward life then, more impossible to picture it. Here is the diary of my father's father, written three or four lines at a time, every night, at the desk where I wrote a few words not long ago, in the sacred study to which he called his boy from hoeing potatoes. He is a well-educated Christian gentleman, forty-nine years old; one day he is reading Hebrew, one day he reads Greek, one day he reads "comedy," one day it is "attend to missionary pamphlets and read them," one day "rule most of a record," some "texts in textuary" or "texts in Bible order," one day "examine Greek criticisms." And these entries are all mixed in with "Plant little Indian corn south of burying ground," "Begin to move little fence and plough a little," "Dung and ash in the hole for potatoes and ploughed about one acre of my orchard," "Killed two pigs, plant land, read news, etc.," "Cloudy Lord's Day, preached No. 2342, 2343, begin to ask children their catechism, evening extempore Colossians 1.19." Into the midst of such entries will come, "Sent horses for Nathan," and then "Nathan comes from Williams College," and the next day, "Afternoon with Nathan, bring cow from Mr. R. Lyman's, bought 21½."

All journeys were on horseback. When Nathan's father and mother go to visit



NAPOLEON

From the etching by J. David after the portrait by L. David.

her father and mother, seventy miles, they go on horseback. When the Westhampton congregation vote their minister ten weeks' vacation that he may go on a missionary journey into the frontier towns of Maine, he goes on horseback, riding sometimes twenty miles a day, sometimes more than forty. Two or three times in this journey he "puts up" his horse at an inn, and, in that case, he pays ninepence of New England currency, the Spanish real of that day, 12½ cents of ours. I found the price the same in New Hampshire in 1841, as this reader if he perseveres shall see. But for himself, the missionary always, I believe, sleeps at some private house—a minister's house, if there be a minister. And this, observe, in charming disrespect of sectarian lines. Hard-shelled Calvinist as he is, if there is a Freewill Baptist meeting-house in the town, he preaches there when the "L's Day" comes round.

The leisure of such a life is varied by

making a spelling-book which he printed, arranged on an improved principle, and by the most sedulous daily intimacy in the homes of seven hundred people, scattered over a mountain township of thirty square miles.

When I visit the old homestead, which is a very dear place to me, they show me the grove of locust-trees which he planted, the ever-flowing stream of water from the hillside which he brought down into the generous open-air room where half the work of that house was done when I was a boy. And if I am fortunate enough to go to meeting there when the Lord's Day comes round, why, all my contemporaries tell me how this dear old saint taught them their catechisms, and all the younger people of after generations thank me for the blessing of this life as they have heard it from fathers or grandfathers.

One tries to make a picture of such life without much success. But one can see that in its simplicity there were elements of strength for those who grew up in such surroundings. "Lead us not into temptation."

The Hampshire group of college boys made a rendezvous somewhere between Westhampton, Southampton, and Northampton, each on a horse which he had groomed himself, nay, probably, which he had watched, fed, and groomed since the colt was born. One or two younger brothers, also on horseback, accompanied the student party to bring the horses home. As the bird flies, the distance is about forty-two miles. By the turnpike, on which most of the journey was made, I suppose it was four or five miles longer.

Sam Weller says of the gatekeepers on turnpikes, "If they was gentlemen, you would call them misanthropes; as they is not gentlemen, they takes to pike-keeping." And in the solitudes of Berkshire County, as everywhere, the pike-keeper found that he had to meet that disfavor which hangs over all collectors of revenue. As the merry troop of boy students approached the several pikes, all would dismount and walk, driving all their horses before them. For there was no toll needed for footmen. Then they would explain to the pike-keeper that this was a drove of cattle which were to be paid for at so much a head, the whole amount being much less, of course, than so many cavaliers in the saddle would pay. This little story always delighted us as children when my father told it. Perhaps all children and savages rejoice in any evasion of the law! And when we asked how this strike ended, he would say that if the pike-keeper were good-natured "he would give us a drink of cider all round, and we would consent to mount our horses and pay the toll."

In 1901, is the journey of Clarence Fitz-Mortimer, as he takes the Pullman from Chicago to Williamstown, lighted up by any such picturesque adventure?

Perhaps the contrast between that life and our life most striking is the difference between the mails of the two periods and what they carried.

Charles Elliott, the historian, when he was asked if he believed that Abraham lived to be a hundred and sixty, said, "Why not? He had no bad whisky to drink, no primaries to attend, and no newspapers to read." And St. Marc Girardin, describing that earthly paradise of North Africa in the second century, says of the Roman gentlemen who lived there then: "Above all, they were without the mail, which is the burden of our modern civilization." The Williamstown boy and his father were not much harassed by the mail or by newspapers. To my grandfather a newspaper was so rare a visitor that he enters in the diary so severely condensed, "Read news," when the "Hampshire Gazette" came round. Once in a term, perhaps, you find, "Wrote to Nathan," and as often, perhaps, "Letter from Nathan." "So happily, the days of Thalaba went by." Indeed, I observe that authors who want to describe serenity of mind generally agree in cutting off communication from the outward world. But when a newspaper did break through—yes! it had news worth telling. I do not suppose that in 1801 the "Hampshire Gazette" or the Albany "Argus" told of the murder of my poor friend Philip Nolan by the Spanish Governor of Texas. I do not suppose, indeed, that it was mentioned in any newspaper in the United States. I do not suppose that in 1802 either of those newspapers spoke of the cotton crop, or of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin, or of the manufacture of cotton. Very likely the word cotton was not in either newspaper from January to December.

I am quite sure that in the year 1803 neither newspaper told its readers that for months Robert Fulton's steamboat was plying on the Seine in Paris. Yet here are three germs from which we have seen large harvests as the century has gone by. I believe that the historians admit that the Roman sentinel who observed a ray of light shining from the chink of a stable door in Bethlehem made no mention of it in his report to the officer of the guard.

But the news about Louisiana did travel from Philadelphia to that happy valley behind Greylock where Colonel Ephraim Williams had determined that there should be a college. Our rough people in the Mississippi Valley had been eager to get to the sea without passing that toll-gate of Orleans, which we call New Orleans. Why! old Commodore Whipple had built seagoing ships out of the Ohio oaks and maples and buckeyes in the village of Marietta on the Muskingum, and had sent them to take their chance on the oceans of the world. Spars, I suppose, from the Alleghanies, by way of the Monongahela River. Old Whipple did not want to ask the leave of a Spanish or a French governor when his ships passed Orleans. The determination of such men to command the passage of the Mississippi River was in a way rough-hewn. The great gift came as none of them expected. It will be readily understood that when it came they did not hesitate about accepting it, as their fossil cousins did on the Atlantic shore.

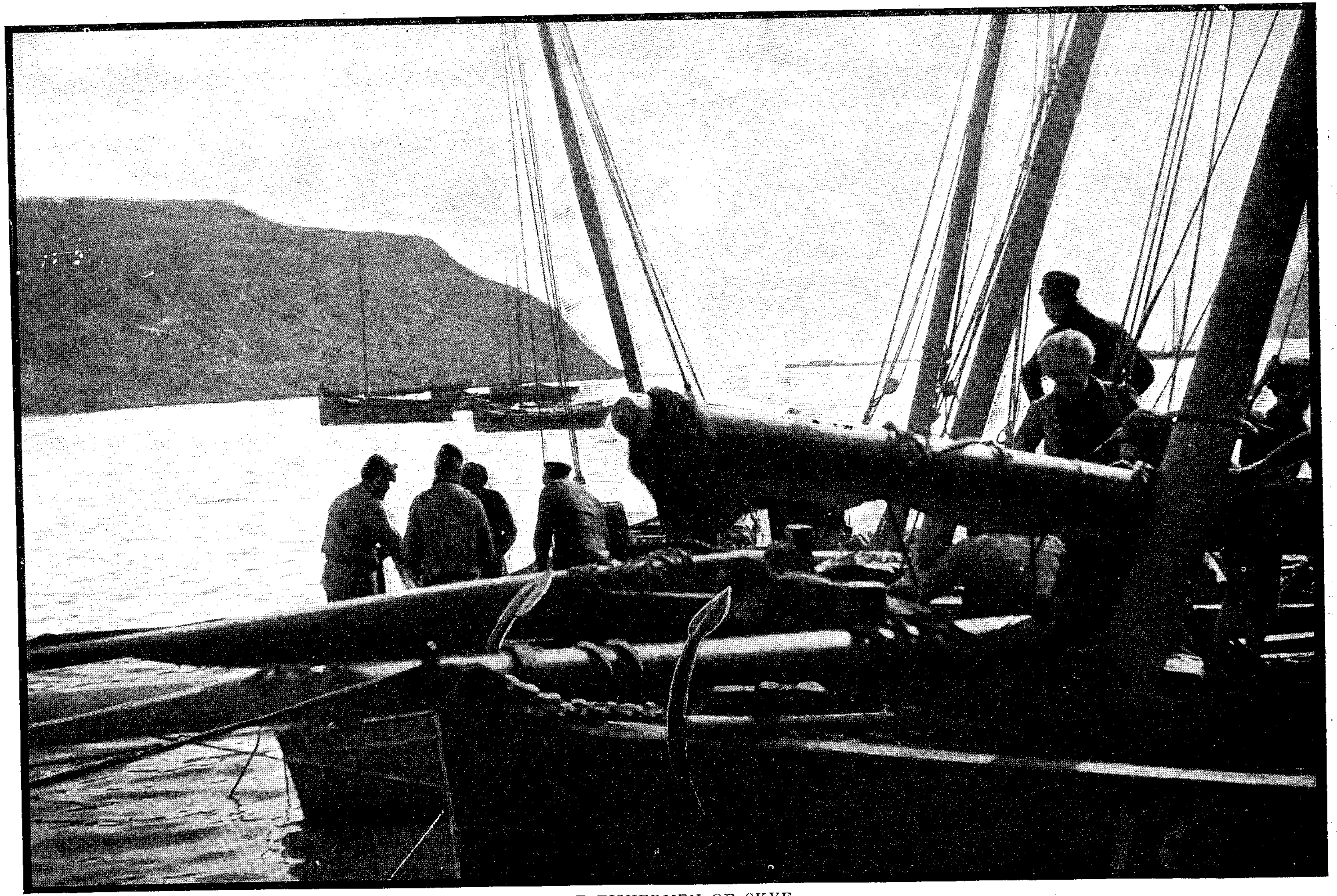
What Then?

By Herbert Newton Casson

When the mind is mapped as streets are—row on row;
When the heart is tamed from Love's unreasoning throe;
When the poet's wingèd fancy
Is an outgrown necromancy;
When the rain of inspiration turns to snow:
What then?

When all doubts and fears alike are backward cast;
When the dream of world-wide Brotherhood is past;
When the prophet's radiant vision
Is too futile for derision;
When the soul is but a formula at last:
What then?

When the fierce machine has conquered flesh and blood;
When the labor-power is belt and wheel and rod;
When the unfit nations wonder
At the gold we stagger under;
When the world is but an economic clod:
What then?



THE FISHERMEN OF SKYE

THE CROFTERS OF SKYE

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A RAILROAD loops around through the extreme north of Scotland to the west coast immediately across the bay from Skye; but this route is much farther and less attractive than the voyage among the islands of the Inner Hebrides from Oban, seventy-five miles to the south. Thence I embarked early one summer morning on the little side-wheel steamer which makes the trip two or three times weekly. It was an all-day's journey of irregular cruising, for we seemed to stop at every tiniest seaside village both of the islands and of the neighboring mainland. Yet we did not often enter the harbors and tie to a pier, but slowed up in the offing and were met by a rowboat. Every one on board watched the transfer of passengers and luggage from the panting, slow-heaving steamer to the wave-tossed smaller craft with keen interest. No mishaps occurred, yet there was always a decided flavor of excitement and danger.

It was a gloomy-looking country roundabout. Much of the coast rose in high, rugged cliffs, gray and worn with the unending struggle with the elements, and everywhere inland were great dark hills lifting often into dim mountains whose higher peaks were hidden by the clouds. Villages were few and far between, and even lonely single habitations were infrequent. Most of these houses were low, earth-hugging, thatched cottages with walls of dark stone that made the whole structure the same somber color as the landscape. Now and then we passed a lighthouse or met a steamer or had a sailing vessel or two within our horizon. Many ducks were afloat in groups here and there, but at our approach would make hasty dives from sight. Great numbers of gulls, too, were bobbing on the waves or were sitting on the rocks or were idling about in the air. Sometimes a whole flock of them would be startled from the sea or shore to take wing, and there would be so many that they formed a white cloud.

Of the islands we passed I think I regarded Eigg with most interest, for there, long ago, occurred one of the grimmest of old-time tragedies. It was an incident in the warring between the local clans. The Macleods of Skye had made a successful descent on the isle, and all the inhabitants, numbering two hundred, were driven into a great cave near the shore. Then the savage invaders built fires at the mouth of the cave, and those within were suffocated by the smoke, and not one escaped the cruel death.

The person among the steamer's passengers with whom I became best acquainted on the voyage was a heavy, talkative old man. He said he was a native of Skye, and when that island hove into sight he was rapturous. "Skye is not a place of dear prices," he declared. "It's not like Oban—aha! there they skin the nose off you with their prices. But Skye—Skye is a fine place to live—good fishing, it's healthy, beautiful water for drinking—not the like of it in this wide world; and there's the scenery, which is best of all. You want to see the Coolin Hills. But you'll have to have heavier shoes than those you're wearing if you're going tramping there; and you want thick stockings like these I've got on. Feel of 'em. They're homespun, just like my clothes. They're stiff, not soft like factory goods. Those trousers, now—that's just a blanket, only different colors—and it washes.

"Now you can just see the tips of some hills 'way off ahead. Some of those mountains back in there are black—black as the old Nick. There's a church over across that bay we're passing. I know the minister—he got married lately—aha! they're a pair of old fools. What's the good of people's marrying after they get to be sixty! A man's only getting a nurse to take care of him. You get cross by the time you're sixty, and ill-tempered, and the dickens is to pay!"

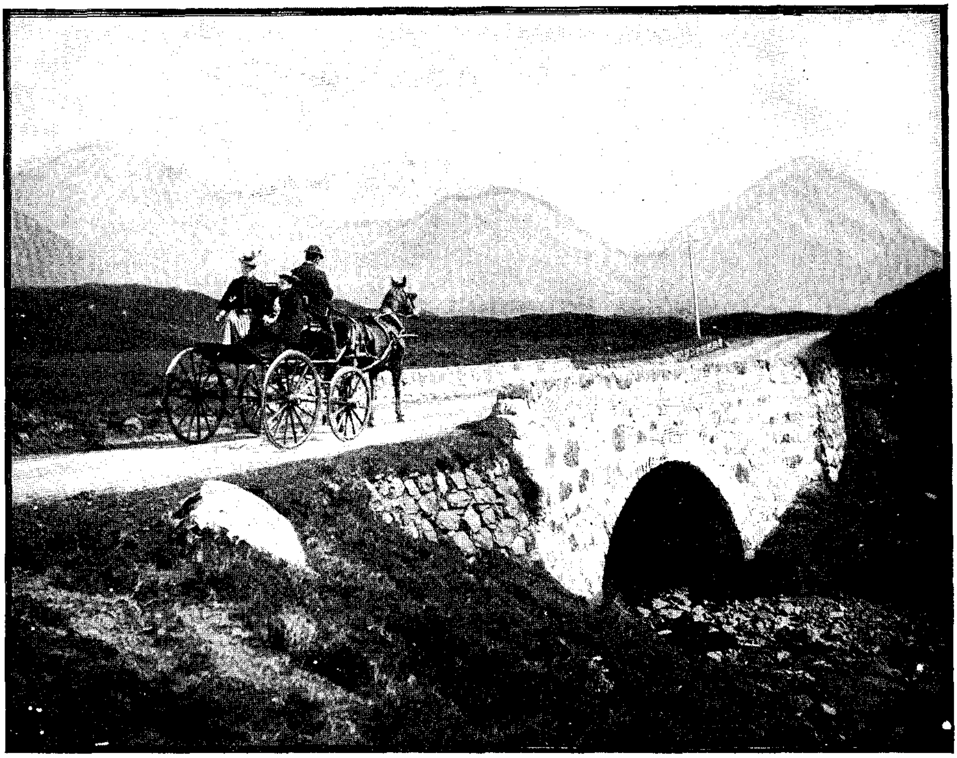
In the late afternoon we drew near our destination, and the steamer swung around an outjutting of high cliffs into the quiet of Portree harbor, where many little fishing-boats lay softly rising and dipping at their anchorage. For a short time our arrival made great hurly-burly on the pier, and then things quickly subsided to their usual tranquillity. Near by a squad of stout, kerchiefed women were busy packing herring in barrels, and a few leathery-visaged fishermen were hulking about. Several small boys were dangling lines from the wharf or from the boats moored along it, and were catching fish from the clear green sea-water as fast as they could pull them in. If the neighborhood had been less odorous, I would have liked to linger longer. As it was, I soon went up to the town and sought out a hotel.

Portree is the commercial center of the island, and it boasts five churches and three banks. It also is honored with a courthouse and a jail, though the islanders are so peaceable and law-abiding that the latter building is usually empty. The townsfolk are mainly tradespeople and fishermen. The brown-sailed herring-boats put out from the harbor at seven or eight every evening to drag their nets all night. I would see them as they came sailing back in the early morning, and if I visited the wharf would find the crews busy shaking the shining treasure from the nets into the bottom of the boats, whence, later, the fish were shoveled into baskets and set ashore.

Two roads lead away from Portree to other parts of the island—one across it westerly to a village named Uig, another to the town of Broadford, on the southeast coast. Besides, there are many bridle-paths making connection with the numerous scattered hamlets of the island. A few trees grow about Portree, and patches of dwarfed and twisted birches make a doubtful struggle for existence in some of the moorland hollows; but otherwise the country is one of great bare, wind-swept hills, overspread with a mingling of grass, bracken, heather, and wild flowers. Pools with the peat-stain in them mottle the boglands, rude outcroppings of rock break through the soil of the slopes, and the mountains are stony crags that look as if the storms had washed away every vestige of green life and every grain of soil. The streams course noisily down from the heights with many a foaming waterfall, and in the lower valleys they run through wide wastes of boulders and pebbles, the wreckage of frequent fierce storms. A day seldom passes with no rainfall, for the climate is exceedingly moist. Yet the Isle is nevertheless healthy, and the average longevity is uncommonly high. It does not suffer from extreme cold in the winter, as one might imagine it would from its northerly situation. Little snow falls, and the season is chiefly characterized by incessant fogs and showers.

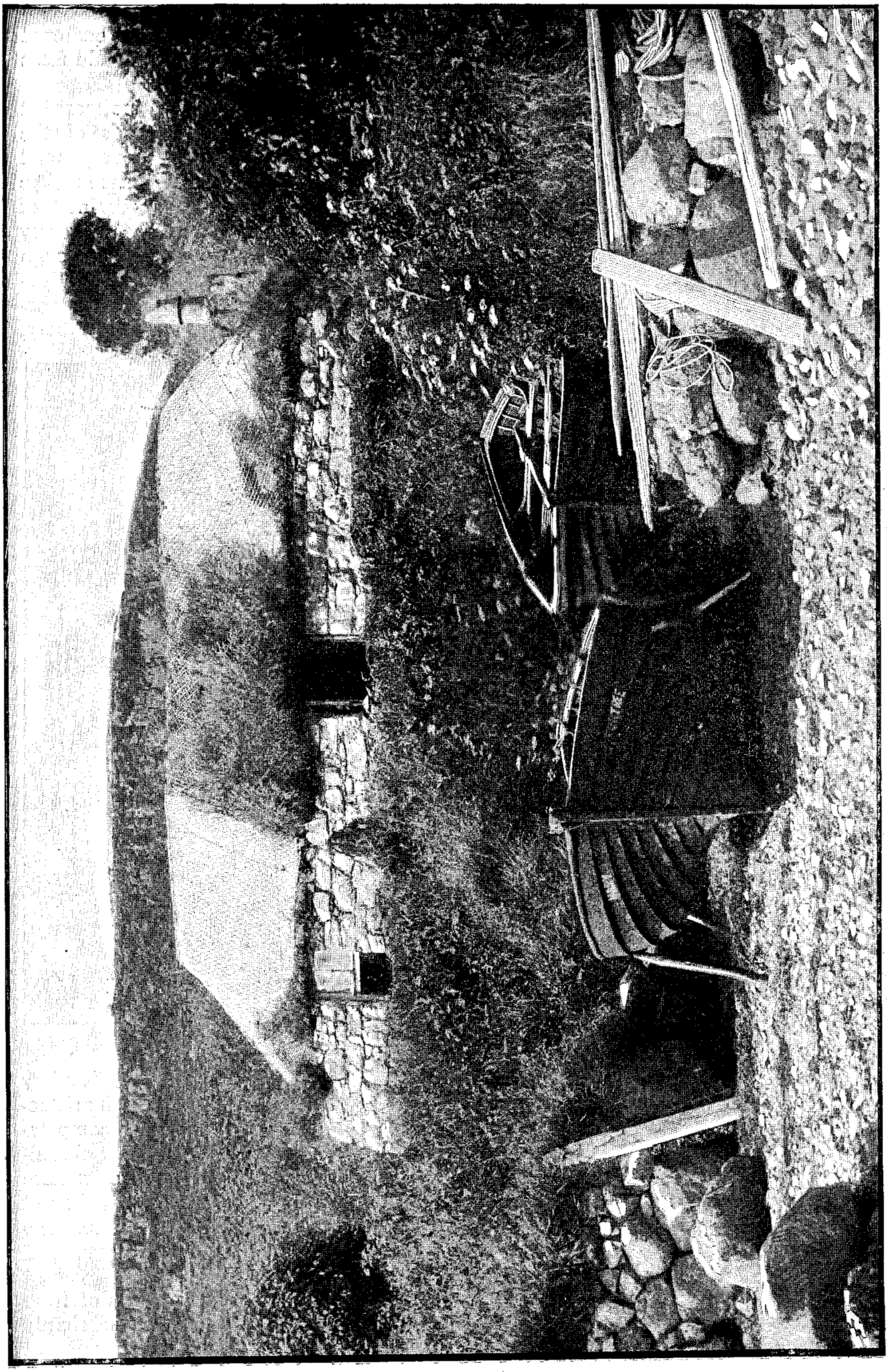
The inhabitants number less than seventeen thousand, and there are fewer of them every year. This decline has gone steadily on since 1840, when there were nearly half as many again as there are now. It is a land of crofters, and the crofters everywhere in Scotland have suffered in the last fifty years. But, though they make up the large majority of the Skye inhabitants, they control only a small part of the land. Three-fourths of the island is occupied by twenty-nine large grazing farms. On the hills are pastured the farm sheep, and in the glens are pastured the cattle. It needs few people to care for them, and the shepherds, plowmen, and servants on each farm aggregate perhaps eight families. The friends of the crofters believe that these large farms should be cut up, and they affirm that the land could support comfortably in small holdings five or ten times as many families as it does now. A hundred years ago the people had more stock on the moors, they owned a much greater number of horses, they lived in better and larger houses, and there were some hoards of money. When sheep-farming came into vogue, the crofters had to move and huddle in little moorland villages and their savings were wiped out, and they had to put up such houses as they could. Many of them, as things are at present, are not self-supporting. Rents to a very large extent are paid by sons and daughters who have gone to the mainland to work. There are Skye lads and lasses in all the large Scotch cities, and a Portree tradesman visiting Oban or Glasgow is sure to meet some of them and is equally sure to be made the bearer of money and other presents to the old folks on the home crofts.

It is the misfortune of the crofters that nearly all the twelve landlords of the island live elsewhere. Only a very small percentage of the rentals is spent in Skye itself, which is thus simply drained of whatever wealth it produces. The gentry themselves are poverty-stricken through their own extravagance, as are the Highland chiefs in general. They are educated in the south and prefer to live there, where they "stick out their chests" and try to emulate the style of the English aristocracy, a thing which, with their comparatively small incomes, keeps them chronically bankrupt. Perhaps the worst phase of the matter is the slight thought and attention they give to their tenantry, who suffer from the lack of sympathetic and intelligent oversight.



THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAINS

The crofters pay yearly rentals of from one to fifteen pounds. This is simply ground rent, for they themselves build and own the houses in which they live. On the smaller crofts there is only an



THE HOME OF A SKYE FISHERMAN

acre or so under cultivation, and this is dug over by hand. A crofter, however, who pays a rental above five pounds is pretty sure to have horses and use a plow. Some of them have as much as ten acres cultivated. But few understand the philosophy of crop-rotation, and through this ignorance the fertility of the land is destroyed and the soil is made weak.

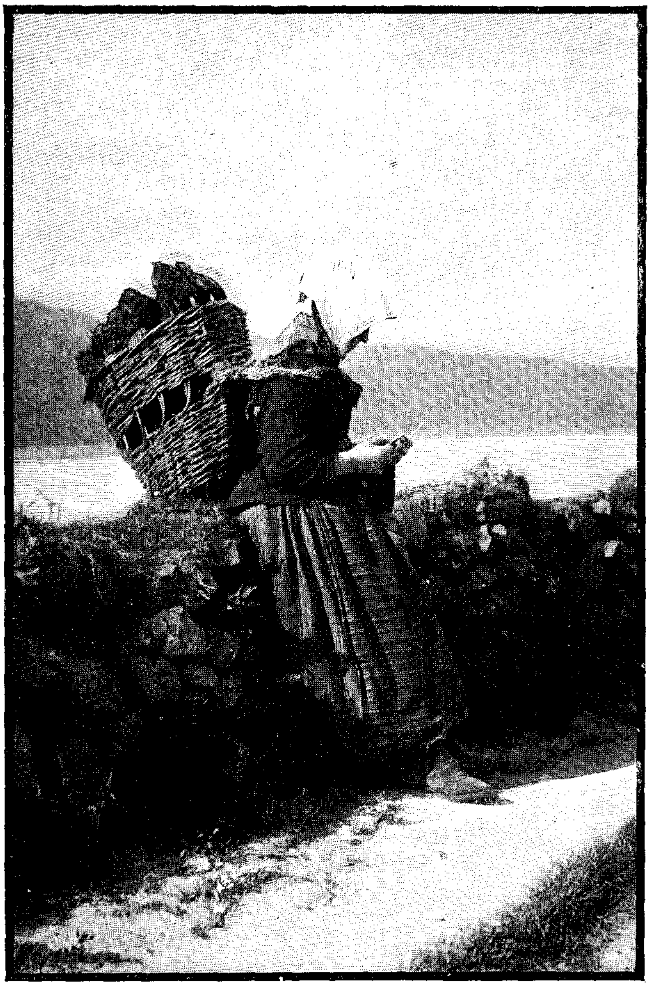
The average crofter keeps a cow and a calf, a small flock of hens, and a number of sheep. He raises a patch of oats, grows a little field of hay and a few square rods of potatoes, and he has the privilege of cutting peat on the bog. Oat-cakes, fish, potatoes, and milk are the standard foods, with tea, tobacco, and snuff among the necessary luxuries. Ordinarily the cows are kept in the houses, but a man who has three or four, as do the more prosperous crofters, will have a separate byre for them. The cows are extraordinary-looking creatures, and seem more like wild beasts of the forest or desert than domestic animals. They are short and broad, with long, shaggy hair and enormous, wide-spreading horns. But their looks belie them, for they are entirely peaceable, and the breed is said to be a very good one.

A great deal of the farm labor falls to the lot of the women. I saw them helping in the peat-bogs and the hay-fields, and constantly met them on the roads carrying heavy burdens on their backs. The crofts were most of them far from the highways and distant from market. Horses and carts were rare, and the women took the place of beasts of burden to a considerable extent. At the time of year that I was in Skye they were most apt to be loaded with peat, which they carried in creels strapped to their shoulders. The creels were deep, heavy baskets of willow withes woven by the peasants themselves, and they had a capacity of between one and two bushels. Sometimes it was no less than three miles from the peat moss to the croft village. In such a case a woman would stop at intervals to sit and rest, and she would relieve her shoulders of the loaded creel by letting it slip back on a convenient bank or dyke. Many of the women had their knitting along, and when they stopped to rest would set their needles flying.

The garments of the croft women were, as a rule, coarse and ragged, and a colored kerchief did instead of a hat, and even that was often lacking and they went about with their frowsy hair flying. Occasionally they were barefoot. Some go without shoes around home, and some, when they have to walk a long distance, carry their footwear in their hands for the sake of economy, but in neither instance is this the rule. Homespun enters largely into the wearing apparel of the crofters, especially of the men. The wool is carded and spun in every cottage, and at least one house in each village is very certain to have a loom in the kitchen on which is woven the cloth for the neighborhood.

Of the peasant pleasures I think weddings, funerals, and the semi-annual communions are chief. These mean much more than in most places because of the island's isolation. Some of the country weddings are very picturesque affairs. At the homes of both bride and groom a company is made up, and the two bands start at a stated time to meet, each with a piper leading off. After they have joined forces they proceed to the manse, where the wedding takes place. Then they return to the village whence they came, the two pipers piping on ahead, the newly married couple following, and a straggling company of relatives and friends bringing up the rear. As the bride and groom are about to enter the door of the house which is to be their home, some one standing in readiness breaks an oatcake baked brittle for the occasion over their heads. This is an old charm, supposed to bring the couple an after life of prosperity and plenty. The young people in the wedding party all scramble for pieces of the broken bannock, and they sleep that night with them under their pillows, for in their dreams they can discover future husbands and wives with these bits of bannock just as surely as we in America can with our pieces of wedding-cake.

The evening of the wedding day is devoted to conviviality, and there are abundant refreshments in the shape of sweeties, cakes, and whisky; and songs are sung and the bagpipes drone ever and anon to lead the dance. The humbler wedding parties occasionally lack the bagpipes, in which case, if no other musical instrument is to be had, some one



A REST ON THE DYKE

breathes the melodies for the dancers through a paper-covered comb. Things are still going full blast at midnight, and not infrequently the gray light of dawn is stealing out of the east before the jollification ends.

Weddings are too few and far between to furnish any very material brightness, and, as a whole, the crofters find life hardly less somber-hued than their native bogs. They are not a merry people, yet in their way they find an element of holiday recreation in the most solemn occasion, if it brings a company of them together. For this reason even a funeral is not without its modicum of welcome. It makes a break in the monotony, and it never fails to be largely attended. The people as they arrive are provided with a sup of whisky and with oatcakes and cheese or other light refreshments. After a short service at the house the men form in procession to go to the grave, while the women remain behind. There is no hearse in the island, and the coffin, covered with a black cloth, is carried on the shoulders of six bearers. The distance is often long—sometimes as much as seven or eight miles—and the rule is for the men bearing the bier to give place to others about three times to a mile.

Most notable among the events of the Skye year is the summer communion season. It begins on a Thursday and continues on through Sunday. The meetings are held out-of-doors, and many of the throngs which attend are present all four days. Curiously enough, the com-

ON THE ROAD

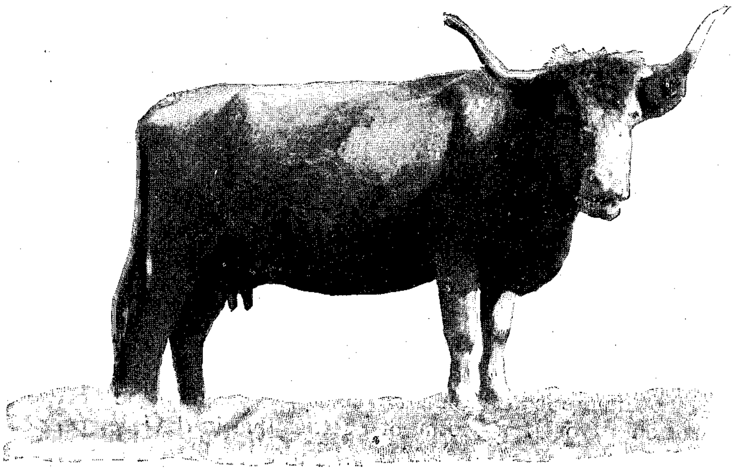
munion season is marked by a great deal of drunkenness. The crofters in their retired villages, from which they journey only rarely to the larger places, find the facilities for getting drink very limited. Thus, when at home, they seldom taste liquor, but once in the town, even for a religious purpose, the temptation is too much for them.

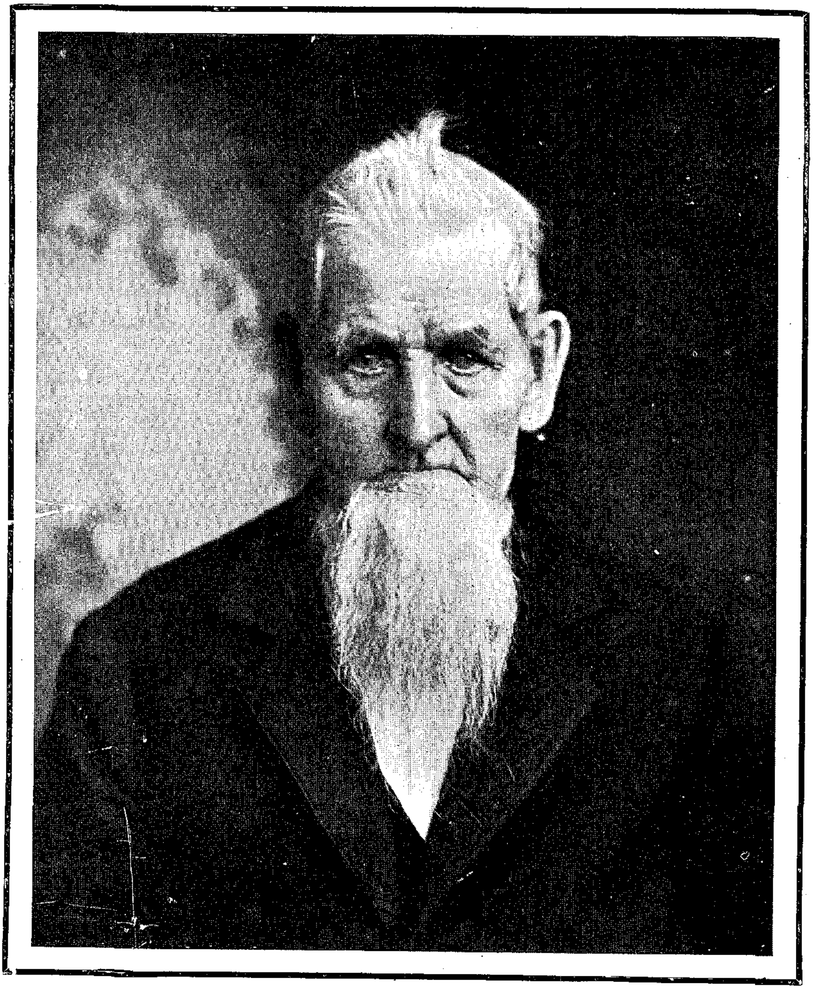
The typical home of the poorer crofter is one in which the floors are of hard-packed earth, and the fire is in the middle of the kitchen on a rough platform of stone six or eight inches high. A hole in the thatch overhead is the nearest approach to a chimney. In replenishing the fire the embers are poked together and fresh peats are set up on end around the hot coals. A rope or long pole fastened up above to the ridgepole reaches down so that pots can be hung over the fire on hooks at its lower end. The teakettle is kept warm by being set on the hot stones a little to one side. Such a kitchen has no ceiling, but is open to the rafters and crooked stringers of the roof, which are as black as midnight with incrustations and hangings of grime and soot. The furniture is meager, cheap, and shaky. There are a few chairs that have seen better days, and one or two low-backed settles that in the idle spells of winter are much of the time "full of mens," to quote the expression of a peasant woman. The only other prominent features are a chest, a spinning-wheel, and a small, unsteady dresser, with a row or two of dishes displayed on its racks. I have seen more ornamentation and attention to the amenities of life in some of our American barns than in these homes of the crofters. They seemed simply hovels to exist in.

A number of lines run across the kitchen just high enough to miss the heads of persons stepping around below. These are used for various domestic purposes, but more particularly to hang dried fish on. Windows in the croft houses are few and small, and it seldom happens that a room has more than one. The door is usually open in mild weather to give the smoke an added means of egress, though this does not clear, but only mitigates, the heaviness of the atmosphere. The vapors of the fire penetrate and saturate everything. They affect distinctly the household eatables, both to taste and smell, and they insinuate themselves in every fabric and article of apparel, so that the crofters, whether at their daily labor or in their best clothes on Sunday, have a heavy, peaty odor which does not make them very desirable for close companionship. Let one of them sit in the kitchen of a town residence long enough to have a friendly cup of tea with the cook and the peat flavor is apparent all over the house.

One would think the peasants would get so used to the smoke as not to mind it, but this is not the case. The women, especially, acknowledge to feeling a sick turn when on dull days the smoke lags inside, and it is that not less than the crowded discomfort of the interior which drives them to do so much of the spinning outside by the house walls, their knitting on the river banks and their washing in the stream.

Of the future of the crofters I cannot say, from what I saw and learned of them, that it appears to hold much brightness. Nature itself in that remote and barren northern island is against them, yet the law has done something of late in alleviating their condition, and may do more. Perhaps the most hopeful sign is the tendency shown to improve their homes. They are abandoning their primeval fireplaces and building chimneys, and some of the more aspiring have plastered their house walls and replaced with slate their roofs of moldering thatch. This has awakened a spirit of emulation, and many others will follow the example set them as soon as they can gather the means to make a real and comfortable home.





BENAJAH PHELPS

Photograph taken on his last birthday, March 24, 1901, at the age of 101 years.

The Battle of Lake Champlain

The Story of an Eye-Witness, Retold by J. E. Tuttle

On a typical New England March day, seven months more than one hundred and one years ago, in an island on Lake Champlain, Benajah Phelps first opened his eyes on scenes of earth. It seems as if there entered his physical constitution that day something of the ruggedness of the New England winter and of the strength of his native hills, for still he abides among us. Perhaps when, in accord with the pious custom of New England, he was named Benajah, after him of Kabzeel, the captain of David's guard, there came upon him something of the superb physical endowment of this son of Jehoiada, who slew a lion in the pit in time of snow and laid low "an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high; and in the Egyptian's hand was a spear like a weaver's beam: and he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear." However this may be, Mr. Phelps is not only living but very much alive.

His general health is, he says, "toler'ble, toler'ble. I don't eat much meat. I'm gettin' old. My teeth ain't as good as they was." His face is fresh-colored, smooth, and fair. His white beard and snowy hair give him a patriarchal air in keeping with the simple dignity of his character. Lacking in muscular strength, as is his right, and unable to walk alone with safety or comfort, yet with his nervous system in perfect condition, with hearing but slightly impaired, and with eyes which, if they do not readily see the large type of his Bible, are bright and clear, his mental power is unabated. He is a very observant, intelligent man, a type of the best in the New England life of the past. It was not only a physical feat of which he was proud, but, with his vital interest in National affairs, an act of citizenship in which he particularly rejoiced, that at the last Presidential election he was able to go to the polls, so far as known the oldest man voting that day in the United States, and cast his vote in company with his fellow-citizens in the woman-suffrage State of Colorado, where, in the shadow of the snow-covered summits of the Rockies, so far away from the blue waters of Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains that look down upon them, he is serenely waiting the coming of eternal youth. This venerable man is, no doubt, the only surviving eye-witness of the battle of Lake Champlain, which was fought within sight of his father's island farm eighty-seven years ago. His recollections of that historic event are written here as they were taken from his lips a few days since, when, seated in his armchair and twirling his thumbs in old-time fashion, this remarkable man, with hardly an effort of memory and with the spirit of battle growing strong upon him as he talked, told his story of the great fight.

"Remember the battle of Lake Champlain? Well, I guess I do! Just the same as if it was yesterday. It was the eleventh of September, 1814. You see, I was raised right there. Yes, I was quite a boy then. Let's see—I was about thirteen or fourteen years old. Yes, yes, that was a good while ago; but, somehow, it don't seem so very long ago, either. I was born March 24, 1800, on South Island. That's one of the islands in Lake Champlain. There are forty islands there in one county—Grand Isle County. I guess it's the only county in this country that's made up of islands. There was North Island, South Island, North Hero, South Hero, La Motte, and a lot more. Then there was Colchester Point and Alburg. I used to own a farm on Alburg. That is a point of land, we called it 'The Tongue,' about six mile long and half a mile wide. It runs straight out to a sharp point in the lake. I settled there after I was married. I used to run a ferry, a scow, from Alburg over to South Island, about half a mile. There's a bridge there now, they say. Never been there, have ye? I tell you it's a sightly place! The prettiest place in all the world! That lake is very crooked round the shore. There are a lot of bays and coves. The water is clear and deep. There used to be great fishin' there when I was a boy. Lots of fish. You don't get such fishin' these days. There wasn't many people there then to bother the fish. And the mountains! You ought to see them mountains! All covered with trees and sloping down to the lake. Different from these mountains out here. The Green Mountains was on one side and the Adirondacks on the other. Oh, it was a handsome place!"

Here the old gentleman paused as the memory of boyhood days swept over him. He seemed to be once more, in imagination, floating and fishing on the blue waters which to him were the most beautiful in the world, and now, in the setting of the years, are more beautiful still. His eyes were looking far away, as though, through open windows, he was gazing on hills and fields fairer to him than all others, save where

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.

It was quiet in the room, as though he
heard the calm
Old homestead's evening psalm.

After a little a question brought him back. "The battle? Oh, yes! You see, when I get talkin' about them days I forget everything else. Father was a farmer. He had a farm of one hundred and sixty acres on South Island. It was the old Jerry Green Sawyer place. Colonel Tim Allen was our next neighbor, and Tim Porter was another. That was a nice farm, too, slopin' from the hills to the water. We were all home on the farm that fall. Of course we knew there was goin' to be a battle. The Yankees knew all about it, I tell ye! They was expectin' on 'em. Catch 'em not knowin'! They knew it two or three days beforehand. Father was orderly sergeant in the milishy, and I used to hear him talkin' it over with mother. Well, we knew the British was comin' that day, and, of course, father had to be with his company. He was stationed at Plattsburg, right across from South Island. That was a nice place, too. I wanted to go with him the worst kind when I knew there was goin' to be a fight, but father wouldn't let me. He said I must stay at home and look after the women folks and other things. There was all the chores to do, and I was the only one to do it. Of course there was a lot of cows and such. So I had to stay. It made me feel pretty bad, too. We knew the battle would be up in the bay, because they wanted to take Plattsburg. You know General Prevost started from Montreal with thirty thousand soldiers. He calc'lated to go straight to Washington and burn every town and city he came to. That's what he was calc'latin'; but"—here Mr. Phelps indulged in a chuckle of intense satisfaction—"he didn't even git through the first county! No, sir! He didn't. Lost five hundred men, too, and all his shippin'. The British wanted the lake the worst kind. If they could git control of it, it would be very handy for transportin' men and supplies. But they didn't git it." The satisfaction with which this was spoken was ample evidence that the snows of years had not chilled the patriotic fervor of this sturdy old Vermonter, and that he had not yet ceased to marvel at the presumption of the British commander.

"Well, we was watchin', and father had gone, when, about sunrise, we saw the masts of the British ships down at the outlet. I tell yer, it didn't take me long to git the team to the door! I had had the horses all hitched up long before sunrise. There wasn't any need for the women to say, 'Hurry up, Benajah!' Benajah was my name. I got mother and my two sisters in the team and put for Sawyer's Hill, two miles away, as fast as I could make the horses go. That was right opposite Plattsburg, and the fight was in the bay, right close down opposite the hill. The hill was called after Uncle Jerry Green Sawyer. When we got there, I hitched the horses to a tree, and we went where we could see everything. There wasn't much wind, and the British was comin' up very slowly. There was one big sailin' ship. Cap'n Downie was the cap'n of the British. Then they had two sloops more than one hundred feet long, built in St. John. The Eagle and the Growler was the two sloops. They had been Yankee sloops, but they had been captured from us a while before. I guess it was about a year before." (The historic accounts of the battle substantiate this "guess.") "These sloops had been chasin' the British one day and got too far below the forts and was taken, because the British owned down the river. About three mile down they had built a fort on the Isle of Eloix-nois. So," with a sigh of regret, "they got them sloops. They looked very fine comin' up the river. They had about a dozen row-galleys with a cannon in each end, and twelve men to each, six on a side. They were towin' the ships, which had the sails up, because there was so little wind. They didn't hurry any, for they calc'lated the land army to reach Plattsburg about the time they got into the bay, and to begin the battle over the town at the same time they begun the fight on the water. There was about one thousand of our soldiers in Plattsburg, and General Prevost thought it wouldn't be anything for his big army to take 'em. That's where he made a pooty big mistake! I forgot to say the British brought their boats up the night before, opposite North Island, in the gut between North and South Island. It's about half a mile wide there and very deep water. Our folks stepped around pooty lively when they see the British comin'. Our biggest ship was the Saratoga. Cap'n McDonough was the cap'n. He wasn't exactly cap'n, though, just then. He was a leftenant, a leftenant commander. He was promoted to cap'n after he beat the British. The Government gave him a lot of land on what they call Cumberland Head, a sightly spot, where you can look right down on the place where the battle was fought. They gave him a gold medal, too. All the American ships was anchored in Plattsburg Bay.

Our folks was all ready. Every cannon was placed just right and loaded, and all the ammunition was put handy. I could see everything from the hill. The British kept comin' on, but the Yankee vessels did not heave anchor. I guess it was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when the first gun was fired, and it made a racket, I tell ye. You see, our vessels was placed so the British had to go right in between 'em. They took 'em both ways. I never heard such a noise in all my born days! Why, it, it was *tremenjus!* It beat all. Seemed as if thunder wasn't anything. I don't see how they stood it. Sometimes I thought one or two of our vessels was on fire, they fired so fast. They seemed to be just covered with flame. One of our schooners was manned by British sailors who had deserted from the British. I tell ye, if they didn't fight! It was life or death with 'em. I certainly thought she was on fire a number of times. I wasn't a mile from the ships. The way the cannon-balls skipped on the water was wonderful. No, they didn't come our way, but I guess I wouldn't noticed if they had. The noise kept gittin' worse and worse all the time. It was enough to deefen a body. I didn't know for a spell which would lick; but our folks was too spry for the Britishers. Cap'n McDonough was a very smart man. He had anchored all our vessels on spring cables. They could fire one broadside and, while they was loadin' that side again, could swing on them spring cables and let go the other side. That's what fixed the British. They didn't know we had them springs, and they couldn't have helped it if they had. They had to go right between our vessels, anyhow, and, I tell you, they got a terrible raking. Yes, it was them spring cables that fixed things." (In this explanation of McDonough's victory writers on the battle confirm Mr. Phelps's statement.) "You would have laughed if you could have seen our row-galleys! They pitched right into the big British ship! They didn't seem to be a bit afraid. What with the broadsides fired so quick and these galleys pesterin' of her, it was awful. She stood it about two hours and then hauled down her colors. When she surrendered, they all hauled down their colors except the British row-galleys. They took to their heels and got away, everybody was so busy. Holler? Well, I guess I did! Fact is, I don't know what I did do.

"Well, that was about twelve o'clock. Pretty soon I saw two or three men pushin' out a boat down in Rockwell's Bay. That was close by, down on the shore near the hill. I was bound to go on board the ships, so I run down and jumped in. It was a four-oared boat, and we rowed out to the big British ship. She was a fine ship, I tell ye. She was made of solid oak timber, sawed with a handsaw. You could see the way it was sawed. The plankin' was white oak six inches thick. The small balls did not go through these planks. They were just stuck solid full of balls. They looked just like some of these new-fashioned plastered houses, plastered on the outside, where they throw gravel into the soft plaster. It seemed as if you couldn't git any more balls in. The grape-shot and rifle-balls pooty nearly covered the plankin' all over. The riggin' was cut all to pieces. There wasn't any of it left. Our folks used chain-shot. That is, they bored holes in the cannon-balls and took two balls and fastened them together with a big chain. They cut the shrouds and everything right off. The decks was the most awful sight I ever saw. It was—it was awful!"

The old gentleman shut his eyes and shuddered, as if, even after the lapse of eighty-seven years, the scene of carnage was as vivid as on that September day of long ago.

Red, from mainmast to bitts!
  Red, on bulwark and wale,
Red, by combing and hatch,
  Red, o'er netting and vail!

"Blood, blood was everywhere! The decks was covered with arms and legs and heads, and pieces of hands and bodies all torn to pieces! I never see anything in this world like it! Seemed as if everybody had been killed. They must have fought terribly before they hauled down the flag. It 'most made me sick! The Yankee ships was badly damaged, too, and lots of our folks was killed; especially them British deserters. They fought worse than anybody. The prisoners? They was all put down in the hold.

"Long in the afternoon I went ashore and got the folks, and we went home, for

I had to do the chores about sundown. The women was consid'ble scared, but they didn't mind after we beat. The girls? Oh, yes, they died long ago, long ago. I'm the only one left now of all the folks. My boy, out here, is goin' on seventy." There was a gentle, indescribable pathos in his voice as the thought of long-made graves, afar in the shadow of his boyhood hills, beside the shining lake, for a moment banished in its tenderness the soldier sternness aroused by the memory of battle and blood.

"Well, when we got home, I put up the horses. We felt worried about father. I told you he was orderly sergeant. We knew he had been in the fight somewhere on shore, but not just where nor what had happened to him. While the British vessels was comin' up the lake to the bay, the British army was marchin' along the western shore towards Plattsburg. They got there just about the time the vessels got into the bay. General Macomb commanded our troops. As we had only about a thousand men, it looked as if the British would have a pooty easy time of it. They seemed to think so, anyway. The trouble was, the river run right through Plattsburg. Our folks fortified the further side, and the British knew a lot of them would be killed if they tried to git across. Of course they had to git across somehow and take our forts. So they pretended to be makin' an attack in front along the river. But that was just a blind. While they was pretendin' to get ready for battle in the town, they sent a lot of soldiers, out of sight in the woods, up stream to cross the river at the bridge or at the ford in the woods, and come down on our side and surprise the Yankees. But our folks was watchin' on 'em. Father told us about it in a day or two, when he came home to see how things was gittin' on. His company was sent up the river, Au Sable, to guard the bridge and the ford. They took every single plank off the bridge. Of course the British column had to go higher up stream, then, to the ford. That was about three mile up the Au Sable. There was just about a foot of water at the ford. Father's company guarded the ford all day. The British did not know they was there, but they did pooty quick when they tried to cross. The woods was thick and the big trees and bushes came right down to the water's edge, and father's men hid in them. When the British stepped into the water on the other side, they shot them right down. Some of them dropped in the stream and was carried away by the current. Not one of our men was killed. Two or three was hit. Cap'n Dixon, he was the cap'n of the company, was hit right on the brass plate on his sword-belt where it crossed his breast. It made a big dent. I used to see it myself. Finally the British had to go back to Plattsburg, but father's company stayed on guard until the battle was all over. The British tried hard to get across the river in Plattsburg, but they couldn't. Why, you see, all the Vermont milishy was there! It was impossible to git across that river. I remember Uncle Colonel Tim Allen set in the grist-mill winder. He had a long rifle. The barrel was five feet long. The river was about eighty rods wide there. There he set in that winder and killed every soldier that come down for water. That was in the morning, when they was gittin' breakfast. Colonel Tim stayed right there until he killed nine or ten of them before they stopped comin' down. Well, they finally give up all idea of takin' Plattsburg when they see the fleet taken and found they couldn't take the forts either. They stayed in the town all night, on their side the river."

The British probably left during the latter part of the night. It is recorded that they retreated in the night, and in a storm, leaving behind their sick, wounded, and stores. This seems confirmed by Mr. Phelps in his next remark.

"They got away as fast as they could. Our milishy was scattered along in the woods all along the road, and killed a good many on the retreat. They left behind 'most everything they had. That General Prevost thought he was goin' clear to Washington and came all prepared for it. Why, the British had a whole wagon-load of specie! That was a pooty good joke on 'em. They didn't dare leave it 'round durin' the battle, so they put it down in Mr. Lowell's cellar. 'Course he knew what it was. There was a well down cellar. When the battle was goin' on and everybody was busy, Lowell slipped down cellar and dropped two of them kegs of specie in the well. After the battle was over, he was a rich man. Yes, that was pooty good. After the battle we had a big celebration in Plattsburg. It was a regular Fourth of July. I tell you, we had a great time!"

"Well, that's about all I remember. You see, you come in kind of unexpected, and I haven't had time to think things over. If I had known you was comin', I could have been thinkin', and like's not would have called back some other things. Somehow, my memory don't seem quite's good's it used to be."

Looking at the indomitable man in the failing body of this old man, erect under the burden of more than a century of years, one could understand why the armies of England could not overcome the farmers of Lexington and the "milishy" of Lake Champlain. In him live again the men whom our Lowell honors in his song:

In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray,
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state.

As I thought of this, and was preparing to depart, a chuckle from the armchair indicated that Mr. Phelps's mind had been following other paths.

"I was just thinkin'," said he, "about a song I used to sing. You see, Prevost not only thought he was goin' straight to Washington, but he calc'lated that a lot of the Federals would join him. Join him? I guess not! No, sir! Not one of 'em did! After the fight some of our folks wrote a song about it. It was sung by the Yankees all over Vermont and 'most everywhere, I guess. It was pooty long. There was forty-three, forty-three—no, there was forty-five verses. I used to sing it a good deal. There was an old Roman Catholic priest in Plattsburg would always make me sing it to him. Made no difference where he met me, he *would* have me sing that song. The old British soldiers used to like it, too. I've sung it to 'em many a time. I'm kind of afraid I can't sing it very well now. They say I used to be a good singer. Let me see! How *did* that go?"

There was a moment of meditation, his white beard deep-sunk in his breast, a few preliminary hums and haws, and then, in a voice weak and tremulous with great age, but in which could be felt the strength of undying patriotism, he sang, in a kind of monotone, these snatches of this song of long ago, that once, by dauntless men and as dauntless women, was sung on lake and land, by camp-fire and by hearthstone, as they struggled for God's heritage of liberty:

"Come, all ye noble Englishmen,
We're goin' to fight the Yankees
By water and by land;
And we never shall return
Till their cities we do burn.

We'll subdue the Yankee Democrats,
Their Washington is gone,

. . . .

"Oh, dear, dear, I can't get it back! It's gone, I'm afraid! Yes, it's gone!" He spoke like one who had lost a string of pearls that had been brought almost to the surface but had slipped back forever just as they seemed to be within his reach.

"I remember the last two lines, though. We used to make *them* ring out good, I tell ye!

"The eleventh of September
Let us all remember!

"I don't know when I've thought of that song before. If only I could go up home, I could git all the words. There would be folks up there who would remember it, I know. Oh, no, there isn't anybody livin' that saw the battle or sung the song; but the folks who used to know it told it to their children, and there's somebody there that would have it." There was a moment of pause and then he said, with the emphasis of one who was speaking of a great treasure, "I declare for it! I would act'ally give a hunderd dollars for that song!

"What! Goin'? Well, good day. Come again. I like company, and I don't see as many folks as I would like."

HOME LIFE IN JAPAN

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

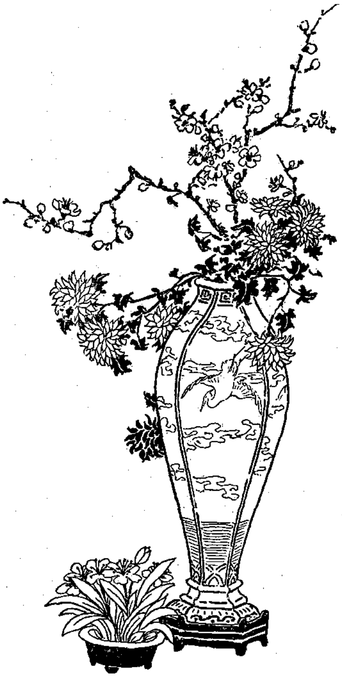
DECORATIONS BY F. C. GORDON

THE home life of the Japanese impresses the average civilized stranger visiting the island kingdom as the most cleanly, refined, and altogether happy form of existence in the world. The spotless floor mats which cover the vermin-infested filth beneath give no outward sign of what the Japanese housekeeping has so carefully hidden from view. The sanitary arrangements, deft in design, would cause any American of a refined sense of smell to vacate the premises, but the Japanese, having practically no olfactory organs, observe no odor; therefore the accumulations of filth, if hidden, have no objectionable features, unless typhus or cholera should be raging, and then the Government takes a hand and there is a general house-cleaning in the affected district.

Despite the fact that their entire life is a mass of contradictions and flaring incongruities, the Japanese *are* the cleanliest, most refined, and happiest people on the face of the globe. It is safe to say that every Japanese bathes himself at least once a day. True, it is immaterial to him whether he takes his bath in public or private, our code of modesty being unknown in the Far East. But even in the public baths, where men, women, and children mingle together in perfect innocence, the most rigorous etiquette is observed. Ceremonial bows are exchanged, men and women clasp their own hands, bow low to each other many times, and abuse their own relatives while praising those of the friend to whom they are speaking, as is the custom in Japan.

Everywhere in the daily life ceremony

HAIR-DRESSING



and exaggerated forms of politeness are carried to an extreme. There is no low class in Japan as we understand the term in civilized countries. Every Japanese, whether five years of age or fifty, reveres his parents if living and adores them if dead. That is the religion of the country. Early training is not apt to be forgotten, consequently the humblest as well as the proudest and most wealthy men of Japan are apt to have the same outwardly ever-polite mannerisms.

Force of habit becomes second nature, so that to-day in Japan it is the most natural thing in the world for the people to be polite under the most trying circumstances. I have known stable business men of Kyoto to give American traveling men large orders for goods merely to avoid giving a refusal that the persistent drummer would take to heart. Of course the merchant never intended to take the goods; he merely desired to make the guest, while under his roof at least, feel comfortable.

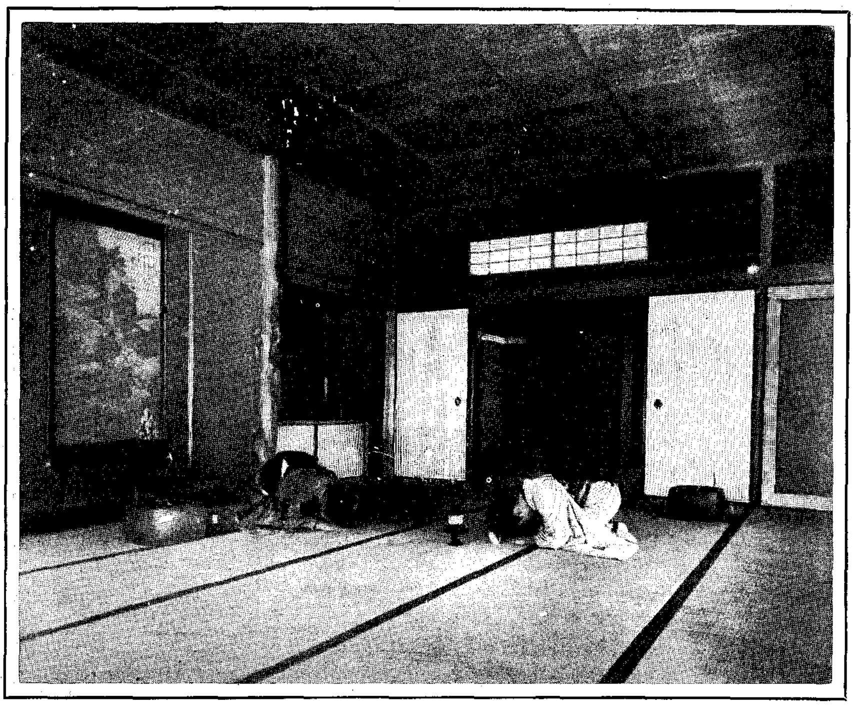
With the same object in view, my *ricksha* man, when I sounded him to discover if he was a Christian, cautiously but politely asked me if I was, then admitted most effusively that he was a good Christian, wormed from me the name of the denomination I preferred, and declared that it was also his choice. He seemed

IN A CHERRY BLOSSOM GARDEN

to enjoy visiting with me the foreign churches, always prayed in them most effusively, and if there happened to be a Shinto temple adjacent would visit that in turn to offer up additional prayers. It is this misplaced regard for the feelings of others that leads the easy-going Japanese, who enjoys nothing better than to please every one, into errors of judgment which too often make him despised by the business man and distrusted by the missionary.

Those who visit Japan casually invariably become enthusiastic over the wonderful and artistic little people; those who remain there for a prolonged period as a rule have nothing good to say of their moral character; while those who have lived among them, learned their manners and customs, and speak their language are almost as enthusiastic over the ideal life of the Japanese as is the casual tourist who sees only the brilliant kaleidoscopic picture ever changing before his eyes.

Japanese character is different from Chinese, chiefly because the Japanese have always hated their continental rivals and for centuries sought to do everything differently. If the Chinese dressed loosely, the Japanese adopted tights; when the Chinaman was forced by the Manchu to grow a queue, the Jap tonsured his head.

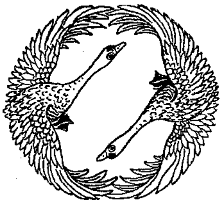


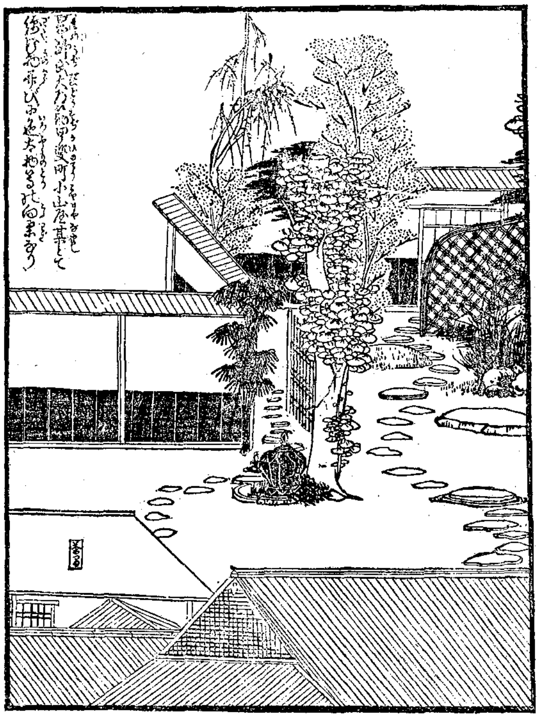
SALUTING IN THE HOME

The Chinamen ignored their girl children; for two thousand years the Japanese have educated their offspring of both genders, and it is the public-school system of Japan, which was in operation during the lifetime of Christ, that has prepared the nation for the wonderful progress toward civilization and power it is now making.

There have been civil wars and cruel revolutions in Japan, but the home life has always been pure, even when compared with the standard reached by civilized nations. It is true that polygamy has been and is practiced, although now forbidden by the new laws; but we have in America married men whose behavior suggests that no stones should be thrown.

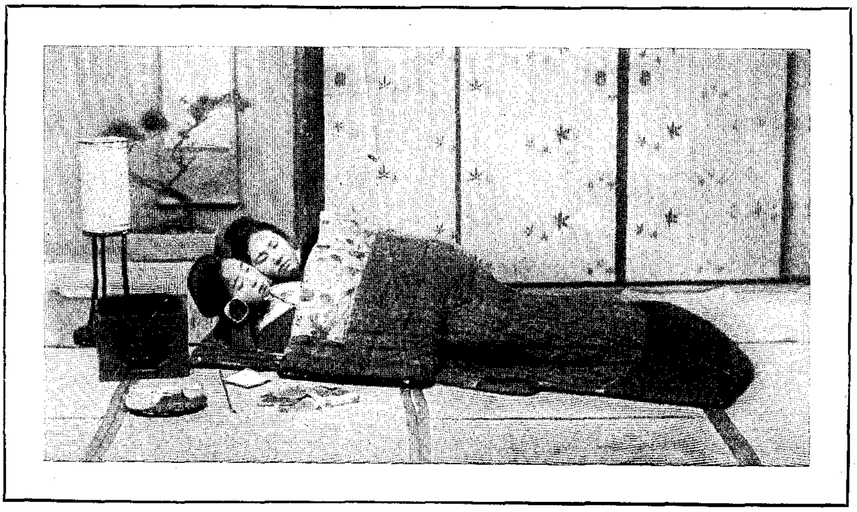
In no country of the world has the head official such influence over the home life of his people as has the Mikado. The Shinto religion, the faith of the masses, is nothing more than a belief in God, from whom is descended primarily the Mikado, and incidentally all Japanese, who all return to their Maker after death, and for that reason are worshiped in every household of Japan as departed saints, the family altar, with its dolls representing ancestors who have gone before, being the Japanese equivalent of the family shrine in Roman Catholic countries, or the ikon, or holy picture, to be found in every Russian house.



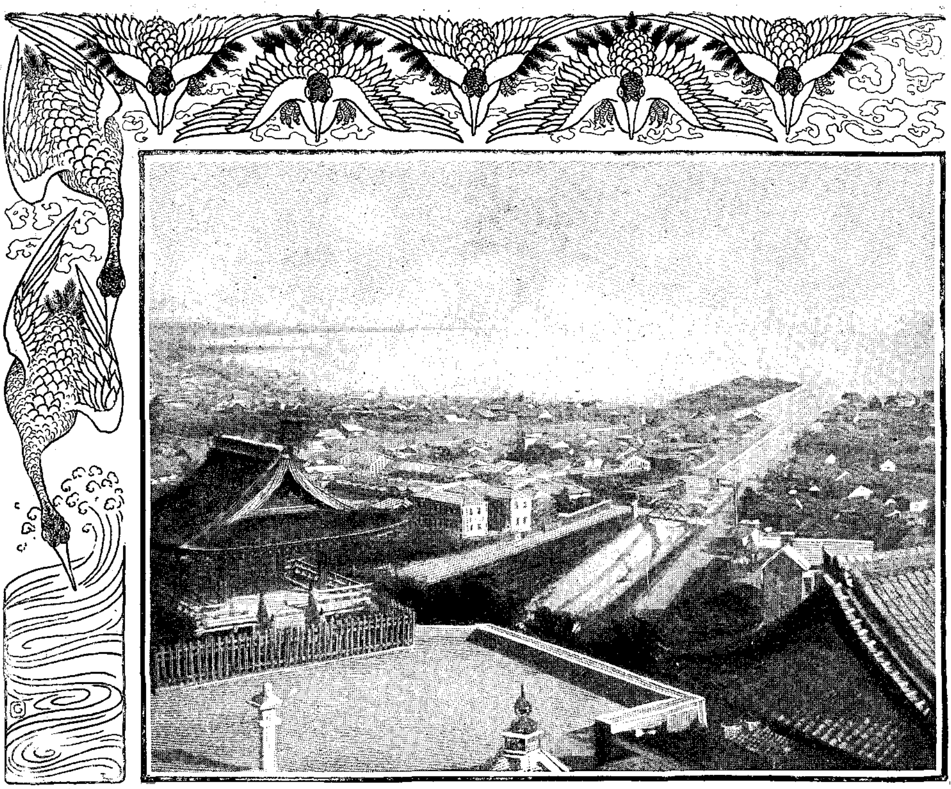


A MERCHANT'S GARDEN

As the direct descendant of God, the laws of the Mikado, or Emperor, as he is now called, must be obeyed. It is "bad form" in Japan to violate a law of the land, even if not found out, and to be in "bad form" in Japan, as in certain ultra-civilized communities with us, is worse than to be really criminal. During my last visit to Tokyo a little notice was sent out by the police requesting citizens not to follow strangers who visited the city, as it was impolite. The Japanese, the most inquisitive people on the face of the globe, curbed their curiosity, and foreigners were thereafter permitted to



A JAPANESE BEDROOM



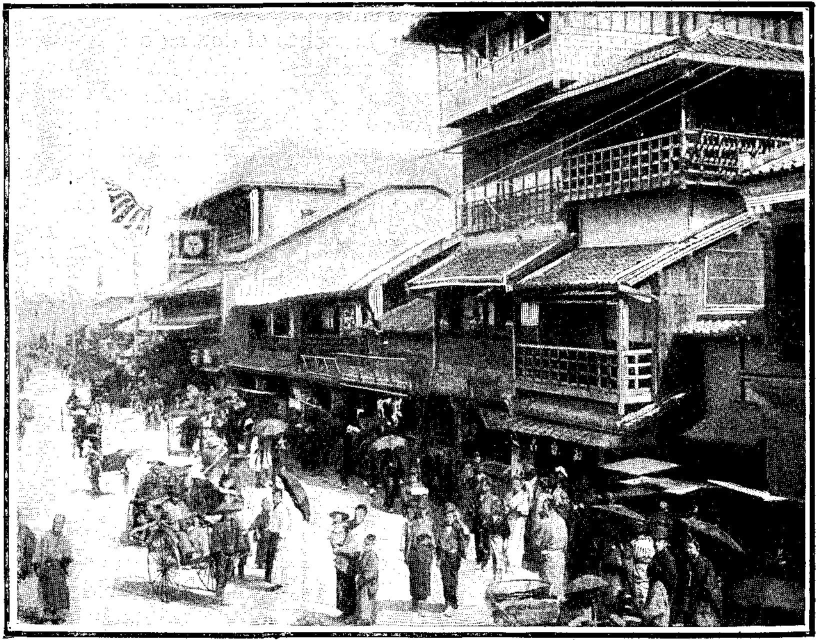
A JAPANESE VILLAGE

make purchases at their pleasure and visit sacred shrines in undisturbed peace.

The Japanese child is taught first his duty to his Emperor, next his duty to his parents, and last his duty to his neighbor. In fact, a ceremonial form of politeness may be said to constitute the moral code of Japan. The parent begins to teach his child, before it can talk, politeness in all its phases and the ceremonies which have been invented for almost every necessary act in life, from the cradle to the grave.

At the head of the home life is the father, unless, perhaps, *his* aged mother lives, in which case *she* is the autocrat of the family circle, there being no appeals from her decisions. Age is sacred in Japan, and no son would dare disobey a mother's commands. Too often, if the aged father still lives, he is off on a pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of both the Buddhist and Shinto faiths.

In Japan marriages are arranged and take place at an early age. By the time a man has reached his prime—forty or forty-five years of age—he has grown sons enough to support him, and, as this is considered their privilege as well as duty, the father promptly follows the custom of the country and retires to enjoy idleness and travel in his declining years. The Government is now seeking to alter this custom, suggesting to male parents that they wait until the age of fifty



A STREET IN TOKIO

before retiring from active labors; but the older men desire rest and the younger generation opportunity, so that no headway is being made in the reform movement.

Few Japanese are childless; in fact, it is a disgrace to pass through life without offspring; consequently there are, practically, no native orphan asylums in Japan, it being an honor desired by every one in the village to be given the custody of any children left without parents. In the case of a boy, he is adopted by his new father, and, should he be older than any of the real offspring, takes precedence over them, and at the death of his adopted father becomes the real head of the family, whom all the others must obey.

Three months after a child is born in Japan its first birthday is celebrated, and it is then one year of age. After that all the boys in Japan have one general birthday and the girls another, so that often a youngster in Japan finds himself two years of age before he would be four months old in any other country.

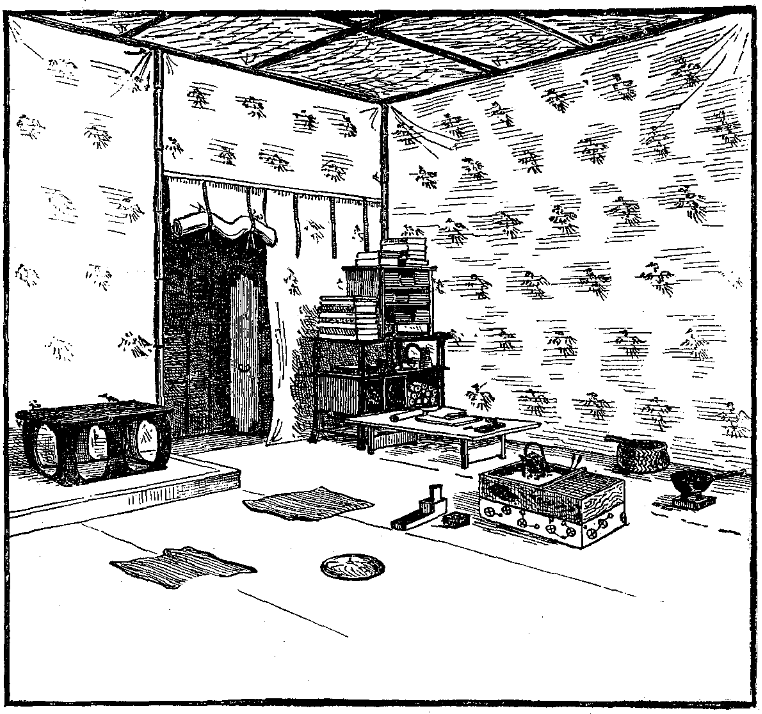
The home life of the very young children is not unlike that of our own. Countless dolls fall to the little ones, and ingenious toys, made familiar to us since Japan has been opened to our commerce, beguile much of their time. It takes six years to learn to read a Japanese book, so the little ones are sent to kindergarten at a very tender age; here they learn the simple form of the Japanese alphabet and play games requiring mathematical exercise. Often the larger girls—say from eight to fourteen years of age—will carry their little brothers or sisters to kindergarten on their backs, and then go on to school themselves. In all the large cities there are public schools where sewing, housekeeping, and many other branches of domestic science are taught, so that the Jap girl makes a most excellent wife and mother.

The houses in Japan are invariably open to the four winds, so that any one may see and examine. Built of wood and plaster, these artistic-looking two-story dwellings do not give an impression of strength; in fact, on the mountain sides—and almost all of Japan is mountainous—when the monsoon comes in the spring the people stay at home, for their services are needed during the storm. The great sliding walls of the house, made of wooden frames covered with tough oil-paper, are tightly closed against the storm, and must be kept so, for, in the case of one-story houses especially, should the wind get in under the roof, little would be left of the building.

JAPANESE CHILDREN

The frequent earthquakes militate against the adoption of our modern style of architecture in brick and stone, while frequent fires necessitate the construction of solid outhouses of plaster, in which the family jewels and works of art are stored.

In the larger houses is always to be found a central courtyard, in which dwarf trees are grown in great vases, while in front of every house, no matter how humble, are to be seen the inevitable cherry-tree and a few chrysanthemum bushes. The ceremony of arranging flowers is a most important and artistic one. Every guest at a Japanese home is expected to know how to give that deft turn to the stem of a lily that will make the flower appear at its best, to twist the leaves in accord with



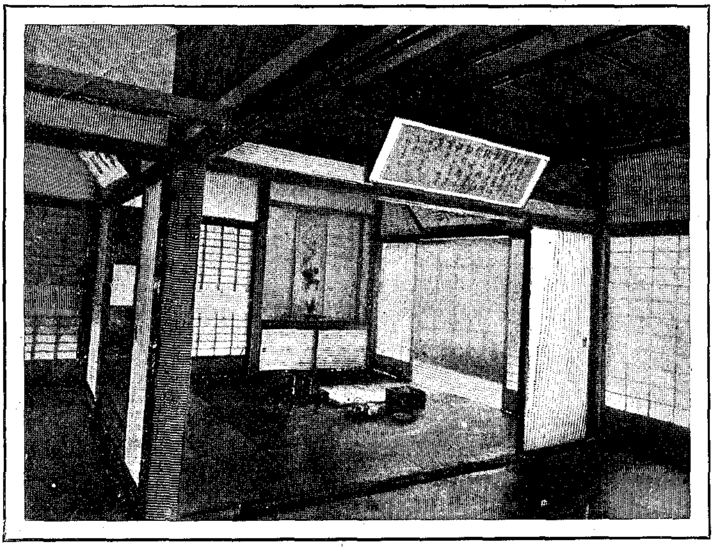
A JAPANESE LIBRARY

the native rules of art, and to arrange the whole in a manner suggestive of the season; he knows just what is expected of him the moment the flowers are placed by his side, and seeks to win the admiration of his host. Art is the keynote of every form of ceremony, and with the Japanese artistic arranging of plants and flowers is almost a part of their religion. In fact, the greatest holiday of the year is the Cherry Festival, or Japanese Easter. All work is suspended for the time being. The first day is given over to the children; down avenues lined on either side with cherry-trees in full blossom processions of little girls haul by long ropes great temples on wheels, Japanese boys in richest costumes give religious plays in the moving temples, and all the world of Japan looks on in joy. Along the roads, inch deep in the soft fallen petals of the cherry-blossom, the procession makes its way, while a perfect snow-storm of the perfumed pink flowers falls with every breeze.

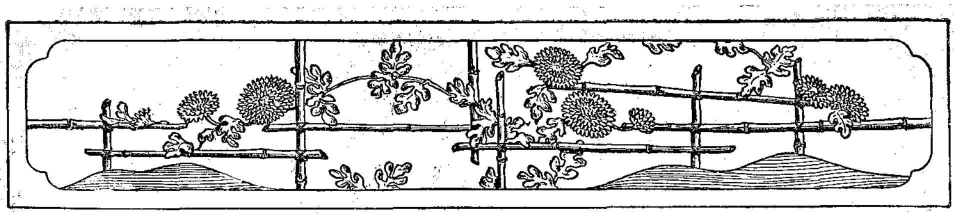
Every one is happy in Japan when spring comes. After the children have had their day of joy, the parents shut up shop for two more days and spend the time in the parks about the temple, for in Japan the public playgrounds are inseparably associated with religion.

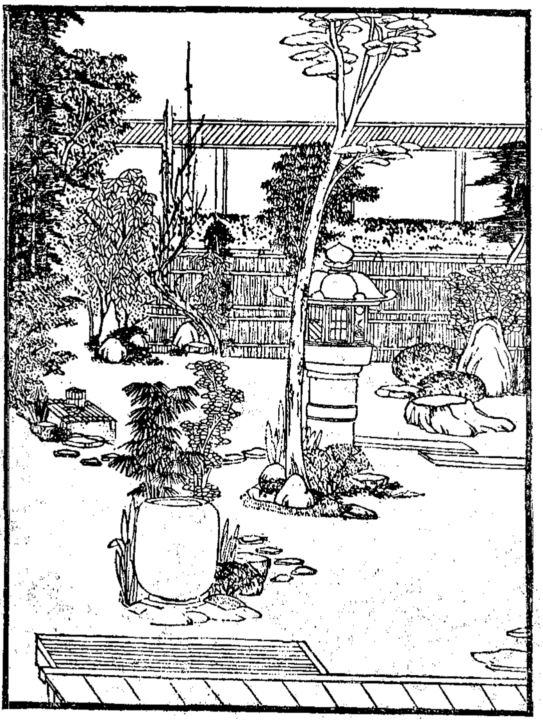
After the Cherry Festival is over, every one returns to his home duties. Home life and business life are often one and the same in Japanese towns and villages, for every one works, and usually the home is also factory and workshop. In the daytime the front of the house is open; here the trinkets or useful articles manufactured by the family in the great room behind the courtyard are displayed for sale; upstairs the sliding partitions are thrown back and the heavy counterpanes taken up off the floor and hidden away in unobservable drawers, so that the bedroom becomes a parlor.

If the house is near one of the innumerable mountain streams of the country, water power is brought into use, and at the rear of the house a great waterwheel turns slowly day after day. Nowadays electrical equipment is made in these humble homes of Japan, and in the great long streets of shops to be seen in any city of the Mikado's Empire an inventor of some new electrical device may be experimenting in one of the dainty little doll houses—for the doors are often too low to admit an American, unless he stoops—while in the next perhaps a whole family is turning pottery, the making of which has been a secret handed down from father to son for more than a thousand years. The famous cloisonné we prize so much in America is made in two or three rooms of a Japanese home, one such place



JAPANESE LIVING-ROOM





GARDEN OF A DAIMIO

in Yokohama being called a factory because two or three men not belonging to the family are employed as assistants. A million women still weave on hand-looms cotton cloth that competes in price with the British fabric in China. Unfortunately for Japan, however, the artistic is giving way to the commercial. Already hundreds of cotton-mills have been established, and soon cloisonné and satsuma will be manufactured by machinery. The artistic Japanese characters are to be abolished for the unsightly Roman letters, and only those who have experienced the delight of reading in Japanese or Chinese, in which every word sign recalls a living picture, can realize what a loss the nation will sustain. The strange-looking characters lend themselves to artistic groupings impossible with cold Roman type, so that the thousands of advertisements one meets with on the roadsides and telegraph poles of Japan, far from being disfigurements to the surroundings, blend most artistically. In Japan babies almost in arms are taught to be useful, and at an incredibly early age they become adept at shredding bamboo, or even cutting out paper for the making of lanterns, although the electric light is now superseding the paper lanterns in the home of the city-bred Jap.

Foreign customs are gradually making headway, although as far as dress is concerned the Japanese woman has triumphed and the European abominations are in pronounced disfavor, while the men who attend court in swallow-tails return home hurriedly to exchange the uncomfortable costume for the soft but clinging kimona. Children are no longer tonsured, while young girls permit their hair to hang about their shoulders, a custom far more becoming than the prim pomaded mass usually worn on top of the head. In eating there is also an evolution. While the Japanese do not yet take kindly to vegetables and disdain the fruit-growing cherry-tree—because its blossoms are inferior—they are beginning to eat meat despite the rigorous laws of the Buddhist religion, which with the simpler Shinto practically forms the national faith of Japan.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME
Anti-Tammany Candidate for District Attorney of New York City.

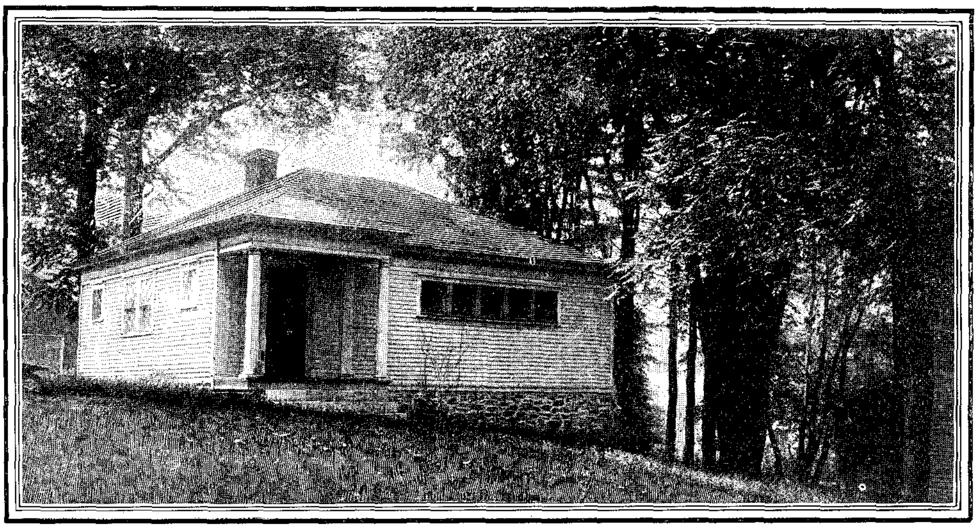
William Travers Jerome

AMONG the candidates on the Anti-Tammany ticket in New York City this autumn there is no more interesting and striking figure than William Travers Jerome. Mr. Jerome comes of an old and well known New York family of influence and social position. Inheriting the connections and associations which wealth, social distinction, and personal influence give, he might very naturally have become a man of leisure or of semi-leisure, devoting himself to a life of comfort and prosperity, and to the pursuit of literary, artistic, and other intellectual tastes of which he possesses a large share. Instead of this he has thrown himself, mind, body, and heart, into the work of serving the political welfare of his native city. He was born in 1859 in New York, and has always lived in New York. Of delicate health as a young man, he was educated principally by tutors, but went to Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., for one year, and then entered the class of '82 of Amherst College. His health broke down there, and he was unable to complete his college course, in which, however, he made a fine record as long as he remained. He returned to New York and began the study of law, and his health again broke down. He was finally graduated at the Law School of Columbia University in 1884, and he was admitted to the New York Bar in the spring of that year. He formed a partnership with a college friend, Daniel Mason, Esq., as soon as he was admitted to the Bar, and they continued the practice of law together until 1888, when, as a Democrat of Democratic ancestry, he was appointed a Deputy Assistant to the District Attorney by Colonel Fellows, at that time the successful Tammany incumbent of the office. He served in the District Attorney's office during the years 1888, '89, and '90, but in the fall of the latter year he supported the People's Municipal League in its campaign for good city government, and it was, of course, impossible for him to be reappointed as an assistant in an office controlled by Tammany. He then returned to the practice of law with his old partner.

In 1894 he was one of counsel for the Lexow Committee, and a little later was made a member of the Executive Committee by the famous "Committee of Seventy," and eventually became their political manager. It will be remembered that the work of the Lexow investigation and of the Committee of Seventy, with which Mr. Jerome was so closely identified, resulted in the defeat of Tammany and the establishment of the administration of Mayor Strong, during which so much was done for good government in this city, notably in the street-cleaning department by the late Colonel Waring. In July, 1895, he became a Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, a position which he has ever since held, conducting himself on the bench, and administering justice to all, rich or poor, criminal or pure, in a way that has established his reputation throughout the city for unimpeachable integrity. During the last few months he has led in person, as well as in his official capacity, in the successful work of ferreting out the blackmailing alliances of the city officials with vice and crime.

Judge Jerome is a man of domestic tastes, of personal quiet and refinement, who would shun publicity if he could; and he has gone into the exhausting campaign of the last few months at personal self-sacrifice. No candidate has stated more clearly than he the issue of the present campaign: it is not an attempt to suppress by law the sale of liquor, the playing of cards, the betting of money on horse-races, or any of the personal and social vices of a worse and more degrading form. It is an attempt to put an abrupt and permanent stop to official blackmail, which has filled the pockets of debauched public officers who, by forming the lowest and most contemptible partnership with vice, share in its profits.

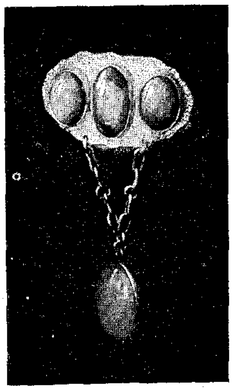
The election will be decided almost as soon as this number of The Outlook reaches the hands of our readers. If, as a result of the decision, Judge Jerome becomes District Attorney, as we sincerely hope he will, the citizens of New York City, without regard to party, creed, or personal interest, may feel confident that their rights will be impartially and strictly protected in accordance with the law.



WHERE THE EXHIBITS ARE HELD

Handicrafts in Old Deerfield

By Mary E. Allen



A BROOCH

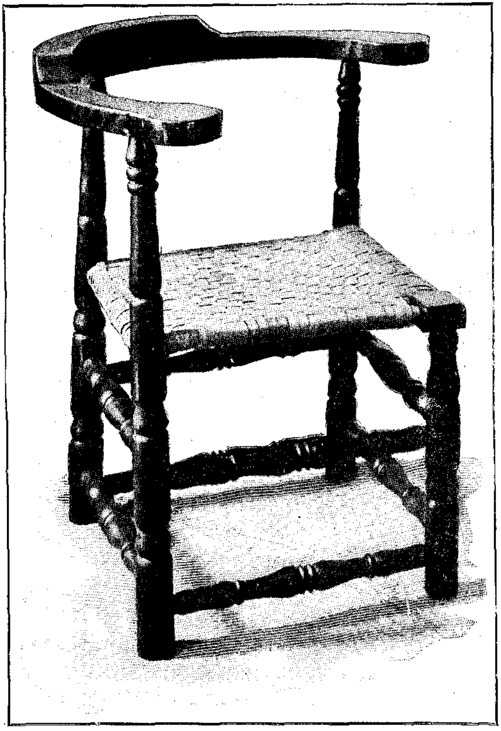
OLD Deerfield lately closed its third and most successful annual exhibition of Arts and Crafts. This yearly display of fresh work done entirely by the people of this old Massachusetts village is a valuable contribution to the cause of handicrafts everywhere. Each year brings a wider recognition of the importance of the movement. Newspapers and magazines give generous space to descriptions of the display. The old town, whose name has for so long been chiefly suggestive of Mohawks and slain ancestors, is acquiring new fame in the arts of peace.

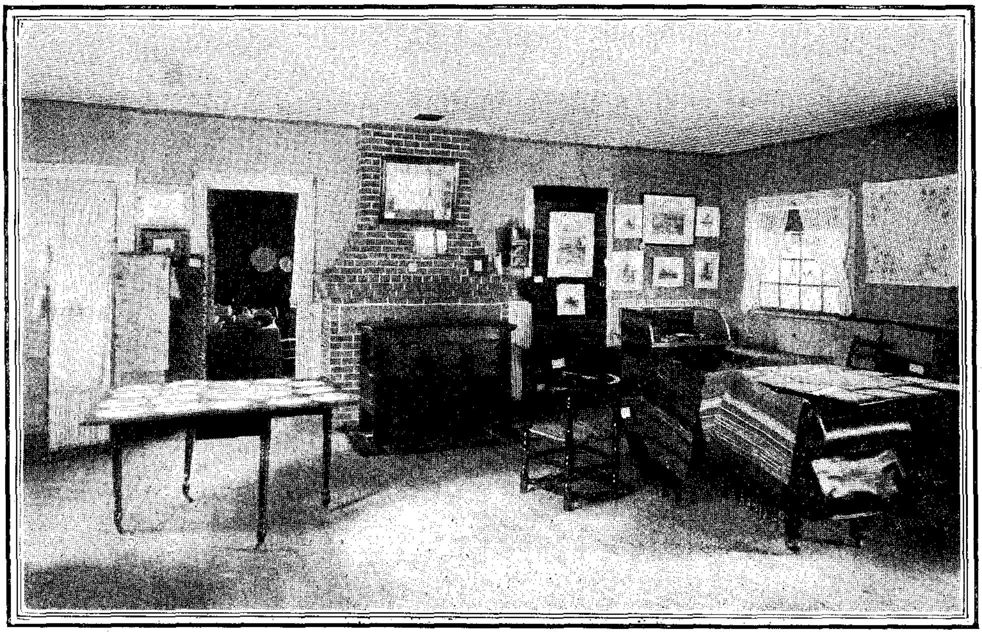
After each exhibit many inquiries are received as to the organization which conducts it, its relations to the workers, its profits, its general mode of life, and directions are called for to develop similar institutions in other towns. The reply, which is given with pardonable pride, is this: There is *no* organization, and there are no profits to any one except the exhibitors. The whole movement has been entirely spontaneous and democratic. There has been no "promoting," no effort from the outside to "bring beauty into the lives of the humble," as the phrase goes. There has been much neighborly helpfulness and suggestion between the more and the less skilled workers.

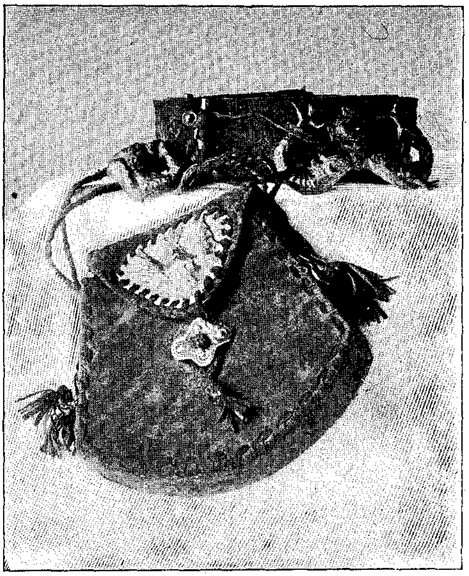
The first exhibit was given to show what had already been accomplished in the handicrafts rather than to introduce them, though the natural result has been to stimulate established industries and to start new ones. The sales at the exhibition are a small part of the yearly product. The work is not spasmodic in preparation for this event, but goes steadily on the year through, demand being always in advance of supply. The crafts now practiced give pleasant employment to many people in their own homes, and bring some thousands of dollars into the village every year.

The annual display is arranged and conducted by the different groups of workers themselves, as members of a common household, without officers or formal directors, though with natural leaders. Whoever has most executive ability or best training for the work in hand will take the lead in any enterprise. Each guild of exhibitors has charge of its own section and pays tribute to no one. The visitors' entrance fees are devoted to the fund of the Village Room in which the exhibit is held, for the care of the building, which is not town property but a sort of village club-room—and, incidentally, a worthy exhibit of craftsmanship in itself, though that is another story. All else goes to the ones who have earned it. The friendly spirit of the people engaged has made co-operation the natural way of living from the beginning of the first industry started. If one member of a group, that of basket-weavers, for instance, takes charge of the detail of the business, buys material for all, receives the tourists who ebb and flow through the old street at all times and seasons, attends to the selling and the correspondence, that one is entitled to and receives a small commission on sales. But there is nowhere any exploitation of workers. Each one receives the whole proceeds of his labor, except that he helps to pay the unavoidable expenses of conducting the business. This spirit of co-operation is an essential and vital element of the whole scheme.

The entering wedge was the Society of Blue and White Needlework. This society is in its sixth year. It has made a name for itself that stands for honest workmanship and a strongly characteristic


COLONIAL CHAIR


THE EXHIBIT OF 1901



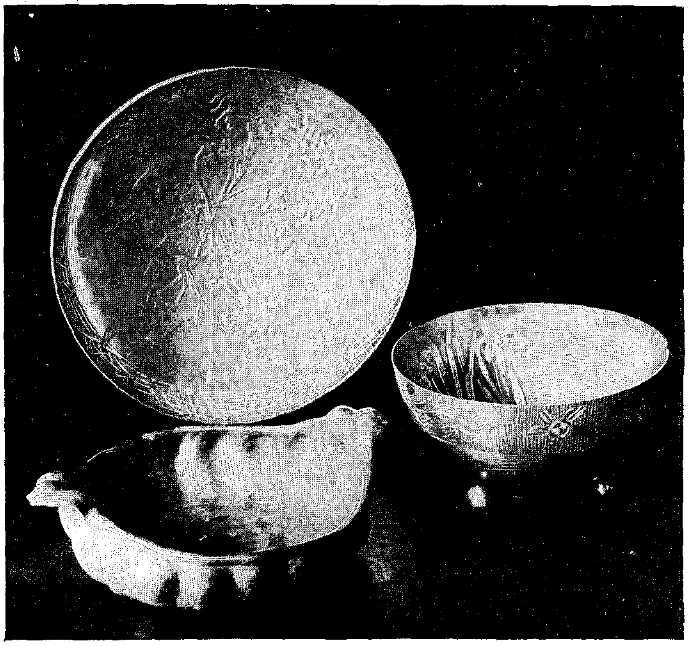
BELT AND CHATELAINE BAG

mode of decoration. It is based, as is too well known to need repetition, on the colonial school of embroidery, specimens of which are found all over New England. This, in turn, was based partly on Oriental sources, but in its conception of ornament and in its handling of the materials available is as peculiar to the race which evolved it as are the Aztec decorations of pottery. These old designs are modified and adapted to modern uses, retaining the spirit of the old, and the materials, so far as possible. Miss Margaret Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller, its originators, do nearly all of the designing. Twenty-five or thirty women have been taught the old-fashioned stitches, and execute the needlework at their own homes as time and opportunity permit. When some large piece, like a bedspread or tablecloth, is on the way, two or three meet and work together. No one is tied to hours or to place, but it is to each one's advantage to work as rapidly and as carefully as possible. For, in the interest of the body politic, a carelessly wrought piece is not accepted, and the pay received is in proportion to the work accomplished. The selling price of each article is divided in certain definite proportions. One-fifth is for the designer, one-half for the needlewoman; the remaining fraction, three-tenths, goes into the fund out of which are paid the cost of materials, the running expenses, including the laundrying of finished pieces, expressage, postage, etc., and very small salaries to the secretary and treasurer and those in charge.

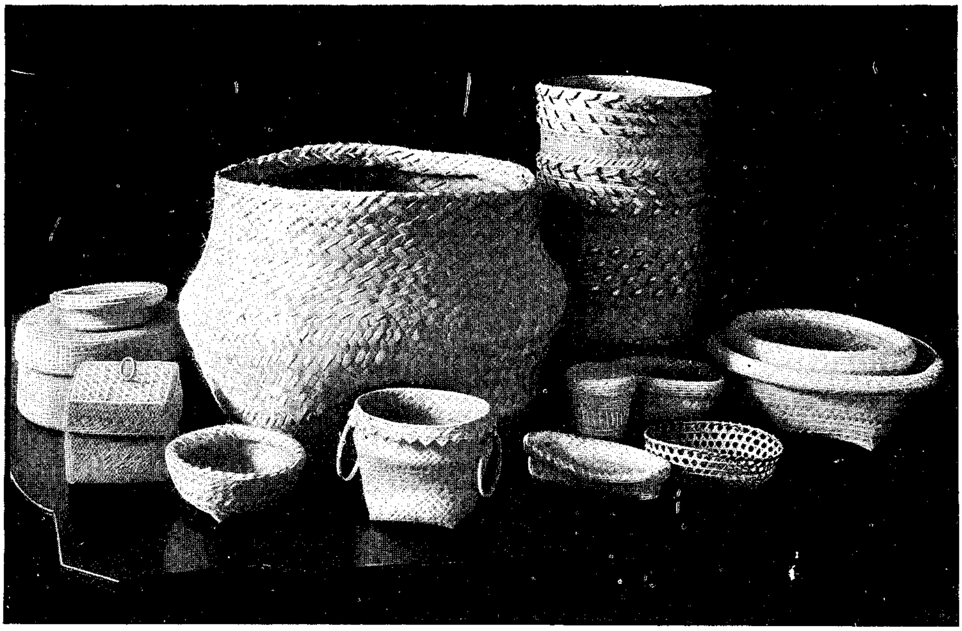
The quantity of work that is done with this simple machinery of business is surprising. The Society is constantly responding to invitations to exhibitions of Arts and Crafts in all the larger cities East and West.

At first everything was wrought in indigo-blue thread on white linen, the colors which gave the Society its name. Now much is in other soft colors on either gray or white linen, though with the same archaic outlines and intricate filling stitches.

Out of this needlework have grown several minor industries. All the linen thread used is dyed by a Deerfield woman after the old-fashioned receipts with indigo fustic, logwood, and madder.



COPPER AND BRASS DISHES



BASKETS MADE OF PALM LEAF

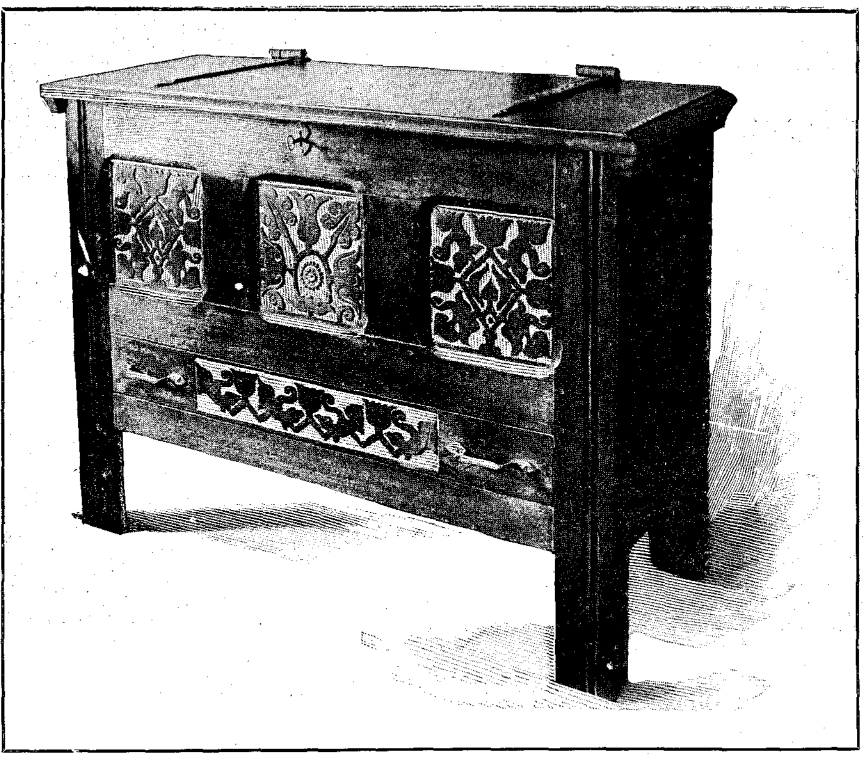
These give the beautiful soft colors which were discarded with scorn when aniline dyes were invented, but have now come to their own again.

Netted fringes are made either in connection with the needlework or as deep hangings for four-post bedsteads. Several women make a specialty of the fine hemstitching and fagoting often called for in finishing the embroidered pieces.

The rag-rug makers work each on her own account. The rags are cut and sewed and then woven into rugs on a hand-loom by a carpet-weaver who lives near. Any elderly woman or semi-invalid can while away the time over them in her own room and add materially to her income thereby. Each woman pays for the weaving and warp, and receives the whole price of her rug. Recently, the rug-makers being scattered, and no one of them caring to keep the rugs on sale at any central place, the managers of the Blue and White Society have dealt with would-be buyers for them all; for which friendly office the makers have paid ten per cent. of the price into the fund for a new piano for the Village Room.

The basket-makers are rather more closely bound together as a group. They have frequent meetings to exchange ideas and see one another's newly invented shapes. The baskets are on sale at one place. One member buys material for all, though each one pays only for what she uses and is free to follow her own bent in the sort of basket she chooses to make. Until recently only palm-leaf baskets were made. This year's display contained some pleasing shapes woven of reeds—somewhat like our grandmothers' work-baskets. Others were of raffia, a kind of long, soft grass, in most beautiful tones whether in its native color or dyed, which lends itself to as beautiful decorative effects as the weaver is capable of inventing. In either of these three materials the baskets give scope to that free expression of individuality which gives all the Deerfield products their charm and value.

One or two attempts at starting new lines of work have been due to Polish or Magyar peasants who have drifted to the village as farm hands and have shown skill in handicrafts practiced by them in their own country. Two of these men made baskets of common willow withes gathered in winter when bare of leaves, and used with the bark on. These baskets were strong and pleasing in color and shape, and were eagerly picked up by buyers. Another Magyar showed remarkable skill in ironwork. On a common forge used for the farm blacksmithing he made some very beautiful fire-sets, strong



A BRIDE'S CHEST

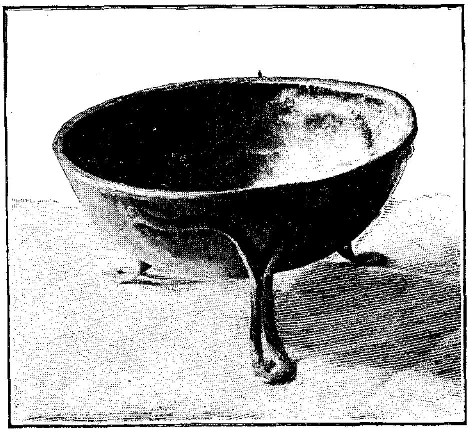
Copied from a design two hundred years old.

and simple in design and carefully finished in every detail. These men have drifted away again, but the village blacksmith has caught the spirit of the craft. He has carried out some designs for ornamental hinges and other details successfully, and this year showed a hall lantern well planned and executed.

The metal-work of Mrs. Madeline Wynne is a personal achievement, but as Deerfield claims her, it also claims the credit of her work. She has invented and developed various ways of decorating copper and silver with enamel, and of varying its color by treating it with acids. She has lately still further embellished it with semi-precious stones, agates, Mexican opals, even beautiful pebbles, these being set as an integral part of the design. Miss Anne Putnam shows similar work. Their bowls, trays, spoons, buckles, and pins are one of the chief attractions of the exhibit, but the work requires too much skill and artistic training ever to become a village industry. Mrs. Wynne has also done some very unusual ornamentation of wood in burnt work and color.

During the past year two men of the village became interested in restoring old furniture, and through that in building new after old designs and in the same solid, honest manner. Some of the most interesting pieces of work in this year's exhibit were a corner chair and stand made of old cherry, and a bride's chest copied from one two hundred years old, now in Memorial Hall. The solid framework and panels are fitted together with the nicety of a Chinese puzzle. A few wooden pegs are all that is needed to hold it together. This was sold at once, and several orders for similar chests were given. The rest of the exhibit is devoted more particularly to the arts, though the photographs stand midway between the arts and crafts. Three women here have devoted years to this work, both for the pictorial value of the photographs themselves and for their use as illustrations.

One shelf is hardly enough to hold the dignified and valuable collection of books written by Deerfield authors, which is added to year by year. A notable recent addition is a monograph on clay stoves by



A COPPER BOWL

Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, the most complete study of them which has yet been made. An annex, arranged in one of the studios near by, contains paintings by artists belonging to the town either by birth or adoption. It is a matter of pride that so small a village should show so much intellectual ability, but this paper is concerned more nearly with the industrial development here shown than with the arts.

What has been done here can be done elsewhere. Deerfield is fortunate in having a circle of women with the trained perceptions of artists and a strong feeling for craftsmanship, who set a standard for all, and give unstintedly of time, thought, and strength to further the cause. The village people, too, have a fair share of Yankee ingenuity and self-reliance. They have been doing with their hands for hundreds of years. The village has been less isolated than many others of its size and may be readier to catch new ideas, but the success of the movement here holds a promise for other country towns that need an infusion of new life.

So far the work has been done entirely by Deerfield people. Letters are frequently received from persons at a distance asking to become members of one or another group. Lookers-on say, "Why don't you enlarge your borders? You might do ten times the work you now do."

Undertaking more than a reasonably limited amount of business would defeat the very purpose for which these industries have been established. A large body of workers could not be held together with sufficient coherence to keep the standard high, without more elaborate organization and more central control. The work would lose, in corresponding measure, the personal element, the individual sense of responsibility, the freedom for initiative.

One great advantage to the worker in the present arrangement is that the labor can be carried on at one's own home as leisure permits, without interrupting the family life. The employment of a large number of hands would necessitate their being brought together to be under proper supervision.

Other groups can be formed in other towns, as successful as these and better serving their local need. No capital and no business machinery are needed. The more skill in handicraft and the more artistic sense of fitness the leaders possess the better. Of common sense and a spirit of co-operation there can never be too much.

BASKETS MADE OF RAFFIA

The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XXI.—I Will Remember

THE Albert was by all odds the exclusive club in the capital city of Upper Canada—for men were loth to drop the old name. Its members belonged to the best families and moved in the highest circles, and the *entré* was guarded by a committee of exceeding vigilance. They had a very real appreciation of the rights and privileges of their order, and they cherished for all who essayed to enter the most lofty ideal. Not wealth alone could purchase entrance within those sacred precincts, unless, indeed, it were of sufficient magnitude and distributed with judicious and unvulgar generosity. A tinge of blue in the common red blood of humanity commanded the most favorable consideration; but when there was neither cerulean tinge of blood nor gilding of station the candidate for membership in the Albert was deemed unutterable in his presumption, and rejection absolute and final was inevitable. A single black ball shut him out. So it came as a surprise to most outsiders, though not to Ranald himself, when that young gentleman's name appeared in the list of accepted members in the Albert. He had been put up by both Raymond and St. Clair, but not even the powerful influence of these sponsors would have availed with the members had it not come to be known that young Macdonald was a friend of Captain De Lacy, of Quebec, don't you know! and a sport, begad, of the first water! for the Alberts favored athletics and loved a true sport almost as much as they loved a lord. They never regretted their generous concession in this instance, for during the three years of his membership it was the Glengarry Macdonald that had brought glory to their club more than any half-dozen of their other champions. In their finals with the Montrealers two years ago it was he—the prince of all Canadian half-backs, as every one acknowledged—who had snatched victory from the exultant enemy in the last quarter of an hour. Then, too, they had never ceased to be grateful for the way in which he had delivered the name of their club from the reproach cast upon it by the challenge long flaunted before their aristocratic noses by the cads of the Athletic, when he knocked out, in a bout with the gloves, the chosen representative of that ill-favored club—a professional, too, by Jove, as it leaked out later.

True, there were those who thought him too particular, and undoubtedly he had peculiar ideas. He never drank, never played for money, and he never had occasion to use words in the presence of men that would be impossible before their mothers and sisters; and there was a quaint, old-time chivalry about him that made him a friend of the weak and helpless and the champion of women, not only of those whose sheltered lives had kept them fair and pure, but of those others as well, sad-eyed and soul-stained, the cruel sport of lustful men. For his open scorn of their callous lust some hated him, but all with true men's hearts loved him.

The club-rooms were filling up; the various games were in full swing.

"Hello, little Merrill!" Young Merrill looked up from his billiards.

"Glengarry, by all the gods!" throwing down his cue and rushing at Ranald. "Where in this lonely universe have you been these many months, and how are you, old chap?" Merrill was excited.

"All right, Merrill?" inquired the deep voice.

"Right, so help me—" exclaimed Merrill

solemnly, lifting up his hand. "He's inquiring after my morals," he explained to the men who were crowding about, "and I don't care who knows it," continued little Merrill, warmly. "My present magnificent manhood," smiting himself on the breast, "I owe to that same dear old solemnity there," pointing to Ranald.

"Shut up, Merrill, or I'll spank you," said Ranald.

"You will, eh?" cried Merrill, looking at him. "Look at him, vaunting his beastly fitness over the frail and weak! I say, men, did you ever behold such condition? See that clear eye, that velvety skin, that—oh, I say, pax! pax! peccavi!"

"There," said Ranald, putting him down from the billiard-table, "perhaps you will learn when to be seen."

"Brute!" murmured little Merrill, rubbing the sore place. "But ain't he fit?" he added, delightedly. And fit he looked. Four years of hard work and clean living had done for him everything that it lies in years to do. They had made of the lank, raw shanty lad a man, and such a man as a sculptor would have loved to behold. Straight as a column, he stood two inches over six feet, but of such proportions that, seeing him alone, one would never have guessed his height. His head and neck rose above his square shoulders with perfect symmetry and poise. His dark face, tanned now to a bronze, with features clear-cut and strong, was lit by a pair of dark-brown eyes, honest, fearless, and glowing, with a slumbering fire that men would hesitate to stir to flame. The lines of his mouth told of self-control, and the cut of his chin proclaimed a will of iron; and altogether he bore himself with an air of such quiet strength and cool self-confidence that men never feared to follow where he led. Yet there was a reserve about him that set him a little apart from men, and a kind of shyness that saved him from any suspicion of self-assertion. In vain he tried to escape from the crowd that gathered about him, and more especially from the football men, who utterly adored him.

"You can't do anything for a fellow that doesn't drink," complained "Starry" Hamilton, the big captain of the football team.

"Drink! A nice captain you are, 'Starry,'" said Ranald, "and Thanksgiving so near."

"We haven't quite shut down yet," explained the captain.

"Then I suppose a cigar is permitted," replied Ranald, ordering the steward to bring his best. In a few minutes he called for his mail, and, excusing himself, slipped into one of the private rooms. The manager of the Raymond & St. Clair Company, and a prominent club man, much sought after in social circles, he was bound to find letters of importance awaiting him, but, hastily shuffling the bundle, he selected three, and put the rest in his pocket.

"So she's back," he said to himself, lifting up one in a square envelope, addressed in large, angular writing. He turned it over in his hand, feasting his eyes upon it as a boy holds a peach, prolonging the blissful anticipation. Then he opened it slowly and read:

My Dear Ranald: All the way home I was hoping that on my return fresh from the "stately homes of England" and from association with lords and dukes and things, you would be here to receive your share of the luster and aroma my presence would shed (that's a little mixed, I fear), but, with a most horrible indifference to your privileges, you are away at the earth's end, no one knows where. Father said you were to be home today, so, though you don't in the least deserve it, I am writing you a note of forgiveness, and will you be sure to come to my special party to-morrow night? I put it off till to-morrow solely on your account, and in spite of Aunt Frank; and let me tell you that, though I have seen such heaps of nice men, and all properly dear and devoted, still I want to see you; so you must come. Everything else will keep.

Yours, MAIMIE.

Over and over again he read the letter till the fire in his eyes began to gleam and his face became radiant with a tender glow.

"'Yours, Maimie,' eh? I wonder now what she means," he mused. "Seven years, and for my life I don't know yet, but to-morrow night—yes, to-morrow night I will know!" He placed the letter in its envelope and put it carefully in his inside pocket. "Now for Kate, dear old girl, no better anywhere." He opened his letter and read:

Dear Ranald: What a lot of people will be delighted to see you back! First, dear old Dr. Marshall, who is in despair over the Institute, of which he declares only a melancholy ruin will be left if you do not speedily return. Indeed, it is pretty bad. The boys are quite terrible, and even my "angels" are becoming infected. Your special pet "Coley," after reducing poor Mr. Locke to the verge of nervous prostration, has "quit," and though I have sought him in his haunts and used my very choicest blandishments, he remains obdurate. To my remonstrances he finally deigned to reply: "Naw, they ain't none of 'em any good no more; them ducks is too pious fer me." I don't know whether you will consider that a compliment or not. So the Institute and all its people will welcome you with acclaims of delight and sighs of relief. And some one else whom you adore and who adores you will rejoice to see you. I have begged her from Maimie for a few precious days. But that's a secret. And, last of all and least of all, there is Your friend KATE.

P. S.—Of course you will be at the party to-morrow night. Maimie looks lovelier than ever, and she will be so glad to see you. K.

"What a trump she is!" murmured Ranald—"unselfish, honest to the core, and steady as a rock. 'Some one else whom you adore.' Who can that be? By Jove, is it possible? I will go right up to-night."

His last letter was from Mr. St. Clair, who was the chief executive of the firm. He glanced over it hurriedly; then, with a curious blending of surprise, perplexity, and dismay on his face, he read it again with careful deliberation:

My Dear Ranald: Welcome home. We shall all be delighted to see you. Your letter from North Bay, which reached me two days ago, contained information that places us in rather an awkward position. Last May, just after you left for the north, Colonel Thorp, of the British-American Coal and Lumber Company, operating in British Columbia and Michigan, called to see me, and made an offer of seventy-five thousand dollars for our Bass River limits. Of course you know we are rather anxious to unload, and at first I regarded his offer with favor. Soon afterwards I received your first report, sent, apparently, on your way up. I thereupon refused Colonel Thorp's offer. Then, evidently upon the strength of your report, which I showed him, Colonel Thorp, who, by the way, is a very fine fellow, but a very shrewd business man, raised his offer to an even hundred thousand. This offer I feel inclined to accept. To tell you the truth, we have more standing timber than we can handle, and, as you know, we are really badly crippled for ready money. It is a little unfortunate that your last report should be so much less favorable in regard to the east half of the limits. However, I don't suppose there is any need of mentioning that to Colonel Thorp; especially as his company are getting a good bargain as it is, and one which of themselves they could not possibly secure from the Governm nt. I write you this note in case you should run across Colonel Thorp in town to-morrow, and inadvertently say something that might complicate matters. I have no doubt that we shall be able to close the deal in a few days.

Now, I want to say again how delighted we all are to have you back. We never realized how much we were dependent upon you. Mr. Raymond and I have been talking matters over, and we have agreed that some changes ought to be made which I venture to say will not be altogether disagreeable to you. I shall see you first thing in the morning about the matter of the limits.

Maimie has got home, and is, I believe, expecting you at her party to-morrow night. Indeed, I understand she was determined that it should not come off until you had returned, which shows she shares the opinion of the firm concerning you. I am

Yours sincerely,
EUGENE ST. CLAIR.

Ranald sat staring at the letter for a long time. He saw with perfect clearness Mr. St. Clair's meaning, and a sense of keen humiliation possessed him as he realized what it was that he was expected to do. But it took some time for the full significance of the situation to dawn upon him. None knew better than he how important it was to the firm that this sale should be effected. The truth was that if the money market should become at all close the firm would undoubtedly find themselves in serious difficulty. Ruin to the company meant not only the blasting of his own prospects, but misery to her whom he loved better than life, and, after all, what he was asked to do was nothing more than might be done any day in the world of business. Every buyer is supposed to know the value of the thing he buys, and certainly Colonel Thorp should not commit his company to a deal involving such a large sum of money without thoroughly informing himself in regard to the value of the limits in question; and when he, as an employee of the Raymond & St. Clair Lumber Company, gave in his report, surely his responsibility ceased. He was not asked to present any incorrect report; he could easily make it convenient to be absent until the deal was closed. Furthermore, the chances were that the British-American Coal and Lumber Company would still have good value for their money, for the west half of the limits was exceptionally good; and, besides, what right had he to besmirch the honor of his employer and to set his judgment above that of a man of much greater experience? Ranald understood also Mr. St. Clair's reference to the changes in the firm, and it gave him no small satisfaction to think that in four years he had risen from the position of lumber-checker to that of manager with an offer of a partnership; nor could he mistake the suggestion in Mr. St. Clair's closing words. Every interest he had in life would be furthered by the consummation of the deal, and would be imperiled by his refusing to adopt Mr. St. Clair's suggestion. Still, argue as he might, Ranald never had any doubt as to what, as a man of honor, he ought to do. Colonel Thorp was entitled to the information that he and Mr. St. Clair alone possessed. Between his interests and his conscience the conflict raged.

"I wish I knew what I ought to do," he groaned, all the time battling against the conviction that the information he possessed should by rights be given to Colonel Thorp. Finally, in despair of coming to a decision, he seized his hat, saying, "I will go and see Kate," and, slipping out of a side door, he set off for the Raymond home. "I will just look up 'Coley' on the way," he said to himself, and, diving down an alley, he entered a low saloon with a billiard-hall attached. There, as he had expected, acting as marker, he found Coley.

Mike Cole, or "Coley," as his devoted followers called him, was king of St. Joseph's Ward. Everywhere in the ward his word ran as law. About two years ago Coley had deigned to favor the Institute with a visit, his gang following him. They were welcomed with demonstrations of joy and regaled with cakes and tea, all of which Coley accepted with lordly condescension. After consideration, Coley decided that the night classes might afford a not unpleasant alternative on cold nights to alleyways and saloons, and he allowed the gang to join. Thenceforth the successful conduct of the classes depended upon the ability of the superintendent to anticipate Coley's varying moods and inclinations, for that young man claimed and exercised the privilege of introducing features agreeable to the gang, though not necessarily upon the regular curriculum of study. Some time after Ranald's appearance in the Institute as an assistant, it happened one night that a sudden illness of the superintendent laid upon his shoulders the responsibility of government. The same night it also happened that Coley saw fit to introduce the enlivening but quite impromptu feature of a song and dance. To this Ranald objected, and was invited to put the gang out if he was man enough. After the ladies had withdrawn beyond the reach of missiles, Ranald adopted the unusual tactics of preventing exit by locking the doors, and then immediately became involved in a discussion with Coley and his followers. It cost the Institute something for furniture and windows, but thenceforth in Ranald's time there was peace. Coley ruled as before, but his sphere of influence was limited, and the day arrived when it became the ambition of Coley's life to bring the ward and its denizens into subjection to his own over-lord, whom he was prepared to follow to the death. But, like any other work worth doing, this took days and weeks and months.

"Hello, Coley," said Ranald, as his eyes fell upon his sometime ally and slave. "If you are not too busy, I would like you to go along with me."

Coley looked around as if seeking escape.

"Come along," said Ranald, quietly, and Coley, knowing that anything but obedience was impossible, dropped his marking and followed Ranald out of the saloon.

"Well, Coley, I have had a great summer," began Ranald, "and I wish very much you could have been with me. It would have built you up and made a man of you. Just feel that," and he held out his arm, which Coley felt with admiring reverence. "That's what the canoe did," and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of his varied adventures by land and water during the last six months. As they neared Mr. Raymond's house Ranald turned to Coley and said:

"Now I want you to cut back to the Institute and tell Mr. Locke, if he is there, that I would like him to call around at my office to-morrow. And, furthermore, Coley, there's no need of your going back into that saloon. I was a little ashamed to see one of my friends in a place like that. Now good-night, and be a man, and a clean man."

Coley stood with his head hung in abject self-abasement, and then ventured to say:

"I couldn't stand them ducks nohow!"

"Who do you mean?" said Ranald.

"Oh, them fellers that runs the Institute now, and so I cut."

"Now, look here, Coley," said Ranald,

"I wouldn't go throwing stones at better men than yourself, and especially at men who are trying to do something to help other people, and are not so beastly mean as to think only of their own pleasure. I didn't expect that of you, Coley. Now quit it and start again," and Ranald turned away.

Coley stood looking after him for a few moments in silence, and then said to himself in a voice full of emphasis—

"Well, there's just one of his kind and there ain't any other." Then he set out at a run for the Institute.

It was Kate herself who came to answer Ranald's ring.

"I knew it was you," she cried, with her hand eagerly outstretched and her face alight with joy. "Come in; we are all waiting for you; and prepare to be surprised." When they came to the drawing-room, she flung open the door and with great ceremony announced, "'The Man from Glengarry,' as Harry would say."

"Hello, old chap," cried Harry, springing to his feet, but Ranald ignored him. He greeted Kate's mother warmly, for she had shown him a mother's kindness ever since he had come to the city, and they were great friends; and then he turned to Mrs. Murray, who was standing waiting for him, and gave her both his hands.

"I knew from Kate's letter," he said, "that it would be you, and I cannot tell you how glad I am." His voice grew a little unsteady and he could say no more. Mrs. Murray stood holding his hands and looking into his face.

"It cannot be possible," she said, "that this is Ranald Macdonald! How changed you are!" She pushed him a little back from her. "Let me look at you; why, I must say it, you are really handsome!"

"Now, auntie," cried Harry, reprovingly, "don't flatter him. He is utterly ruined now by every one, including both Kate and her mother."

"But really, Harry," continued Mrs. Murray, in a voice of delighted surprise, "it is really wonderful, and I am so glad. And I have been hearing about your work with the boys at the Institute, and I cannot tell you the joy it gave me."

"Oh, it is not much that I have done," said Ranald, deprecatingly.

"Indeed, it is a noble work, and worthy of any man," said Mrs. Murray, earnestly, "and I thank God for you."

"Then," said Ranald, firmly, "I owe it all to yourself, for it is you that set me on this way."

"Listen to them admiring each other! It is quite shameless," said Harry.

Then they began talking about Glengarry, of the old familiar places, of the woods and the fields, of the boys and girls now growing into men and women, and of the old people some of whom were passed away. Before long they were talking of the church and all the varied interests centering in it, but soon they went back to the theme that Glengarry people everywhere are never long together without discussing—the Great Revival. Harry had heard a good deal about it before, but to Kate and her mother the story was mostly new, and they listened with eager interest as Mrs. Murray and Ranald recalled those great days. With eyes shining and in tones of humble, grateful wonder they reminded each other of the various incidents, the terrors, the struggles, the joyful surprises, the mysterious powers with which they were so familiar during those eighteen months. Then Mrs. Murray told of the permanent results; how over three counties the influence of the movement was still felt, and how whole congregations had been built up under its wonderful power.

"And did you hear," she said to Ranald, "that Donald Stewart was ordained last May?"

"No," replied Ranald; "that makes seven, doesn't it?"

"Seven what?" said Kate.

"Seven men preaching the Gospel today out of our own congregation," replied Mrs. Murray.

"But, auntie," cried Harry, "I have always thought that all that must have been awfully hard work."

"It was," said Ranald, emphatically; and he went on to sketch Mrs. Murray's round of duties in her various classes and meetings connected with the congregation.

"Besides what she has to do in the Manse!" exclaimed Harry.

"How can you do it?" said Kate, gazing at her in admiring wonder.

"It isn't so terrible as Harry thinks. That's my work, you see," said Mrs. Murray. "What else could I do? And when it goes well it is worth while."

"But, auntie, don't you feel sometimes like getting away and having a little fun? Own up, now!"

"Fun?" laughed Mrs. Murray.

"Well, not fun exactly, but a good time with things you enjoy so much—music, literature, and that sort of thing. Do you remember, Kate, the first time you met auntie, when we took her to 'Hamlet'?"

Kate nodded.

"She wasn't quite sure about it, but I declare till I die I will never forget the wonder and the delight in her face. I tell you I wept that night, but not at the play. And how she criticised the actors; even Booth himself didn't escape," continued Harry. "And so I say it's a beastly shame that you should spend your whole life in the backwoods there and have so little of the other sort of thing! Why, you are made for it!"

"Harry," answered Mrs. Murray in surprise, "that was my work, given me to do. Could I refuse it? And, besides, after all, fun, as you say, passes, music stops, books get done with, but those other things—the things that Ranald and I have seen—will go on long after my poor body is laid away."

"But still you must get tired," persisted Harry.

"Yes, I get tired," she replied, quietly. At the little touch of weariness in the voice, Kate, who was looking at the beautiful face, so spiritual, and getting, oh, so frail, felt a sudden rush of tears in her eyes. But there was no self-pity in that heroic soul. "Yes, I get tired," she repeated; "but, Harry, what does that matter? We do our work and then we will rest. But, oh, Harry, my boy, when I come to your city and see all there is to do, I wish I were a girl again, and I wonder at people thinking life is just for fun."

Harry, like other young men, hated to be lectured, but from his aunt he never took anything amiss. He admired her for her brilliant qualities, and loved her with a love near to worship.

"I say, auntie," he said, with a little uncertain laugh, "it's like going to church to hear you, only it's a deal more pleasant."

"But, Harry, am I not right?" she replied earnestly. Do you think that you will get the best out of your life by just having fun? Oh, do you know when I went with Kate to the Institute the other night and saw those boys, my heart ached. I thought of my own boys and—" The voice ceased in a pathetic little catch, the sensitive lips trembled, the beautiful gray-brown eyes filled with sudden tears. For a few moments there was silence; then, with a wavering smile and a gentle, apologetic air, she said: "But I must not make Harry think he is in church."

"*Dear* Aunt Murray," cried Harry, "do lecture me. I'd enjoy it, and you can't make it too strong. You are just an angel." He left his seat, and, going over to her chair, knelt down and put his arms about her.

"Don't you all wish she was your aunt?" he said, kissing her.

"She *is* mine," cried Kate, smiling at her through shining tears.

"She's more," said Ranald, and his voice was husky with emotion.

But, with the bright, joyous little laugh Ranald knew so well, she smoothed back Harry's hair and, kissing him on the forehead, said:

"I am sure you will do good work some day, but I shall be quite spoiled here; I must really get home."

As Ranald left the Raymond house he knew well what he should say to Mr. St. Clair next morning. He wondered at himself that he had ever been in doubt. He had been for an hour in another world where the atmosphere was pure and the light clear. Never till that night had he realized the full value of that life of patient self-sacrifice, so unconscious of its heroism. He understood then as never before the mysterious influence of that gentle, sweet-faced lady over every one who came to know her, from the simple, uncultured girls of the Indian Lands to the young men about town of Harry's type. Hers was the power of one who sees with open eyes the unseen, and who loves to the forgetting of self those for whom the Infinite love poured itself out in death.

"Going home, Harry?" inquired Ranald.

"Yes, right home; don't want to go anywhere else to-night. I say, old chap, you're a better and cleaner man than I am, but it ain't your fault. That woman ought to make a saint out of any man."

"Man, you would say so if you knew her," said Ranald, with a touch of impatience; "but then no one does know her. They certainly don't down in the Indian

Lands, for they don't know what she's given up."

"That's the beauty of it," replied Harry. "She doesn't feel it that way. 'Given up?' not she! She thinks she's got everything that's good!"

"Well," said Ranald, thoughtfully, after a pause, "she knows, and she's right."

When they came to Harry's door, Ranald lingered just a moment. "Come in a minute," said Harry.

"I don't know—I'm coming in to-morrow."

"Oh, come along just now. Aunt Frank is in bed, but Maimie will be up," said Harry, dragging him along to the door.

"No, I think not to-night." While they were talking Maimie appeared.

"Ranald," she cried in an eager voice, "I knew you would be at Kate's, and I was pretty sure you would come home with Harry. Aren't you coming in?"

"Where's Aunt Frank?" asked Harry.

"She's upstairs," said Maimie.

"Thank the Lord, eh?" added Harry, pushing in past her.

"Go away in and talk to her," said Maimie.

Then, turning to Ranald and looking into his devouring eyes, she said, "Well? You might say you're glad to see me." She stood where the full light of the doorway revealed the perfect beauty of her face and figure.

"Glad to see you! There is no need of saying that," replied Ranald, still gazing at her. "How beautiful you are, Maimie!" he added, bluntly.

"Thank you, and you are really quite passable."

"And I *am* glad to see you."

"That's why you won't come in."

"I am coming to-morrow night."

"Everybody will be here to-morrow night."

"Yes, that's certainly a drawback."

"And I shall be very busy looking after my guests; still," she added, noticing the disappointment in his face, "it's quite possible—"

"Exactly," his face lighting up again.

"Have you seen father's study?" asked Maimie, innocently.

"No," replied Ranald, wonderingly; "is it it so beautiful?"

"No, but it's upstairs and—quiet."

"Well?" said Ranald.

"And perhaps you might like to see it to-morrow night."

"How stupid I am! Will you show it to me?"

"I will be busy, but perhaps Harry—"

"Will you?" said Ranald, coming close to her with the old imperative in his voice.

Maimie drew back a little.

"Do you know what you make me think of?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"Yes, I do. I have thought of it every night since."

"You were very rude, I remember."

"You didn't think so then," said Ranald, boldly.

"I ought to have been very angry," replied Maimie, severely.

"But you weren't, you know you weren't; and do you remember what you said?"

"What I said? How awful of you—don't you dare! How can I remember?"

"Yes, you do remember; and then do you remember what *I* said?"

"What *you* said, indeed! Such assurance!"

"I have kept my word," said Ranald, "and I am coming to-morrow night. Oh, Maimie, it has been a long, long time." He came close to her and caught her hand, the slumbering fire in his eyes blazing now into flame.

"Don't, don't! I'm sure there's Aunt Frank. No, no," she pleaded in terror, "not to-night, Ranald."

"Then will you show me the study to morrow night?"

"Oh, you are very mean. Let me go!"

"Will you?" he demanded, still holding her hand.

"Yes, yes! you ought to be ashamed of yourself. My hand is quite sore. There now, good-night. No, I won't shake hands! Well, then, if you must have it, good-night."

"Till to-morrow night," said Ranald, "remember."

She leaned toward him out of the door till he felt her breath on his face, and whispered:

"I will remember, Ranald. Oh, isn't it lovely!"

"What?" he said, looking at her.

"Why! The—the—night, of course, stupid!" and Ranald went down to his rooms treading on air. He had no fear of to-morrow. He felt himself invincible with the sense of victory in his blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Aguinaldo. By Edwin Wildman. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 374 pages. $1.20.

The author of this book puts his worst foot forward. The first sentence of his preface reads as follows: "As I think of the bullet-pierced bodies of our brave American boys prone on the wastes of Luzon's sun-beaten rice-fields, or sleeping their last sleep in the wilds of the jungle, it is difficult to write impassionately of the enemy behind the gun." This sentence illustrates nearly all the author's faults. His style is often cheaply adorned, his choice of words is not always limited by the compass of the unabridged dictionary, and his point of view is distinctly unsympathetic with the people of the Philippines. Yet, despite these defects, he has given to us the most readable account we have seen of what has taken place in the Philippines since the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Toward the Filipinos he is much fairer than the quoted sentence would indicate, and upon many points—particularly those arising at the beginning of the conflict—his testimony is strongly on their side. At that time, he tells us, the people of the islands, including even the wealthy classes, were almost a unit for Aguinaldo's republic, and better treatment of their aspirations might have avoided a rupture. With the capture of Aguinaldo he believes that the military struggle for independence was practically ended, though he thinks that "it will take generations to eradicate the creed." Whenever Mr. Wildman speaks of things that came directly under his observation, his judgment carries weight, but he has an unfortunate habit of quoting surmises of others quite unworthy of credence. In his concluding chapter, for example, he quotes an unnamed officer who estimates the Filipino losses during the war "at one-sixth of the population, which would be a million." The official estimate of thirty-odd thousand killed seems to us much more credible.

American Indians. By Frederick Starr. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. (Home Library.) 5×7½ in. 242 pages. 45c.

The second volume of the "Ethno-Geographic Readers" concerns itself with American Indians. It is intended as a reading book for boys and girls in school. Older readers in general, however, and anthropologists in particular, will be of the opinion that boys and girls have no right to such a monopoly. Professor Starr gives too many interesting facts and too much valuable information, even in the small compass of this volume, to allow of its reading only by young readers. As the author has himself known some thirty different Indian tribes, he draws his pictures of Indians and Indian life with a sure hand. The volume has a somewhat pathetic interest, since the Indians are few in number and are rapidly becoming fewer.

Alphabet (An): With Rhymes and Pictures. By Alice M. Horton. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 32 pages. 75c.

All-Sufficient Saviour (The). By the Rev. G. H. C. MacGregor, M.A. The Christian Life Series. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York. 4¼×7 in. 143 pages. 50c.

The gifted young English preacher whose recent early death caused wide mourning, having left these eight sermons in shorthand, they have been transcribed and published in fulfillment of his promise. Within but rising above the limitations of mediæval conceptions of sin and atonement, they speak to human hearts in their experience of sins and troubles.

Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets: A Practical Cyclopædia for Lovers of Flowers. Compiled and Arranged by Minnie Curtis Wait and Merton Channing Leonard, S.B. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×8 in. 415 pages. $2.

One practical result of this welcome volume will be in the placing at parents' and teachers' disposal many poems needed in connection with nature-study. The authors have chosen wisely and well in their selections, especially those from the Brownings, the Rossettis, from Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Aldrich. The poems illustrate, first of all, flowers in general, and then specified flowers; for instance, the alphabet is begun with anemome and followed by arbutus, aster, etc. In the second place, the poems illustrate trees and shrubs in general, and then specified trees and shrubs. The appendices and indices are ample and emphasize the volume's value.

Amos Judd. By J. A. Mitchell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 252 pages. $1.50.

A new and very attractively made edition of Mr. Mitchell's freshly told novel, admirably printed, with illustrations in color.

Annie Deane. By A. F. Slade. Brentano's, New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages.

Arnold Primer (The). By Sarah Louise Arnold. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 128 pages.

As a Failing Star. By Eleanor Gaylord Phelps. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 69 pages.

The pathetic story of a pathetic lad.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (The). The Century Co., New York. (The Century Classics.) 5×8 in. 299 pages. $ .25.

Always fresh, entertaining, and stimulating, even if read for the fifth time. Professor Woodrow Wilson writes an introduction. The edition is admirable, as are all these "Century Classic" books.

Beauty's Aids, or How to be Beautiful. By the Countess C——. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. $1.25.

Beginnings of Poetry (The). By Francis B. Gummere. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 482 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Betty of Old Mackinaw. By Frances Margaret Fox. Illustrated. (Cosy Corner Series.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 109 pages. 50c.

Book of Bible Conundrums (A). Collected by F. A. Wilson. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 110 pages.

One hesitates whether to laugh or protest at this collection of absurd verbal twists. The author disclaims irreverence; many of his jokes are silly, if harmless.

Book of New England Legends and Folk Lore in Prose and Poetry. By Samuel Adams Drake. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 477 pages.

A new and revised edition with many pictures. Mr. Drake holds that New England was the child of a superstitious mother; certainly those who think of the Pilgrims and their descendants as hard and unimaginative will find much here to surprise them.

Book of Nursery Rhymes (A): Mother Goose's Melodies. By Charles Welsh. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 169 pages.

That ever-delightful perennial Mother Goose here finds new dress and new illustration of most typical and pleasing kind.

Book of Revelation (The): A Criticism. By Mrs. H. L. Hitchcock. The Citizen Publishing Co., Ilion, N. Y. 5×7¾ in. 24 pages.

Boy Donald and His Chum. By Penn Shirley. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¾×6½ in. 150 pages. 75c.

Boy's Odyssey (The). By Walter Copland Perry. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages.

Butcher and Lang's translation serves as the basis for this capital retelling for boys of what was really the first great romance of adventure. The cover design and colors are notably beautiful.

Captain of the School (The). By Alice Robinson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 258 pages. $1.20, net.

This story will bring young people—boys and girls alike—into touch with a delightful group of their kind. Four sisters and several boys—one of whom gives name to the story—are left orphans, and do very much as they please, and their doings are good to learn about.

Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 419 pages. $1.80, net.

This is the book for the restless boy, the boy who has outgrown the Robinsons, whether Crusoe or Swiss Family. Nothing can arrest a boy's mind if it be not arrested by Mr. Moffett's account of steeple-climbers, deep-sea divers, balloonists, pilots, bridge-builders, city firemen, wild-beast tamers, trapeze performers, dynamite workers, and locomotive engineers. Mr. Moffett has not only interviewed the men of whom he writes, but in many cases has gone with them, climbing the steeples or diving beneath the water. When he tells us just how it feels to ride at night on a locomotive going ninety miles an hour, his vividness of phrase reminds one of Kipling's "007." Perhaps the chapter on "The Wild-Beast Tamer" is about the "scariest" chapter of this "scary" book, but one may say of its every chapter that it is entirely thrilling and yet not unwholesomely exciting. The volume's worth is doubled by Messrs. Hambidge and Varian's illustrations.

Catalogue of the Morse Collection of Japanese Pottery. By Edward S. Morse. (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.) Illustrated. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 8½×12 in. 384 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Cathedral Church of Ripon (The). By Cecil Hallett, B.A. George Bell & Sons, London, England. 5×7½ in. 148 pages.

This latest addition to Bell's "Cathedral Series" presents the history and describes the architecture of one of the smaller but best known of the English cathedrals—a great church which has the good fortune to be associated to-day with two of the most vital and broad-minded English Churchmen, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, as Bishop of Ripon, and Dr. Fremantle, the author of "The World the Subject of Redemption," as Dean.

Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Cedric the Saxon. By Harriet T. Comstock. Illustrated. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 73 pages. 50c.

This quaint and sweet little story of a nobly born Saxon boy left in a monastery on the death of his parents, during the time when England was overrun by the Danes, is told with that air of poetic feeling which gives charm to the remote and legendary past.

Century Book for Mothers (The): A Practical Guide in the Rearing of Healthy Children. By Leroy Milton Yale, M.D., and Gustav Pollak. The Century Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 461 pages. $2, net.

An uncommonly level-headed piece of work. As is stated in the preface, the book is not designed to enable women to dabble in doctoring, but to enable them to preserve healthful conditions and recognize when conditions are so abnormal that a doctor should be called in. The book is always clearly and often cleverly written, and it is made the more interesting by continually giving the results of experience rather than deductions from theories, however sound. There are very few pages of the kind which make young mothers nervous by insisting upon ideal standards of food or environment, and still fewer devoted to the furthering of fads. The book is commonsensible to a rare degree. The second half of it is made up of questions and answers which have appeared in "Babyhood," and covers the most important inquiries which are likely to suggest themselves to young mothers regarding the care of their children's health.

Chatterbox for 1901. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 7×9½ in. 412 pages. $1.25.

This capital children's paper shows no signs of becoming any less attractive than it has long been.

Children of the Valley (The). By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 92 pages. 35c.

Christmas Eve at Romney Hall. Written and Illustrated from Pencil Drawings, by Jessie MacGregor. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 6×6½ in. 29 pages. 75c.

Church Building: A Study of the Principles of Architecture in their Relation to the Church. By Ralph Adams Cram. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 6¼×9½ in. 227 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Class and the Desk (The): A Manual for Sunday-School Teachers. New Testament Series—Epistles. By Revs. James Comper Gray and Charles Stokes Carey. The American Tract Society, New York. 4½×7½ in. 283 pages.

Colonial Fights and Fighters. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 341 pages. $1.20, net.

Dr. Brady is here at home in a field he has made peculiarly his own. The book is a welcome companion piece to "American Fights and Fighters." The three stories are told with dash and spirit. Dr. Brady brings out the romance of history in vivid colors. The book will do good service in the way of inciting boys to a genuine interest in American history.

Currency and Banking in the Province of the Massachusetts-Bay. Part I.—Currency. Part II.—Banking. Illustrated. By Andrew McFarland Davis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in.

A book of exceptional value to students, not only of economic history, but of political history as well. We reserve it for fuller notice hereafter.

Culture from Reading. By Albert R. Alexander. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 52 pages. 50c.

Day with a Tramp and Other Days (A). By Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. $1.

This slight but interesting volume contains the aftermath of Professor Wyckoff's experiences in 1896, when, as a "journeyman," he rounded out his apprenticeship as a student of sociology. The same qualities which characterized "The Workers," in which the fruits of these experiences were first harvested, mark the present sketches. The initial sketch is humorously introduced with a reference to the fact that on his return to Princeton he was promptly nicknamed "Weary" by the students, and a plea that, having incurred the misnomer, he might as well lay bare the one day he did in truth tramp with a tramp.

Deafness and Cheerfulness. By A. W. Jackson, A.M. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 191 pages.

Disciples of Esculapius. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. With a Life of the Author by his Daughter, Mrs. George Martin. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. In 2 vols. $8, net.

These are welcome volumes. Not only do they describe discoveries and developments like that of anatomy, through the labors of Vesalius—who died in 1564, the year of Michelangelo's death—or of the discovery of oxygen gas under Priestley, who died in 1803, the year of the Louisiana Purchase; they also illuminate the biographies of great medical men—of Harvey, for instance, the final discoverer of the circulation of the blood, a man who died in 1657 and about whom comparatively little seems to be popularly known; he did for the dynamical work of vitality what Vesalius had done for the statical work. Especially valuable are the author's accounts of the achievements of Italian, French, and Dutch physicians—of the development of pathology under Morgagni, of surgical anatomy under Scarpa, of auscultation by the stethoscope under Laennec, and of histology under Leeuwenhoek. Incidentally we learn of the meaning to medicine of the careers of Sir Thomas Browne, Francis Bacon, John Locke, John Howard, and John Keats. To each of these Sir Benjamin Richardson devoted a chapter. His own biography by his daughter is quite as interesting as anything in the volumes.

Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth (The). By Henry Frank. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 399 pages. $2.

Together with much truth are blended here some serious untruths—fallacies often created in an unbalanced recoil from other fallacies. Mr. Frank reverently recognizes the immanence of God, the moral leadership of Jesus, and "a higher note of inspiration and sublimity" in the Bible than in ordinary literature. He accepts even Dean Stanley's interpretation of the Biblical phrase, "the blood of Christ," as symbolizing "all the force and beauty of life and love." But in his recoil from the old orthodoxy he sees only the rear-guard of the Church and mistakes it for the whole. It is certainly untrue to say that "the Church and the Creed assume that unless we decide for her against all science, discovery, intuition, and self-conviction, we are eternally lost." To say that the Christian commemoration of the death and resurrection of Jesus has "descended" from ancient pagan rites is as far from truth as to say that Latin has descended from Greek, because of its correspondences thereto, rather than from a common origin. That the unity of the religious consciousness in the races of mankind would give rise to some similarities of expression has been shown by Dr. R. Heber Newton in his striking sermon on "The Witness of Sacred Symbolism to the Oneness of Spiritual Religion." But Mr. Frank runs this fact into the ground.

Fables for the Fair. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7 in. 125 pages. $1, net.

Miss Daskam has a quick sense of humor, an alert observation, and the faculty of putting things in a very effective way. This collection of short fables discloses all these qualities, and is, in the main, very entertaining, hitting off small weaknesses and petty foibles, and fitting out old morals with wholly new and very modern tales.

Fairy Tales from Afar. Translated from the Danish "Popular Tales of Svend Grundtvig," by Jane Mulley. Illustrated. A. Wessels & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

This is a further addition to the rapidly growing library of fairy tales from all races, a literature to which the peoples of northern Europe have made very large and very interesting contributions. This volume presents stories from Danish sources—popular tales which antedate all literary records, and which have come down by word of mouth from generation to generation from the earliest times. The genius of the Northern races, as expressed in their mythology, folk-lore and folk tales, is much more akin to our own than the classical mythology, and to this fact is due, no doubt, the wide interest in the popular stories of the Northern races.

"Farewell, Nikola." By Guy Boothby. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

Fénelon: His Friends and His Enemies, 1651-1715. By E. K. Sanders. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 426 pages. $4.

The character of Fénelon is one of the most interesting in French history, literature, and religion; the essence of this character is grasped in the present volume's motto, taken from M. Maeterlinck's wise words: "We will not find the Divine in other men except in first showing to them the Divine in ourselves." He who would obtain a correct estimate of French social and religious conditions during the latter half of the seventeenth century and the first fifteen years of the eighteenth might perhaps find no more striking descriptions than in two widely different works—in Dumas's "Louis XIV. et Son Siècle," and in the present volume. In them we have the biography of two remarkable personalities, each of whom lived to a green old age, each of whom died in the same year. In the first biography we have a luridly brilliant picture of the Grand Monarque's reign, a period when, more than in any other, men's minds apparently placed unheard-of value on the artificial side of life, a time when religion and even morality were at a decided discount, and when all that glittered seemed gold. If one were to content one's self with the romancer's biography, the impression of the age of Louis XIV. might be fairly accurate so far as King and Court were concerned. The trouble is in the deduction, from such an account, that the King and the Court were the only factors in France during that time; that there was little else to consider. Any impartial and comprehensive history of the age shows such a judgment to be mistaken; it is especially evident in the present volume. From it we see that, after all, it was possible to live a religious life, and, despite every inconsistency and ambition, even so exalted a religious life as was that of Monsieur de Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai.

Flatiron and the Red Cloak (The). By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 87 pages. 35c.

For Love or Crown. By Arthur W. Marchmont. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

A story full of movement and complicated adventures that pass the bounds of probability. The scenes are laid in England and Germany, and are occupied with the love of an English gentleman for a young German Duchess born to wear a crown. There is a mother made dreadful by insanity, under whose sway the girl is, a horrible German lover to whom the mother desires to marry her, and against these two the Englishman fights to save her. Those who find pleasure in following him through his toil and trials will be repaid by incessant play of action, adventure, and sensation from cover to cover.

Friendship: A Booklet of Quotations from Many Sources. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 4×8¼ in. 16 pages. 50c.

Gentlewoman of the Slums (A). By Annie Wakeman. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

A story of unusual power. In addition to the quality of sympathy, which impels the writing of most books relating to the other half, the author has a rare degree of humor, and her heroine a still rarer degree of reality. Indeed, the heroine seems to have been a real personage, with experiences not very different from those recounted in this effective narrative. To women interested in social settlement work this English scrubwoman's story will prove especially welcome, as it makes for their ideal of social unity by showing how "the same heart beats in every human breast" without regard to the lines of caste, or class, or even culture.

God Save the King. By Ronald MacDonald. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Golden Arrow (The). By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 316 pages. $1.25, net.

A picturing of life in the Massachusetts and Rhode Island colonies between 1635 and 1660. The tale deals with the fortunes of young Richard Markham and young Anne Hutchinson, daughter of the Anne Hutchinson driven from Boston because of the liberality of her religious views. The story is conceived in a broad and intelligent spirit and is exceedingly well written. A golden arrow worn by Anne gives name to the story, which sets forth her heroic resistance, struggles, and death. We are introduced to Roger Williams and his colony, and the hero is finally carried to England at a time to witness the death of King Charles and the escape to France of some of his family. Primarily written for young people, the story is strong and mature enough to interest all.

Harvard Lyrics and Other Verses. Selected by Charles Livingstone Stebbins. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 153 pages. $1.

Undergraduate literary work at Harvard must be at a high standard if this volume may be cited as evidence. The book is especially worth while, however, as bringing to the eye certain poems by the late Philip Henry Savage, and by Messrs. Herbert Bates and Hugh McCulloch, Jr.

Herb of Grace. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 440 pages. $1.25.

High School Days in Harbortown. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 387 pages. $1.20, net.

This story is intended for boys and girls in their teens, and is devoted to narrating the enjoyment of school days and summer camping-out life, and the sights and scenes of nature. A book of wholesome, healthy life.

History of American Art (A). By Sadakichi Hartmann. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. In 2 vols. $4.

Reserved for later notice.

History of the Robins (The). By Sarah Trimmer. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. (The Home Library.) 5×8 in. 90 pages.

How Dexter Paid His Way. By Kate Upson Clark. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 67 pages. 35c.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. The Century Co., New York. (The Century Classics.) 5×7¾ in. In 2 vols. $1.25 each.

Mr. Edmund Gosse in his introduction well says that, despite anachronisms, trivialities, and wearisomenesses in the texture of "Hypatia," it is still a splendid and invigorating tale. We have praised these "Century Classics" books again and again, and we hope they will multiply exceedingly.

In the Forest: Tales of Wood-Life. By Maximilian Foster. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 318 pages. $1.50.

This is likely to prove a delightful book to those who love outdoor life. It deals wholly with the large, free life of the forest and with its inhabitants, the wild deer and moose, together with more ferocious animals. Incidentally we are introduced to several queer human characters who live in touch with this wild, free animal life. The scenes are in the great Western wilds, and one feels the glow and force of primitive nature. The book abounds in illustrations alive with force and vigor.

In the Poverty Year. By Marian Douglas. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 79 pages. 35c.

Introduction to Psychology (An). By Mary Whiton Calkins. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 509 pages. $4.

One cannot read far in this book without recognizing it as the work of a clear, keen, and vigorous mind, fertile in thought and both apt and fresh in illustration. In grounding itself scientifically upon accurate introspection and experiment it is of the "new" psychology, but with some who appropriate that name it is at sword's point in its contention that psychology, as a study of consciousness, includes elements not detectible by all the apparatus of a laboratory. Our interest is chiefly attracted by its fresh and distinctive contribution to the psychology of morals and religion. Insisting, with Professor William James, that consciousness contains an element neither sensational nor affective, but relational to what is other than self, the writer exhibits the essentially social nature of the self as related to other selves, and expounds psychology as the science of self and selves, as well as the science of ideas. Closely related to this is her account of the "two supremely active experiences" of the self—Will and Faith, the one a demanding, the other an adoptive relation toward another self, and, as always a personal relation, to be discriminated from that relation to an event or a truth which is termed Belief. Leaving to novelists and dramatists the treatment of concrete personal relations, the supreme relational type is presented in a discussion of the religious consciousness, as distinguished from the ethical and the æsthetic. The other and perhaps more familiar aspect of psychology, as the study of mental processes and ideas, is presented with equal fullness in this ample and elaborate work, which represents a year's course as given at Wellesley. Chapters on comparative, abnormal, and historical psychology conclude it, together with an Appendix serviceable for advanced students. Under the head of the "abnormal" a more hesitating estimate of telepathy is given than by some high authorities, notably the late Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, England. It remains to say only that Professor Calkins's acknowledgments of debt to her distinguished teachers go hand in hand with an independence of them marked by occasional keen criticism on points of dissent, and that her work places her in the front rank of American psychologists.

Japanese Nightingale (A). By Onoto Watanna. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 226 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Jingleman Jack. Verses by James O'Dea. Pictures by Harry Kennedy. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 9×11¼ in. 104 pages. $1.25.

An amusing and picturesque account in verse and picture of the various arts and crafts.

Junior Cup (The). By Allen French. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 246 pages. $1.20, net.

A story eminently suited to please boys who delight in athletic sports and the rivalries that grow out of them, and that has already found readers in the pages of St. Nicholas.

Lassie. By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 135 pages. $1.

The ethical tone common to this author's work permeates this last volume also. Lassie is the daughter of a father and mother by no means worthy of her—of the lower English class, in short. High-minded and refined, with features that belittle daughters of the best-born families, Lassie sets out to earn her living and rise in life. She finally becomes a trained nurse. A young doctor has become interested in her just about the time that her mother passes out, and Lassie's "duty" calls her home to care for her worthless father. The doctor follows her, and a sight of her drunken father disillusions him. The rest of poor Lassie's life is common enough—that of a fine-grained woman wasted through ties of blood on those incapable of ever remotely dreaming of her sacrifice, and always feeling aggrieved because she can do no more. The story is well worth reading, especially in these days when women are awakening to ask where duty should halt and individualism begin.

Lion's Whelp (The). By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 383 pages. $1.50.

Amid the present outpour of historic novels of praiseworthy attempt and respectable achievement, Mrs. Barr's latest work calls for more than passing notice. It stands for much more than "tall talk" and swashbuckler courage. Several of its personages are so strongly vitalized that they refuse to leave one's memory long after the book is laid aside. Whether or not the reader fully agrees with the author's estimate of Cromwell, he is forced to concede the clean-cut embodiment of her conception. Cromwell's splendid courage and force, the broad-minded sweep of his desire to make England's freedom assured, coupled with the limitation of vision that would confine that freedom to those who thought and believed only as he did, are indicated without being much dwelt upon. We see his gusts of violent temper alternating with his latent sense of justice, his tyrannical grip upon foes—and even friends when they did not obey his bidding—together with his strange breakdowns into humility before God, and his dependence upon wife and children for the comfort denied him outside.

Last Words (Real and Traditional) of Distinguished Men and Women (The). Collected from Various Sources by Frederic Rowland Marvin. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 336 pages. $1.50, net.

Lessons on the Church Catechism. By A. M. S. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¼×6½ in. 80 pages. 25c.

This little manual is thoroughly evangelical in the best sense of the term.

Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections. By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 398 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Lily of France (A). A Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Caroline Atwater Mason. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5¼×7¾ in. 456 pages. $1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Little Dick's Son. By Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 80 pages. 35c.

Lucy in Fairyland. By Sophie May. Illustrated. (Little Prudy's Children.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×6½ in. 165 pages. 75c.

Readers familiar with the stories of this well-known author will not be disappointed in this new fairy story from her pen.

Little Pilgrimages Among the Men Who Have Written Famous Books. By E. F. Harkins. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 332 pages. $1.50.

The title explains the scheme of the book. Howells, Mark Twain, Cable, Stockton, Page, Churchill, Wallace, and a dozen other writers of note are photographed and interviewed or talked about.

Lyrics of Love of Hearth and Home and Field and Garden. By Margaret E. Sangster. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 200 pages. $1.25.

Those who are acquainted with the work of this author will find her at her best in some of these lyrics. All deal with the every-day, familiar things of life, and are imbued with the spirit of serenity and hope.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In English by Gerald H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 167 pages. $1.

Model Village of Homes and Other Papers (A). Charles E. Bolton, M.A. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.25.

Modern Funeral (The): Its Management. By W. P. Hohenschuh. Illustrated. Trade Periodical Co., Chicago. 6×9 in. 419 pages.

Morgan's Men. By John Preston True. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.20, net.

Another Revolutionary tale by an author who has already won favor with many boy readers. Although Morgan is the hero, many other well known heroic figures disport throughout its pages. Leading patriots of the different States as well as soldiers play a part.

Old Ballads in Prose. By Eva March Tappan. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.10, net.

Miss Tappan has here brought together many old ballads ranging from the days of Robin Hood and William Wallace down, stripped them of their rhyme and jingle, and put the gist of them into modern prose dress. The experiment may help some readers to understand better their motive and meaning, while to others they will doubtless lose charm with the throwing off of the old dress.

One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing. By Kathryn Wallace. The Abbey Press, New York. 4½×7½ in. 50 pages. 50c.

Orthodox Preacher and Nancy (The). By Rev. Magee Pratt. The Connecticut Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn. 4¾×7½ in. 191 pages. $1.

Outcasts (The). By W. A. Fraser. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 138 pages. $1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Passing of Mother's Portrait (The). By Roswell Field. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 5×8 in. 63 pages.

Peacock (The), and Other Poems. By James Hampton Lee. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 137 pages. $1.

Pine Ridge Plantation. By William Drysdale. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 320 pages. $1.50.

This is the last book of a writer who was a journalist of marked ability, whose later years (he died quite recently) were largely occupied with the writing of boys' books. No one in our time has produced better reading for young people. This volume is an excellent example of Mr. Drysdale's skill in combining a good story with sensible and forcible stimulus toward industry and earnestness in making life worth while. This author's books are free from cant; they are also free from what is nowadays a more common fault in boys' books, sensationalism and unreality.

Price of a Wife (The). By John Strange Winter. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 269 pages.

Secret of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (The). By South G. Preston. (Third Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 175 pages. $1.

Sesame and Lilies, and The Crown of Wild Olive. By John Ruskin. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 387 pages. (The Century Classics.) $1.25, net

Shakespeare: The Man. An Essay by Walter Bagehot. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 66 pages.

A beautiful reproduction of one of the most intelligent and interesting short studies of Shakespeare ever written, printed on a large page with ample margins from beautiful type, with rubricated initials, and bound in a good, old-fashioned library style.

Short History of Rome and Italy (A). By Mary Platt Parmele. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. 60c., net.

Books of this class are prone to dryness. Not so this book. In sketching so great a subject on so small a canvas it interprets events as well as records them, delineates the characters of institutions and individuals, and exhibits the increasing purpose of the Providence which controls all. Adding to these merits a good literary style, Miss Parmele's work possesses distinguished merits.

Songs of My Violin. By Alfred L. Donaldson. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 65 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Soul's Desires (The): A Book of Prayers for Private or for Family Devotion. By G. Washington Moon, Hon. F.R.S.L. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 3½×5¼ in. 260 pages. 60c.

Spanish-American War (The). By R. A. Alger. (With Maps.) Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×9 in. 464 pages. $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Sunny Side of Christianity (The). By Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 123 pages. 60c.

The five brief discourses under this title are in Dr. Parkhurst's characteristic style, and inculcate the truth that the greatest thing in the world, as Henry Drummond said, is love.

Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess. By Evalyn Emerson. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. 4¾×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

The readers are called on to vote on the merits of twelve portraits of the beautiful heroine by as many artists, and a prize is to be given to the reader whose list agrees closest with the opinion expressed by the combined vote. As to the story itself, one can only say that it needs all the adventitious aid it can get.

Tales. By Edgar Allan Poe. (The Century Classics.) The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 499 pages. $1.25.

There can be no question that Poe's tales still hold the popular interest; every librarian can attest this. The present edition is attractive in form—in fact, we know of no moderate-priced edition of famous single books which surpasses the "Century Classics" in taste and durable qualities. An introductory paper by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie deals with Poe's art, and there is a portrait.

Talks Between Times. By Margaret E. Sangster. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 151 pages. 75c.

These "Talks" are concerned mainly with home life and its varied experiences and duties. They breathe loving sympathy, practical wisdom, and religion both sweet and rational. They are presented in the handsome typographic form which is often required for a gift-book.

Teacher, the Child, and the Book (The). By Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 283 pages. $1.

There are two ways of studying the Bible. The one way is to study it academically—study it as literature, study it substantially as any other collection of literature would be studied, leaving the religious impressions to come naturally from the study, without any direct attempt to point the moral of the lessons. The other way is to study it homiletically—study it for the benefit of the ethical and spiritual lessons involved, study it with the constant endeavor to point out to the pupil what those lessons are, study it, in brief, for the purposes of conversion and spiritual edification. Each of these methods has its advantages; probably in most Sunday-schools a combination of the two methods, in varying proportions, according to the character of the pupils, is desirable. This book, as may be imagined from the fact that the introduction is written by the late Mr. Moody, is planned for the homiletical rather than the academic study of the Bible; and if this aim of its authors—for there are several contributors to it—is kept in mind by the reader, he will find it admirably adapted for its purpose, which is always practical, not scholastic. Its suggestions are the result of actual and wide experience in the Sunday-school rather than of any theoretical notions born of the study, or of academic ideals born of the class-room.

Tempting of Father Anthony (The). By George Horton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 246 pages. $1.25.

The author's aim in this story is, evidently, to make his readers familiar with some of the life and customs of modern Greece, especially in its smaller villages. His hero is the son of a village priest who seeks to emulate the life of the famous anchorite and "Father of the Desert," St. Anthony of old, who fled from the wiles of women. The story is so sprightly in the telling that it detracts in no small degree from the reality and seriousness of the youth described. The series of mishaps and adventures which bring him in contact with a beautiful Greek maiden who unwittingly tempts and finally overcomes him, till he ends his career in marriage, are cleverly enough told; yet the story as a whole does not appeal with force to the Western reader.

To Girls: A Budget of Letters. By Heloïse Edwina Hersey. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 4×6½ in. 247 pages. $1.

A collection of brief talks with girls by a writer of skill, a teacher of experience, and a woman who has studied the world about her with very keen intelligence. These papers happily combine very practical methods with very high ideals, and are notable for thorough poise and vigorous common sense. They were addressed by a college-bred woman to girls of exceptional educational opportunities; and, while they may be read with profit by all girls, they have a distinct message for the young women who have enjoyed the higher education. No better volume of the kind has yet appeared. As brief studies in the wisdom of life for the girls of to-day, the volume ought to have the widest reading.

Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials. By B. Waters. Illustrated. The Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 281 pages. $1.50.

Winifred West: A Story. By Blanche M. Channing. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston and Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 271 pages. $1.

An interesting story for young people. The heroine is a little girl from western Massachusetts, who spends a year in Boston in order to study music. The little girl's experience in that year, the advantages that open up to her, and the manner in which her talents develop, make the burden of a wholesome and happily told story.

With Washington in the West. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. (Colonial Series.) Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 302 pages.

The author gives the youth of America another view of Washington during the period when he was making himself into a soldier; namely, while he was a surveyor and assisting in the French and English hostilities which resulted in the destruction of Braddock's army. There are adventures, old-time games, Indian life, and all that delights healthy boys.

What a Young Wife Ought to Know. ($1,000 Prize Book.) By Mrs. Emma F. Angell Drake, M.D. The Vir Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×6¾ in. 288 pages. $1, net.

The dedication of this work "To the young wives who desire the best for themselves, for their husbands, and for their children," indicates quite clearly its scope and purpose. It is well written, delicate questions are sympathetically handled, and helpful hints are given towards adjusting some of the most intimate problems that confront the individual.

Wild Life Near Home. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 357 pages. $2, net.

What countryman does not want to know more about the familiar wild life which lies within reach of his own door, and always within the compass of a day's walk, about birds' beds and rabbit roads and wood pussies and persimmon time and "mus'rattin"? Mr. Sharp can tell even a patient and keen-sighted nature-lover a few things which may have escaped the latter's cleverness and knowledge and sympathy, but the great lesson which he may learn from Mr. Sharp's pages is that nature is generally ready to meet her lovers more than half-way; incredible as it may seem, bird life is more abundant along a country road than in the heart of the forest. The volume is published with a wealth of illustration by Mr. Bruce Horsfall, not only in excellent full-page pictures, but also in many head and tail pieces and marginal sketches.

Woman and the Law. By George James Bayles, Ph.D. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 270 pages. $1.40, net.

Professor Russell, of Columbia, in his introduction to Mr. Bayles's volume, recalls that Blackstone's and Kent's Commentaries were both originally prepared for audiences of laymen, and he urges strongly the value of a non-professional study of the law as a part of the general culture of both men and women. With his observations we find ourselves in entire agreement, and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Morley that women even more than men need the kind of discipline which the non-professional study of the law affords, since they are, as a rule, even less disposed than men to "quantify their judgments." Law is pre-eminently a science of "quantified judgments," for the enduring law on any point represents the consensus of opinion regarding the extent of individual and public rights. The volume before us shows that a book covering the legal rights of women—domestic, property, and public—can be written so as to be not only intelligible but interesting to any intelligent woman. Only a few times are phrases introduced which are obscure to lay readers, and these are practically confined to the chapter dealing with the consent of girls to their own ruin. When the law upon important points, such as the alienation of real estate or the division of inheritances, differs in different States, the provisions of the statutes in each are briefly summarized, and the reader may concern herself only with her own commonwealth; but, in the main, the chapters will command close attention from beginning to end. Mr. Bayles has done his work admirably.

Woman in the Golden Ages. By Amelia Gere Mason. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 396 pages. $1.80, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Woodland and Meadow. By W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated. The Baker and Taylor Co., New York. 7½×10 in. 123 pages.

Mr. Adams is a recognized expert in pictorial photography. He has never done anything better than these charming pictures illustrating out-of-door papers written on a New Hampshire farm. Photographs and written sketches alike have the true spirit of going direct to nature. Technically and in the printing these half-tones are of quite remarkable excellence.

World Before Abraham (The): With an Introduction to the Pentateuch. By H. G. Mitchell. 5×8 in. 296 pages. $1.75, net.

"The world," so far as presented here, is the world so far only as the early chapters of Genesis take account of it. The first part of the volume is devoted to a critical discussion of the Pentateuchal question, exhibiting the various components of the Mosaic books; the remainder to a translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, in which the component documents are distinguished by varieties of type, followed by comments interpreting the text in the light of the documentary theory adopted. It will be remembered that Professor Mitchell, at present Director of the American School in Palestine, was "under fire" in the Methodist Church two years ago for the teachings which he has here wisely published to promote enlightenment where needed.

Youngest Girl in the School (The). By Evelyn Sharp. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

One of the jolliest and most entertaining of books about girls and for girls. The little English heroine is brought up with slangy and irrepressible brothers, and finds herself looked at as queer and out of the ordinary when she becomes the youngest pupil in a girls' school. Her generous heart and bubbling spirits soon make her a favorite. There is too much slang to please parents, but it must be admitted that it is consistent with the story.

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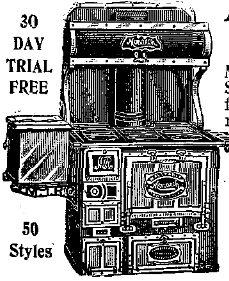

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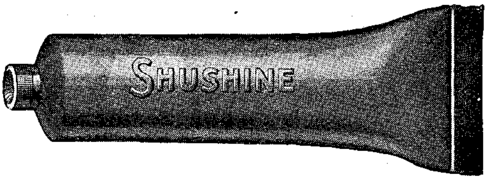

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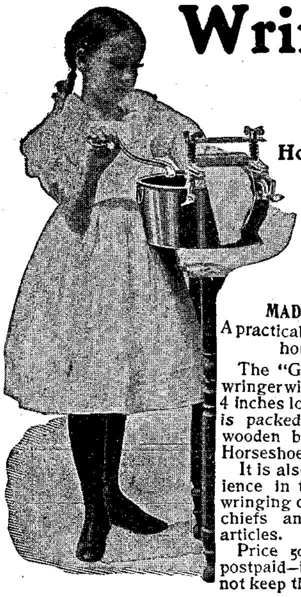

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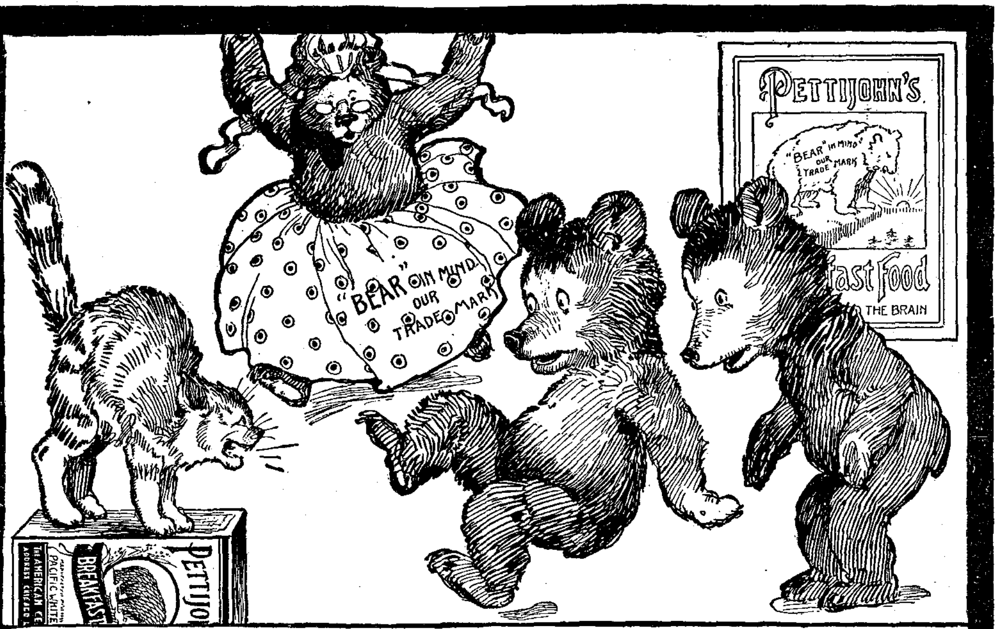
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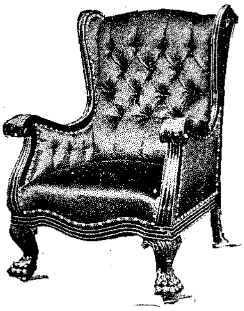

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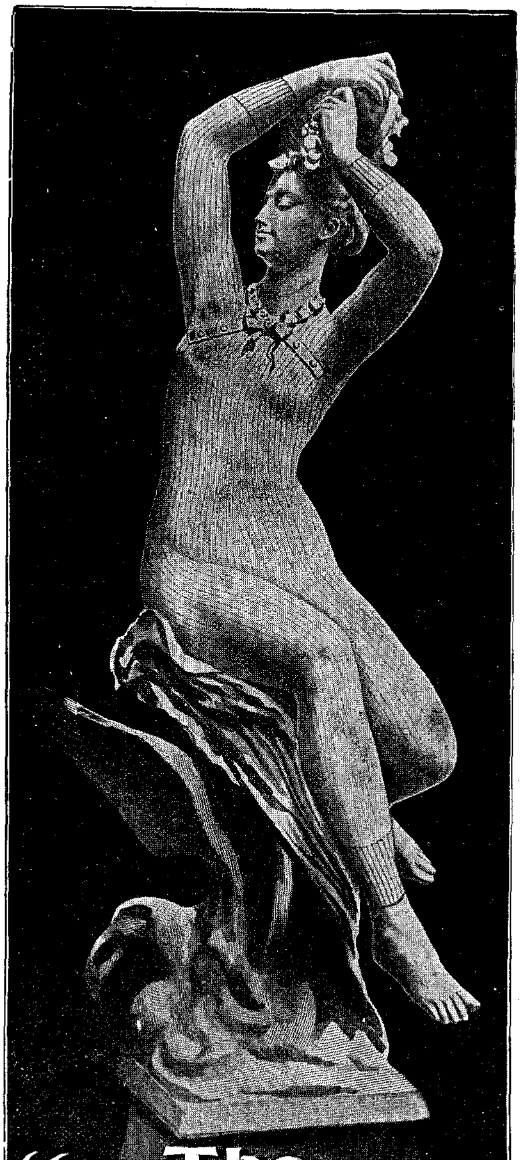

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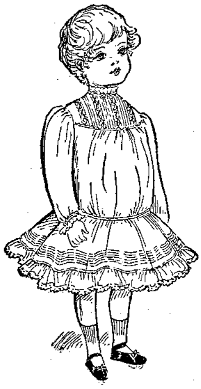

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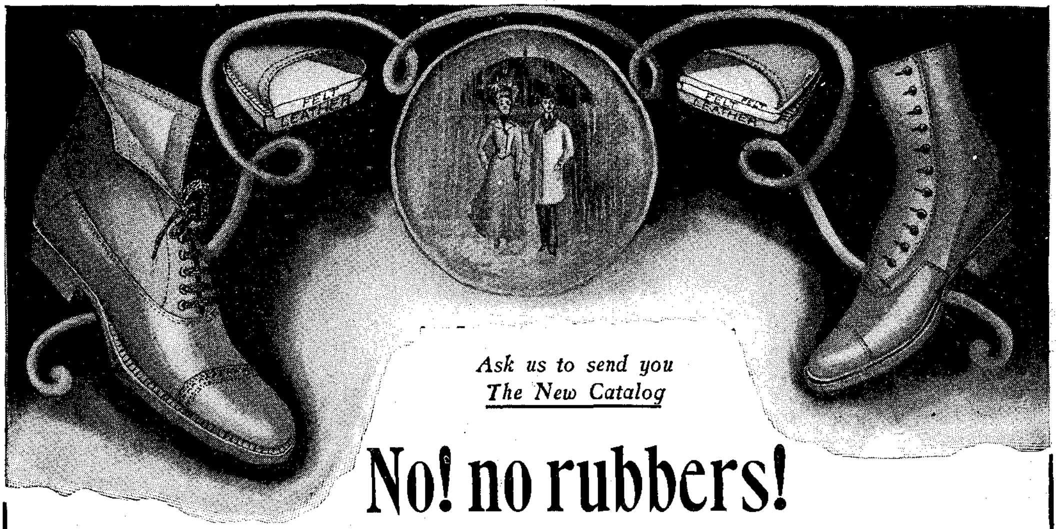

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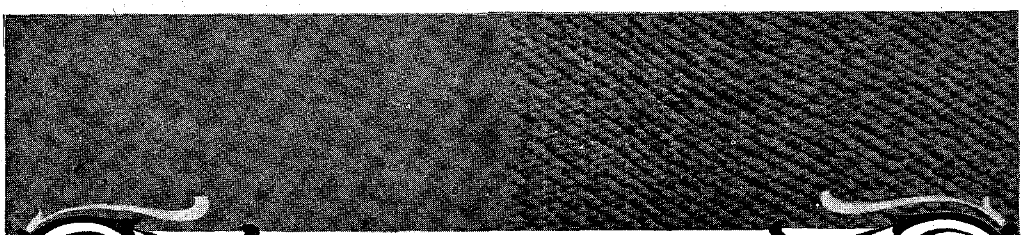

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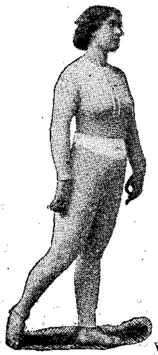

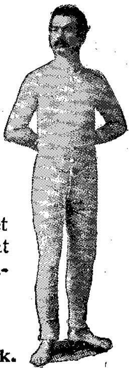

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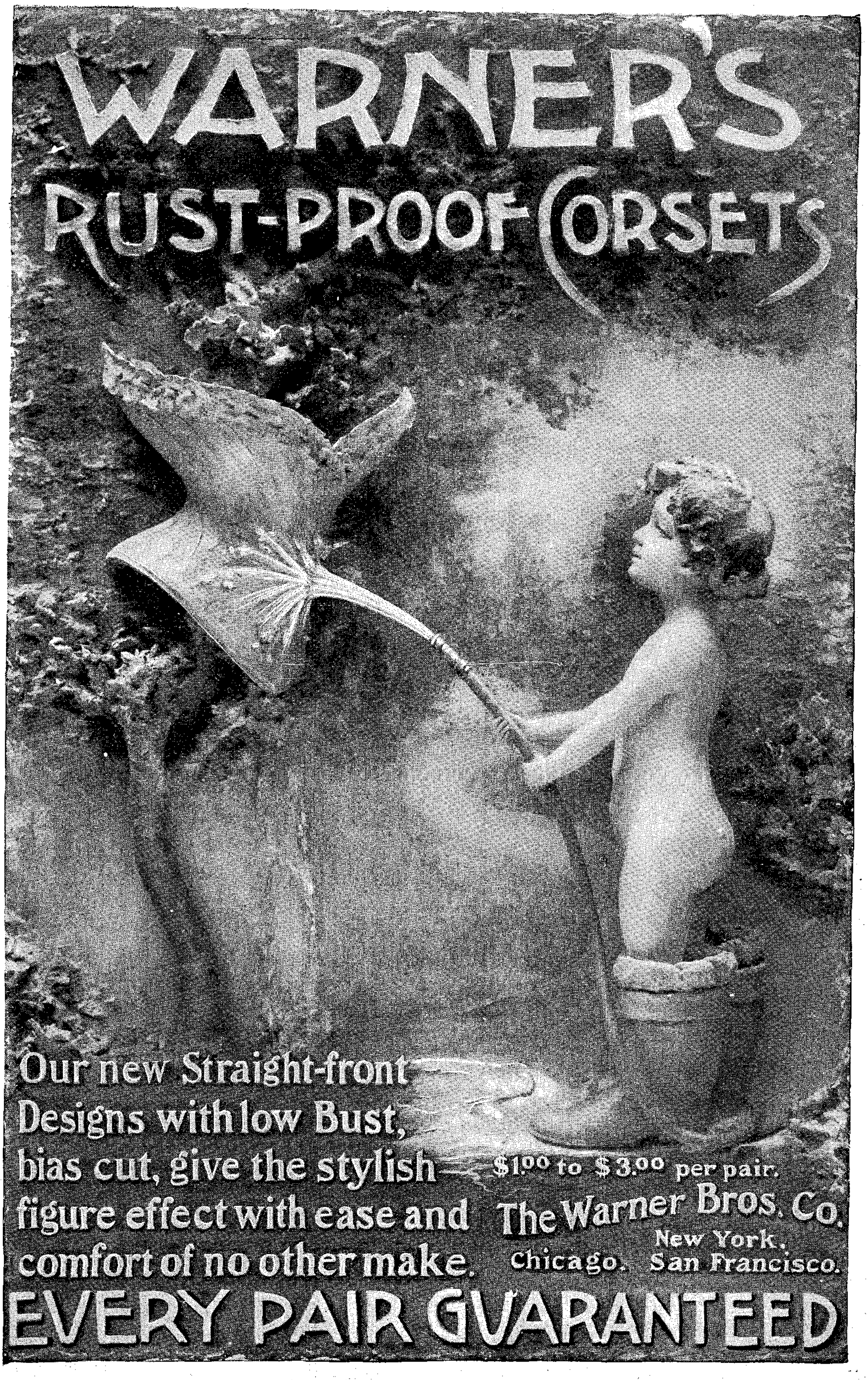

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295 Lyndale Ave., North,
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THE ONLY CLASP

THAT STANDS THE STRAIN OF MODERN USE

NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

The **Velvet Grip**

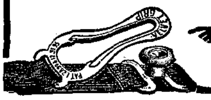
Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue free.

CUSHION BUTTON **HOSE SUPPORTER**

No Stitching in the Elastic

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston.



☞ Look for the name on every loop, and for the Moulded Rubber Button.

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THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Jaeger WOOLENS

Only True Sanitary Underwear

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ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

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The "Arnold" Goods

Finest Knit Underwear in the world, for Women, Children and Infants. Forty-eight page free catalogue with 48 life Photographs is worth sending for. NOVELTY KNITTING CO., 329 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Children's Knit Night Drawers a specialty.

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THAT TRADE MARK

Appears on the genuine. Union Suits and Separate Garments, all sizes---only best materials. Sold by progressive dealers. Send for handsome booklet, FREE.
HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

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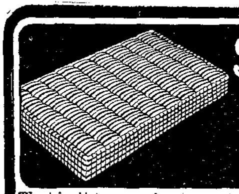

$14 ONCE IN A LIFETIME

That isn't too much to pay for a mattress is it? You may be a long liver, but our

"EZYBED" KAPOK Resilient MATTRESS,

will be right with you at the end. As its name indicates it is made of Kapok, a material which is the best known mattress filler. It doesn't pack, get lumpy or die. It's always lively, springy, dry and restful. Can't tell all about it here. Send for free booklet and sample of Kapok. Luxurious Kapok couch pillow, 20 inches square, Oriental covering, corded, ready for use, sent prepaid anywhere for $1.00.

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The smooth steel tune sheet used only by the Stella music box represents the true principle of music box perfection. No pins or projectives to break off. One sheet played 32000 tunes without deterioration.

STELLA Music Boxes

very nearly approach the Piano in sweetness, harmony and volume of tone. The expression is perfect and the number of tunes unlimited. Do not mistake any other music box for the Stella. Sold everywhere by jewelers and music dealers. The *Stella* book, free.

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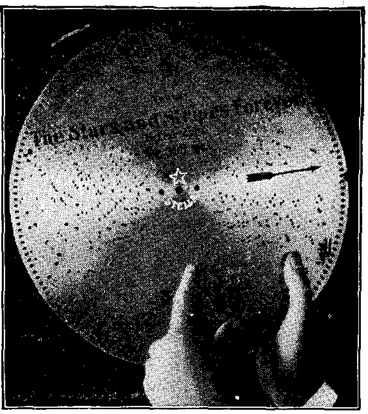

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is the most valuable asset a manufacturer can have, consequently the most eagerly sought after, the most difficult to attain. Merit is its *sine qua non.* No great reputation was ever attained undeservedly. This is pre-eminently true of the makers of artistic musical instruments. That the

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PIANOS

are worthy of their great reputation can hardly be demonstrated in an advertisement. Our catalogues will show this; or a visit to our warerooms will be still more convincing.

Warerooms, 3 and 5 West 18th St.
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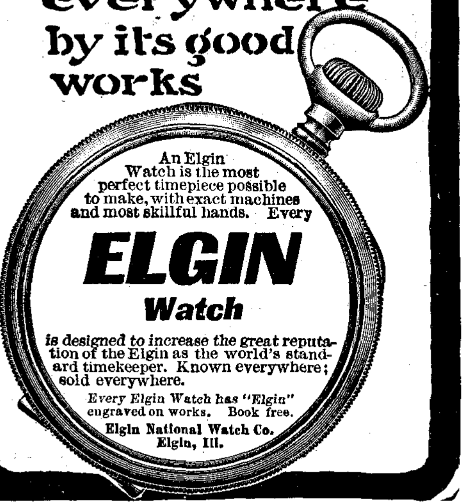

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ELGIN Watch

is designed to increase the great reputation of the Elgin as the world's standard timekeeper. Known everywhere; sold everywhere.

Every Elgin Watch has "Elgin" engraved on works. Book free.

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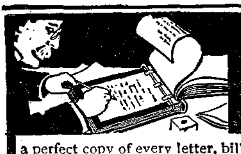

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ESTERBROOK&Co
FALCON PEN

150 Varieties. For Sale by all Stationers.

Pens of any style—fine as a needle or broad as an artist's brush.

Works, Camden, N. J. **THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.** 26 John St., New York.

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

"Laughlin" BEST AT ANY PRICE. POSTPAID ONLY $1.00 MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY. 14-K-GOLD PEN- SENT ON APPROVAL TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE. TRY IT A WEEK. CATALOGUE FREE.

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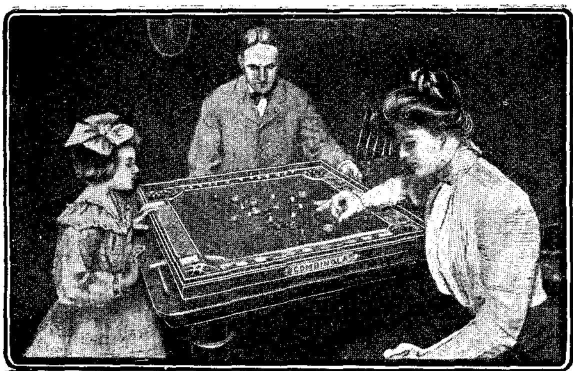

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MOTHERS, MAKE HOME HAPPY.

"COMBINOLA"

The Wonderful
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One Board, One Bulk, 53 Games

A rich store of Fun and Education

All the best games combined on one board. Among the many is **National Exports,** the **great Educational Game—the Amusement Success.**

While playing "National Exports" you become familiar with the vast export wealth of our grand country and the amount of the various commodities that go to each country in the world—a supremely interesting, exciting and instructive game. This educational feature alone is worth many times the price of "Combinola" to you and to your children.

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1. Pockets.
2. Cushion Ring Game.
3. Revolving Pocket Game.
4. Shooting the Pigeons.
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6. Four Ring Pockets.
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15. Fifteen Ring Pool.
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Big and little games for big and little people.

Sold by all good dealers in five grades as follows:

No. 10, first 10 games, $2.00
" 11 " 20 " 2.50
" 12 " 25 " 3.00
No. 13, first 35 games, $3.50
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Complete with golf clubs, highly polished rings, ships, ship's holders, croquet mallets, cues, ten pins, national flags, corner covers, chess discs, indicators, etc. A single cardboard game usually sells for 50 cents; at this rate "Combinola" would cost $25.00. Its price is but $4.50, or **8½ cents per game.** The most elegant game board, and the greatest bargain in games ever offered. "Combinola" is durably made and most artistically finished in hard wood. It is an exceedingly handsome board and suitable for the drawing room.

"COMBINOLA" makes a most pleasing and valuable holiday present for old and young. The whole family can enjoy it.

If your dealer does not keep **"COMBINOLA"** we will send it by express prepaid as far west as Omaha, pro rata beyond, on receipt of price. Send for circular and **free book of rules.** Address

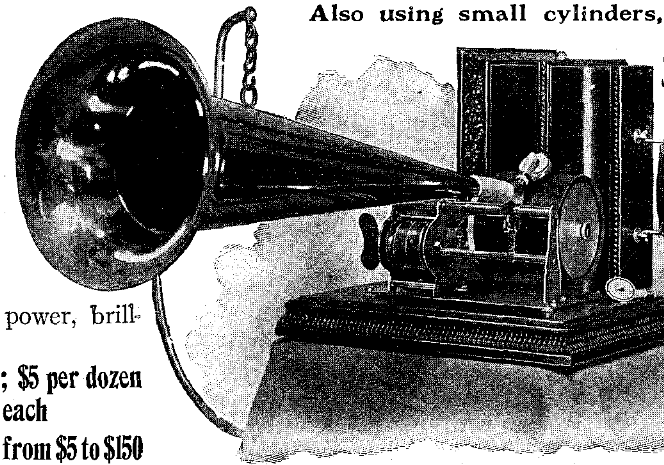
LEONARD MFG. CO., 17 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A GRAND GRAPHOPHONE

You can make your own records on the Graphophone. Other talking machines lack this, the greatest charm.

The Graphophone is the BEST talking machine. The improvements within the past few months have been wonderful. Reproductions are now fully equal to the original in power, brilliancy, and quality.

Also using small cylinders, for $25



Graphophone arranged for large cylinder.

Small Records, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen
Grand Records, $1 each

Other Styles of Graphophones from $5 to $150

Write for catalogue 25.

Send $5 with order to nearest office and goods will be shipped C. O. D. for the balance.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

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St. Louis, 720-722 Olive St.
Boston, 164 Tremont St.
Pittsburg, 615 Penn Ave.
Baltimore, 110 E. Baltimore St.
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The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth, and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics, in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says, "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth, and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Constipation & Piles Cured by

increasing the nutrition of the parts through absorption with the pysiological local remedy

Entona

(White Wheat Gluten Suppositories)

Fifty cents. At all druggists or by mail.
Samples gladly mailed **FREE.**
THE ENTONA CO., Dept. O, 61 Fifth Ave., New York.

Mr. WM. A. SNAPP, Russellville, Ill., March 4, 1901, writes: The Strength-giver, Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, has been used in our family for over fifty years, and in my own immediate family for over twelve years, and HAS ALWAYS DONE ALL AND MORE THAN IS CLAIMED FOR IT, for both adults and children.

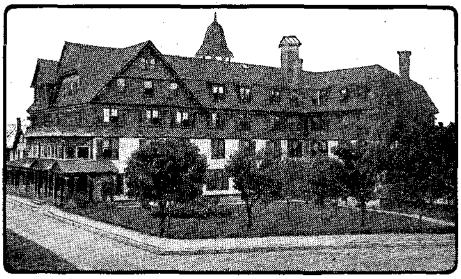
The right remedy FOR ALL COLDS is
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

1877 FOR 24 YEARS 1901

We have successfully treated all forms of

CANCER

Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity **without the use of the knife.** As a logical result of our success



THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. **All physicians are cordially invited.**

Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUABLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you to former patients.

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

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DR MARSHALL'S
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CATARRH
SNUFF

For 65 Years Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff has kept on Curing Catarrh

The oldest Remedy, has a national reputation and has never been equaled for the instant relief and permanent cure of Catarrh, Colds in the Head, and the attendant Headach and Deafness. Restores Lost Sense of Smell. Immediat relief guaranteed. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. **Ask your dealer for it.** Refuse all substitutes. Price, **25 cents.** All druggists, or by mail, postpaid. *Circulars free.*

F. C. KEITH (Mfr.), Cleveland, Ohio.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

GLUTEN FLOUR For DYSPEPSIA.
SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
For book or sample write
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Made or saved. Print your own cards, &c., with a $5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, $18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, &c., to factory. **The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.**

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Health
and how to attain it

Eminent representatives of the medical profession have been quietly, carefully, and thoroughly testing the value of Tincture Amäl, the most recent discovery for the treatment of Tuberculosis, in the first or advanced stages; Pulmonary affections, Laryngitis, Pharyngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh—acute or chronic—and all diseases of the Respiratory Tract, as well as Catarrhal affections of the Digestive Tract, such as Gastritis, Enteritis, and Colitis.

The result of their investigation as reported in the leading medical journals firmly establishes the value of Tincture Amäl, not only in the hands of trained physicians, but as a safe

HOME
TREATMENT

The Tincture Amäl Mfg. Co. has prepared an educational book on "Living for Health," which should be read by every one with the slightest indication of Pulmonary affection, as well as by those who have afflicted friends or relatives. The literature will be sent free, with postage paid, to any one on request.

TINCTURE AMÄL MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
Baltimore, Md.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

CURES
WHILE
YOU
SLEEP

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Grippe, Hay Fever.

Do you know the danger which lies behind a simple sore throat or cough?

All children's diseases of the throat—Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc., begin in that way.

This is the warning which should be heeded. Don't delay an hour, particularly when contagious diseases are about, but start the Cresolene vaporizer at once.

Use it when you or the baby cannot sleep because of a suffocating cold in the head, or distressing cough.

Once used, you will never be without CRESOLENE.

Ask your physician about it, or write for descriptive booklet with proofs of its value.

All Druggists.

CRESOLENE THROAT TABLETS

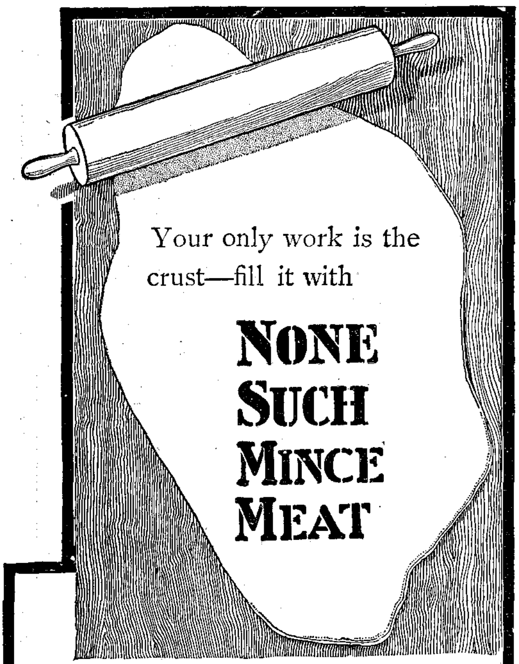
A safe and simple remedy soothing and germ destroying in its action.

To be used for coughs and irritable conditions of the throat.

At your druggists', or from us for 10 cents in stamps.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
180 Fulton Street, NEW YORK

Vapo-Cresolene



Your only work is the crust—fill it with

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Home made mince meat at its best was never more juicy, fruity, wholesome and digestible than **"None Such."**

It is an honest mince meat—pure, economical and delicious. It is "condensed"—that is, compressed in a dry, clean form, and packed in air-tight water-proof cartons.

We sold ten million packages last year which made *twenty million* savory pies.

NONE SUCH

Mince Meat makes just as good

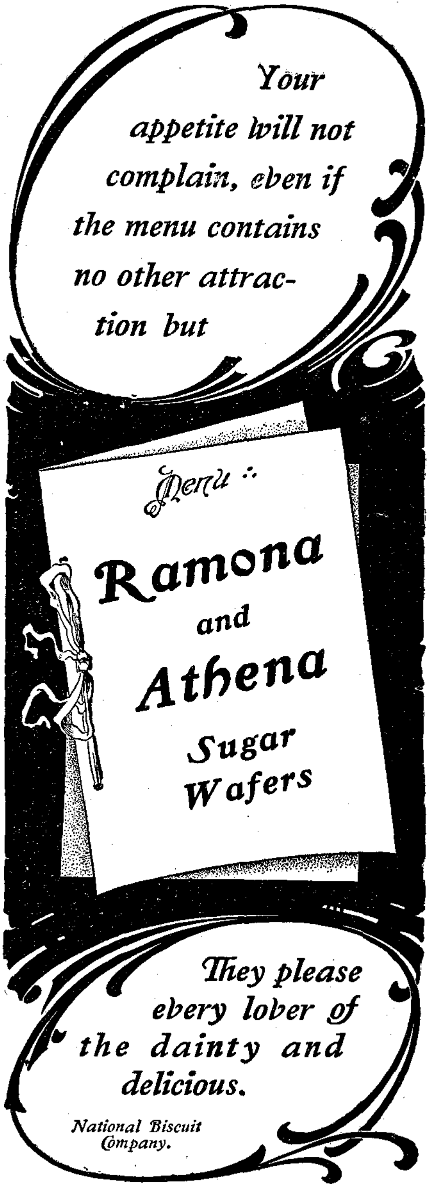
FRUIT PUDDING and FRUIT CAKE

as it does mince pie.

10 cent package makes 2 large pies.

"None Such" Condensed Mince Meat is for sale by every good grocer in the United States at **10c.** a package, each making two large pies or three small ones. Recipes on every package. Valuable premium list of "1847 Rogers Bros'." silverware enclosed. Beware of imitators who flood the market with undesirable substitutes.

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



Your appetite will not complain, even if the menu contains no other attraction but

Menu ∴

Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers

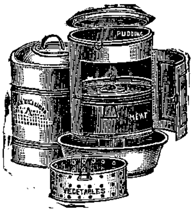
They please every lover of the dainty and delicious.

National Biscuit Company.

Meats, Vegetables, Desserts

COOKED IN AN

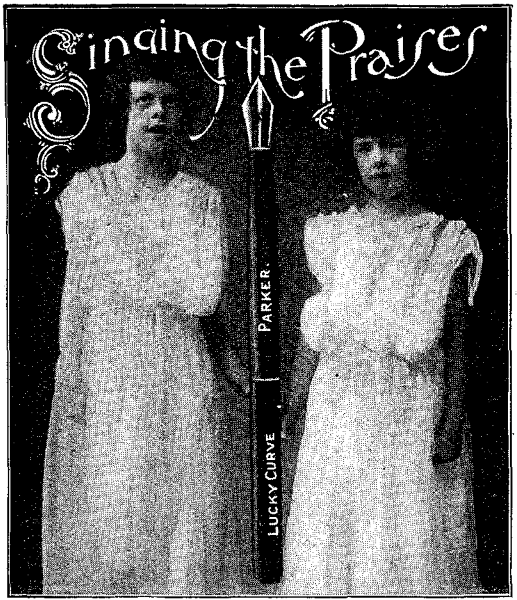
ARNOLD STEAM COOKER



retain their natural flavors and healthful juices because the steam does not touch the food.

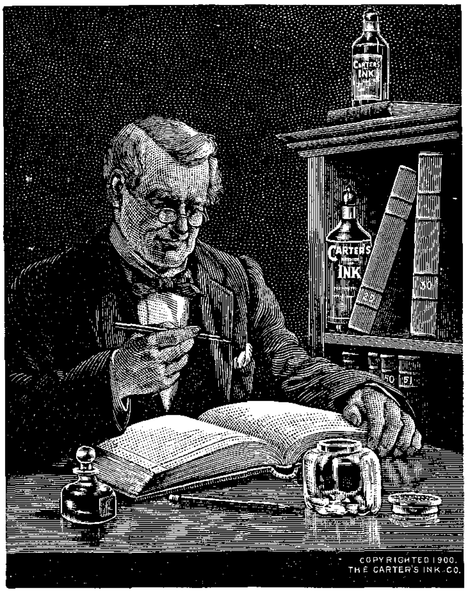
It is the only cooker of this kind. It cooks better meals than direct steam and uses less fuel. It cooks a whole course dinner at one time. **Money can be made showing it.** Your friends and neighbors will like it and buy it. Circulars free.

WILMOT CASTLE & CO., 13 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.



OF THE PARKER "LUCKY CURVE"
FOUNTAIN PEN.
It pleases others and it will please you. Sold by all dealers at $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and $10.00.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
PARKER PEN CO., 40 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

"AFTER ALL CARTER'S INK IS THE BEST"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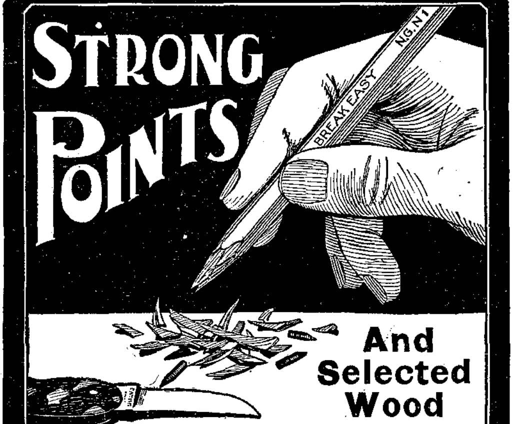
THE CARTER'S INK CO.

AN OLD BOOKKEEPER IS DISCRIMINATING
Better take his advice and use CARTER'S.
Send for *Booklet*, "Inklings"—FREE.
THE CARTER'S INK CO., BOSTON, MASS.



And Selected Wood are always found IF YOU USE DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS.

A HEAP OF CHIPS AND BROKEN LEADS
is so frequently the only use gotten from a pencil when you take any kind the dealer may hand you. **Don't suffer this annoyance,** but insist on having **Dixon's** and **pencil comfort.**
When not sold by dealers mention this publication and send **16c. for samples WORTH DOUBLE.**
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N.J.

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$15.00 to $30.00 per week and Commission
SALARY PAID WEEKLY

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A Violin bought by our Original and unique plan becomes simply an investment. It is always worth exactly what you paid for it. It will pay you to investigate. We carry the largest line of fine and rare Violins in America. Good ones, $5 up. Easy payments, if desired.
Large, handsomely illustrated Violin Cat. FREE on request.
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
254 E. Fourth Street, CINCINNATI O.

Use SAPOLIO

Serve for Breakfast
at our Expense
the Health Food

Wheatena

Most carefully prepared cereal on the market, and famous for its RICH NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

The cheapest way for us to advertise is to have the whole family eat Wheatena one morning for breakfast. WE WILL SEND FREE until January first enough for **an** average family if you **send** us **your** grocer's **name.**

Address Dept. O
HEALTH FOOD CO.
61 Fifth Ave., New York

Huyler's

LICORICE TABLETS,
(5 & 10¢ PACKAGES.)
FOR COUGHS & COLDS.
MADE WITH PURE SPANISH LICORICE.

GLYCERINE TABLETS,
(10¢ POCKET TINS.)
FOR RELIEF OF
HOARSENESS & THROAT AFFECTIONS.

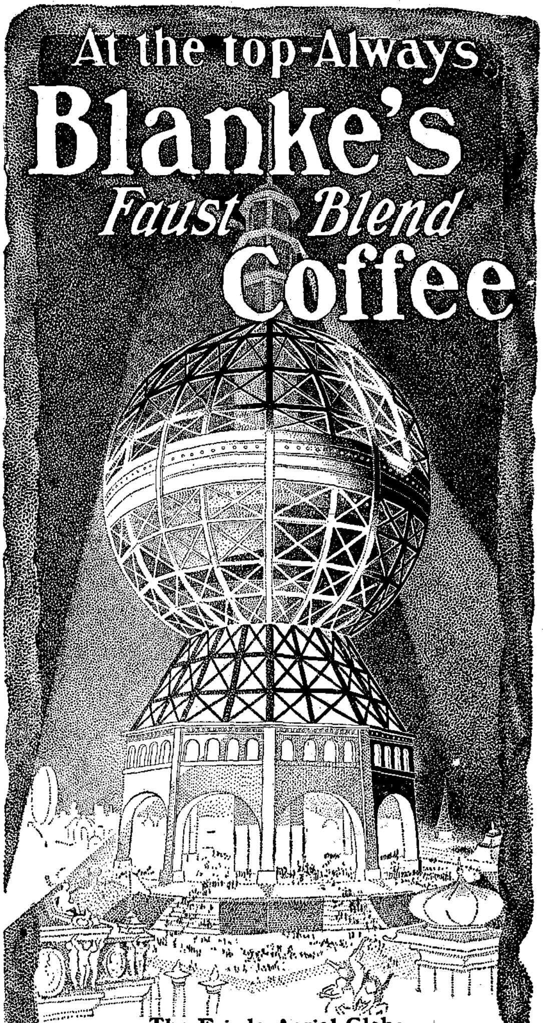
ITALIAN PEPPS,
(10¢ ALUMINUM POCKET PACKET.)
A HANDY POCKET STAMP BOX WHEN EMPTY.

GUM IMPERIALS,
(10¢ ALUMINUM BOXES.)
ASSORTED PURE FLAVORINGS.

IF NOT SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST,
MAILED FREE UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
Huyler's 863 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS

132 Broadway, New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before sending for samples of writing, prices, exchange and unprejudiced advice. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class condition. Dealers supplied.



The Friede Aerial Globe

The Friede Aerial Globe will be the feature of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. It will be the largest structure ever erected and will cost $2,000,000 to build. It will be made entirely of steel, 750 feet in height, *circumference at the base, 1,000 feet, with a capacity* for 25,000 people. In it will be coliseum, theatre, music hall, a movable cafe, palm gardens, illustrated dome and attractions to entertain 25,000 people at one time. Half the distance to the top, or about 400 feet above the ground, will be an immense palm garden cafe, in which, as

In all this Colossal Structure,
***Faust Blend* Coffee**
will be served exclusively.

Mr. C. F. Blanke, the President of the Friede-Blanke Aerial Globe Co., which will build the Globe, is also President of the C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., who make the now world-famous *Faust Blend* Coffee—the very best coffee that can be produced,

If your grocer does not keep *Faust Blend* in stock, send us 60 cents in stamps for a sample 50-cent can, and we will enclose photograph and interesting descriptive matter of the wonderful Friede Aerial Globe.

We have 3,000 new packs of "*Faust*" playing cards of a quality which usually retail at 75c. Send 30c. in stamps for a pack by mail, prepaid, or $3.00 for one dozen packs.

C. F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis